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SUUM CUIQUE

J. Buckminster &

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY, AND Boston Review,

Containing

Sketches and *Reports*

OF

Philosophy, Religion, History,

Arts and *Manners*.

Omnes undique flores carpam atque delibem.

Vol. I.

1804.

BOSTON:

Printed for the Proprietors by
Munroe & Francis.
Published by them No. 7. Court Street
and
by B. & J. Homans No. 50 *Marlboro Street*
1804.

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G. Lekins

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THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY;

OR

Magazine of Polite Literature.

Vol. I.] NOVEMBER. [No. I.

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EDITED BY SYLVANUS PER-SE.

This editor was Phineas Adams.

BOSTON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY *E. LINCOLN*, WATER-STREET.

1803.

To CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications have been juſt received; but they came too late to be inſerted in this NUMBER. *Correſpondents are invited, for the future, to ſend their favours to the office, where this publication is printed.*

We hope the deſign of HECTOR MOWBRAY, *in his addreſs, will be eaſily intelligible to every reader. We ſincerely thank him for it.*

We are much pleaſed in reading the THEATRICAL REVIEW *of* Lucilius. *It diſplays learning, and critical talents; but for* particular reaſons, *we refuſe to admit it into our publication.*

"The Plaint," *by* Anthony, *is a doleful one; "O dear, what can the matter be?"*

The ELEGY, *by W. ſhall appear in our next Number.*

The firſt offerings of Telon, Tom Haſty, *and* Momus, *are rejected.*

The "Ode to Sleep," *by* C. *will probably appear in our next.*

Mariano, *it is hoped, will excuſe the ſmall liberties we have taken, in abridging his communication.*

ERRATUM.

Page 40, 6th line from the top, for *featunes*, in ſome copies, read *features*.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

NOVEMBER, 1803.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THE LOITERER.—*No. I.*

Who would not chooſe to be awake,
While he's encompass'd round with ſuch delight?
COWLEY.

IT has been often obſerved, that no part of the earth combines more local advantages, than the American Republic. Our ſoil affords an unfailing plenty of fruits; and by an attentive culture, it yields all the variety of dainties, that are ſought by the moſt whimſical appetite. The climate is uſually ſerene and healthful, and we are ſeldom moleſted by the turbulent ſports of nature.

We can live and perhaps flouriſh with independence; yet our maritime ſituation offers us the richeſt benefits of commerce. Our national ſtrength has now become mighty, and is every where viewed with awe and reſpect. We enjoy the bleſſings of peace, and our own unanimous abilities are alone requiſite for their continual preſervation. We are capable of knowing and exerciſing all the arts, that can poſſibly meliorate and adorn our condition. Could we add to ourſelves a character of literary excellence, we might well emulate the moſt celebrated nation, that ever exiſted.

We are indeed favoured with every mean of advancing in knowledge and refinement. Univerſal commerce opens to our attainment the literature and improvements of the whole globe. Schools and Colleges are interſperſed throughout the country, and are rendered acceſſible to ſtudious youth of the humbleſt fortune. Experience has already ſhown us the utility of learn-

ing ; and reaſon diſcovers the riſing importance of its increaſing cultivation.

In an obſerving ſpectator the diverſified ſcenery of nature excites wonder, curioſity and contemplation. Here auguſt mountains, clothed in azure foreſts, rear their myſtic heads around the horizon. Rivers, enrolling a hoſt of ſtreamlets, that wander in antic courſe from their fountains, are frequently ſeen marching with proud grandeur to the ocean. The hills and vallies, variegated with bright villages, fruitful fields and pleaſant groves, diſplay proſpects, that far ſurpaſs the moſt lively viſions of fancy. Theſe wild and elegant landſcapes loudly invoke the imitative powers of the painter. Poetry, the lovely nurſe of virtue and taſte, if wooed with that ardent aſſiduity, which her exalted dignity requires, would ſurely delight in this alluring reſidence. That refined ſenſibility of ſoul, which is ſeldom experienced in a plain inclement region, ſeems here to be earneſtly invited by the ſweet melody of nature to awaken and admire her ſublime and beautiful features. The heart is taught to ſubdue every ſordid paſſion, and to maintain thoſe affections only, which are influenced by divine harmony and love.

But with all theſe incitements to the principal glory of a nation, polite literature and the fine arts have hitherto made a very dilatory progreſs. It muſt however be allowed, that the ſciences, which teach the gaining and ſecurity of wealth, the common buſineſs, and conveniences of life, are here generally well underſtood and in high eſtimation. Thoſe, which profeſs chiefly to delight and improve the mind with taſte and ſentiment, to increaſe the powers of the ſoul and give it a true zeſt for the offered bliſs of Heaven, have yet gained but a ſmall number of temporary votaries.

Genius has ſometimes dawned among us, but its opening brilliancy has been too often and too ſuddenly obſcured by the gloom of neglect. But whence ariſes this neglect ? Does it come from a prejudice againſt our own talents, from inſenſibility of taſte, or from an envious diſpoſition to ſilence the voice of fame ? Or muſt we aſſign it to the predominant ſway of avarice ? In particular inſtances all theſe may induce neglect ; but perhaps the principal cauſe is the want of zealous perſeverance in the

candidates for literary diſtinction. They, who have opportunity and genius, too frequently paſs their time in apathy and indolence, in roving ſome barren field of pleaſure, or elſe, as is moſt frequently the caſe, engage in our common purſuit of fortune. So few are they, who engage themſelves wholly in the ſtudy of literature and in ſpeculating on life and manners, that the deſign of their occupation is very little underſtood. The votary, who intends theſe purſuits for his chief employment, may therefore ſafely anticipate the title of Loiterer.

I would now introduce myſelf to you, benevolent reader, though I am ſenſible that my addreſs may appear awkward and unintereſting. You have found ſo much graceful gentility in the Spectator, ſuch majeſtic eloquence in the Rambler, the engaging deportment of the Adventurer, and ſo much winning eaſe in the American Lounger, that it may be deemed preſumption in a Loiterer to aſpire to your favour. Though I loiter in the high-way of my countrymen, I love diligence in my choſen employment. If conſtant endeavours ſeldom fail in the attainment of their object, there may yet be ſome chance for my ſucceſs in affording amuſement. While faſhion, opinion and manners are perpetually changing, a new ſcene is always ariſing for moral ſpeculation. The many-headed monſter of error is ever watchful for an opportunity of dominion. Vice is a ſkilful alchymiſt, and in all her youthful vivacity, ſtill employs her infinite arts of ſeduction. Prejudice is yet alive, and by often concealing our good, brings on conſequences moſt ridiculous and fatal. Though many a valorous band has fought againſt them, they ſtill remain bold and unvanquiſhed. A champion in the cauſe of virtue and refinement ought ever to be active and zealous in their defence ; nor can he be deemed impertinent, if he endeavours to promote their influence, by celebrating their praiſe.

In a country like this, where manners and ſentiment are ſo various, a critical inſpection into life will diſcover much to be blamed and much to be applauded. The ſatiriſt will find many ſubjects for his humour by obſerving the control of paſſion ; while the grave ſentimentaliſt may largely deſcant on our induſtry and enterpriſe. The deſign of theſe eſſays is to preſent to

my readers lucubrations on manners and literature, on the improvement of taſte and the encouragement of genius. Thoſe, who may incline to co-operate in this undertaking, are cordially invited to contribute their aſſiſtance.

P. Adams.

For the *Monthly Anthology.*

Mr. Editor,

If it ſhould conſiſt with the deſign of your publication, to inſert reflections on ſubjects of morality and religion, I hope that the following obſervations on an extenſive principle of human action will prove acceptable. It is important that our moral ſentiments be clear and juſt. By miſtaking the character of the principles by which we are influenced, we debaſe conſcience into the inſtrument of vice; the light within us becomes darkneſs; we ſeal our own deſtruction.

If any one paſſion has brought all men into bondage, if any one principle of action can ſerve as a clue to all the varieties of the human character, it is ambition, or devotion to our own individual glory. By this ſin fell the angels. This ſin men have even exalted into virtue, and the worſt we hear of it is this, that it is "the infirmity of noble minds." This principle aſſumes many forms, but under all it propoſes ſelf exaltation as its great laſt end. In this point all the deſires and purſuits of the ambitious centre.

It muſt eaſily be ſeen that this devotion to our own glory is directly the reverſe of the great law of benevolence. God is *love*, and in this character alone we reflect the glory of our Creator. Benevolence carries us out of ourſelves, and diffuſes our exiſtence by giving us an intereſt in other beings. But ambition is narrow and debaſing. It leads us to conſider all beings as ſubſervient to *our* greatneſs, and formed to behold and proclaim *our* glory. Nothing is benevolent, which does not proceed from a ſincere diſpoſition to do good, from a ſingle view to the production of happineſs. To ſerve our country or mankind, that we may acquire the reputation of patriotiſm or of benevolence, expreſſes ſimply a regard for the rewards of thoſe virtues, none for the virtues themſelves. Ambition is the moſt refined

form of ſelfiſhneſs, but it is ſelfiſhneſs ſtill, and neceſſarily excludes from that kingdom of heaven, whoſe only law is love.

The purſuit of human applauſe, from the very nature of man, has a tendency to increaſe miſery and deluſion. Men are depraved in their moral ſentiments. They are more impreſſed with vaſt power and ſavage energy, than with the mildneſs of benevolence. Accordingly we find characters, diſtinguiſhed by barbarous valour, inflexible obſtinacy and inhuman fortitude, the objects of general admiration. In all ages men have deified the monſters of the human race, who have convulſed empires in ſport to diſplay their ſpirit and power. From this principle of admiring vaſt power and exertion, men prefer extravagance of imagination and ſubtlety of ſophiſtry, to the ſimplicity of unaſſuming truth. Thus from the very nature of man, ambition in purſuit of its end has filled the earth with ruin and error. The limits of this paper will not permit to record the wars, oppreſſions, devaſtations, and cruelties into which the ambitious have been driven. But theſe clearly prove the oppoſition of ambition to the great principle of benevolence.

Ambition is a perverſion and proſtitution of the higheſt powers of human nature. If we poſſeſs reaſon and moral ſentiment, we ought to make them our guides and pillars. Thus endowed, does it become us to bend to the ſtandard of an evil world? Adherence to principle in oppoſition to pain and contempt, conſtitutes the true dignity of man. The conſciouſneſs of integrity, of conducting as children of God, of acting from virtuous motives in a virtuous cauſe, is a conſolation and reward ſuperior to the applauſe of worlds. More ſervile dependence cannot be conceived than is the lot of him, who lives only in the mouths of other men. The ambitious frequently diſcover great power. But moral excellence conſiſts in the right direction of power. A giant building houſes of cards, preſents as glorious a ſpectacle, as an intellectual being formed for immortal progreſſion, and capacitated to enjoy his God, enſlaving himſelf to the earth, converting his preſent greatneſs into an idol, feigning an immortality in the remembrance of periſhing men, and exhauſting himſelf for a monument, which with himſelf will ſoon crumble into duſt.

There is a baſe hypocriſy in ambition, which an honeſt mind muſt deſpiſe and abhor. If we wiſh the world to notice us, if we act in the view of men, that we may draw their attention and applauſe, let us tell them frankly what we deſire. It is vile to pretend that our views are liberal, that we wiſh to promote the cauſe of truth, or the civil and religious intereſts of mankind. It is deteſtable fraud thus to cheat men out of applauſe. The cant of ambition is knavery baſer than the tricks of a pick-pocket. It is enough that our ſouls are narrow, that we are incapable of acting from generous affection. Let us not add to this the meanneſs of falſehood.

This devotion to our own glory is the greateſt weakneſs and folly. Let each of us conſider himſelf in compariſon with the whole human race, and of how little conſequence are we? We are loſt in the general crowd and tumult. Millions have never heard and will never pronounce our names. The reſiſtleſs ſtream of time, which overwhelms high and low, muſt ſoon ſweep us away. Others will fill our places, the buſineſs of the world, the ſong and the dance be continued, and like paſt generations we ſhall be leſs regarded than the turf which covers us. And does it become ſuch beings to ſwell with their own importance, and to elevate themſelves for the admiration of the world? But let us extend our views and conſider man in relation to the univerſe. How do we dwindle and ſhrink into nothing, when brought into compariſon with the majeſty of nature! How ſublime the ſtyle, how glorious the order of this temple of the Deity! There is a prodigality in the works of nature, which ſeems deſigned to humble the pride and mock the dwarfiſhneſs of man; and in this profuſion of exiſtence, beauty and majeſty, ſhall we exalt ourſelves to the ſummit of creation, conſider ourſelves peculiarly deſerving notice, and challenge the admiration of mankind? If from the material ſyſtem we aſcend to thoſe intelligent orders which ſurround the throne of God, and from all derived and dependent exiſtence, riſe to the uncreated Parent of heaven and earth, on whom the higheſt ranks of angels depend, and by whom the minuteſt beings are ſupported, in whoſe fulneſs and perfection all worlds and ſyſtems are leſs than nothing and vanity, what ſhall we think of ourſelves, or what terms can we uſe, ſufficiently diminutive to expreſs our littleneſs and unimportance?

All creation cries, Give glory to God. For this end all things exiſt. To propoſe our own glory as our end, is to ſtrive to counteract the deſign and agency of the Deity. By ſeeking to fix attention on our own petty attainments, we call beings to turn from the ſun to idolize a glow-worm, to neglect immenſity for a point too ſmall for perception. How contemptible is ambition. How low the greateſt heights of human glory. In the eyes of ſuperior beings, how idle muſt appear our contentions for eminence and power. That worms of the duſt and children of yeſterday ſhould ſwell themſelves into Gods, dwell on their narrow powers with rapture, ape the airs of greatneſs, affect importance, and propoſe themſelves as objects worthy the applauſe and homage of the world, this is ſuch folly and abſurdity, that we feel diſpoſed to ſmile at ſo ludicrous a ſpectacle, inſtead of pitying ſuch debaſement and depravity.

It is a ſolemn conſideration, which profeſſors of the goſpel ſeem to have overlooked, that this devotion to our own glory is irreconcileable with the whole ſpirit of Chriſtianity. We find much of this temper in the diſciples. With them it was a queſtion of debate and diſpute, "who ſhould be the greateſt in the kingdom of heaven." But hear the anſwer of Chriſt; "Unleſs ye be converted and become as little children, ye ſhall not *enter* the kingdom of heaven." Chriſtianity is a humiliating ſyſtem. It beats down the ſtrong holds of human pride. It teaches us, that our place is in the duſt. It is founded in the ruin and corruption of our race; it is a medicine for a diſordered and dying world. A ſenſe of guilt and entire unworthineſs is neceſſary to the cordial reception of the goſpel. "Bleſſed are the poor in ſpirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." The Chriſtian hero does not dazzle the world with his arms and exploits. You muſt look for him on the loweſt ſeat, and there you will behold him ſmiting his breaſt, acknowledging his unworthineſs, and oppoſing nothing to injury and inſult, but the panoply of meekneſs and love. You diſcover no high pretenſions, no overbearing pride, no inſulting ſuperiority, no anxiety to draw the gaze of mankind. "He walks by faith and not by ſight;" and, as he travels towards heaven, emits a gentle light, to teach the way to others, and guide them to the God of glory.

Thus it appears that ambition is a principle inconſiſtent with true religion and benevolence, and expreſſes the greateſt blindneſs and debaſement of the ſoul. It may indeed give us the appearance of many virtues. It may whiten the ſepulchre; but within are dead men's bones. By condemning ambition, we pronounce ſentence on the greateſt part of mankind. But it is not a new ſuggeſtion, that the whole world lieth in wickedneſs. This truth it is important to enforce. Until we feel it, we can never be recovered to moral excellence. Let us not "film over the ſore and ulcerous place," but purify and invigorate the ſoul, by the infuſion and exerciſe of new and generous affection, even by that love which is the ſum of excellence and the fulfilment of the law.

W. E. Channing.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THE GUEST.—*No. I.*

Quo me cumque rapit tempeſtas, deferor HOSPES.
HOR.

Potin' es mihi VERUM DICERE?—*Nihil facilius.*
TERENT. ANDRIA.

EVERY polite gueſt, who wiſhes to pleaſe his known entertainers, will endeavour to ſuit his converſation to their prevalent humour. But when he enters an aſſembly of ſtrangers, whoſe characters and diſpoſitions do not readily appear, he has an opportunity for propoſing ſuch topics, as are moſt agreeable to his own inclination.

Free from all anxious ambition, and eaſy in my condition, my favourite pleaſures are thoſe of ſociety and friendſhip. Whenever I appear in company, which is indeed frequently the caſe, I am commonly welcomed as a good-natured gueſt, and treated with many charming civilities. In my turn, I endeavour to promote their cheerfulneſs, or induce ſome intereſting reflections. Among the numerous families, whom I viſit, I have found one, that has gained my ſtrongeſt predilection. It conſiſts of many members, who have attained mature age and improved underſtanding. Here I eſcape that loathſome din of popular politics, which confounds my tranquillity in moſt other places.

We converſe with animation on ſubjects of ſentiment, of taſte and of manners, without ever indulging ill-natured ſatire, or allowing our harmony to be diſturbed by ſtriving diſputation. When the ſpirit of our evening converſation droops, we ſometimes enliven our attention by a ſong, and ſometimes by relating a ſtory, which impreſſes ſome valuable moral in the heart. But as I mention this happy family merely for hinting what kind of entertainment is moſt pleaſing to me, for the preſent I ſhall forbear any farther deſcription. The durable ſatisfaction, which I derive from their ſociety, induces me to imitate, and to encourage their mode of converſing in all other companies. As I am now entering an unknown ſociety, my principal concern reſpecting addreſs, is to appear ſenſible of the meanneſs and danger of all deception.

Truth is ſo eſſential to human dignity, that he, who deviates from it, not only depreciates himſelf in his own eſteem, but incurs the laſting contempt of all his acquaintance. Beſide the future *part*, that is ſo awfully denounced againſt him, he is here, if ſenſible to his condition, expoſed to the moſt tormenting perplexity. No one, who reflects, can be ſo obdurate, as not to feel ſelf-diſhonour, even while his deception continues. When he becomes ſuſpected, he muſt either profeſs his puſillanimity and folly, or increaſe his own debaſement by additional falſehood.

There is, however, a kind of deception, that ſeems, at firſt view, to border on innocence. This is generally found to accompany an exceſſive deſire of pleaſing. A lively and generous heart, on the remiſs influence of its guard, may be often tempted by the moſt diſintereſted motives to elude the reſtraint of truth. When a perſon of this character ſees another labouring in difficulty, or diſconcerted by ſome frightening apprehenſion, he will ſometimes, in pity to the ſufferer, miſrepreſent his condition, and inſpire him with hopes, that are never to be realized. Ardent friendſhip may cauſe ſome to employ deluſion, while they inconſiderately view it as harmleſs and laudable. He, who has no other means for relieving the troubles of a friend, is too apt to beguile him with vain and injurious conceptions. Nay, in the fervour of his benevolence, he may ſometimes diſregard all true ſincerity merely for the purpoſe of adding to his preſent felicity. But however innocent ſuch decep-

tions may appear, it is obſervable, that they are ſeldom indulged without repentance and puniſhment.

Albert, in his youth, maintained a warm and benevolent heart. He never beheld a fellow-being in diſtreſs without earneſtly endeavouring to afford him relief. The ſufferings even of the humbleſt animal would excite his glowing ſympathy; and his wiſh to diffuſe happineſs among all creatures was always alive and active. He looked upon fraud and every diſhonourable action with ſtrong abhorrence, eſpecially when they appeared to him in their proper characters. He never willingly became guilty of an unworthy deed; yet the impetuoſity of his affections would ſometimes lead him beyond the ſway of reaſon and truth. Though kindly diſpoſed to all mankind, he had no inclination to an extenſive familiarity. Preferring a ſtudious life, he lived in retirement, and enjoyed ſcarcely any other ſociety than a few viſiting friends, whom he loved with the moſt romantic ardour.

Edward, of equal age and fortune, was introduced by one of his favourites, and recommended to him as a congenial aſſociate. He received him with all that cordial welcome, which is dictated by the joy of acquiring ſo valuable an object. Edward had no leſs warmth, generoſity and ſpirit than Albert; perhaps he was more deliberate in his profeſſions, and kept a ſtricter guard on his principles and conduct. For ſome days, they continued in company, and they hourly improved in each other's eſtimation. Each perceived his own ſoul doubled by the union of the other's; and while they looked onward in the path of life, no cloud of adverſity appeared, but every anticipated object brightened in the beams of friendſhip.

At length Edward's circumſtances at home became importunate for his return. The thought of parting created a dreary void in their hearts. For ſome time they remained irreconcileable to a temporary ſeparation. But to prolong their interview as much as poſſible, Albert propoſed to accompany his friend through a part of his journey. On their way, a beggar ſolicited their charity. Edward, after ſearching his pockets, exclaimed, "I have loſt my purſe!" "How much did it contain?" ſaid Albert. The other having mentioned the particular ſum, ſeemed indifferent reſpecting the loſs, and obſerved that he had probably dropped it in ſome of their walks on the preceding

day. However, as neither of them was in affluence, it is very likely, that they were not inſenſible to the importance of ſo large a ſum, as Edward had named. The time for their parting came, and they agreed that their future meetings ſhould be frequent. Albert, promiſing that ſearch ſhould be quickly made for the money, ſeparated from his friend in mournful dejection, and returned to his lodgings; the ſolitude of which, at this particular time, appeared with unprecedented horror.

The next day, he carefully retraced every path, in which they had walked together, but all his reſearches and inquiries were vain. He could not however endure the thought that a viſit, which had given him infinite pleaſure, ſhould be attended with any incident diſagreeable to his friend. In an inconſiderate moment, he reſolved to ſupply the loſs. Being at that time deſtitute, he applied to a ſurly uſurer, who with much reluctance lent him the money. He ſent it immediately to Edward with a letter, relating that he found it under a thorn hedge with the purſe very much rent by hungry mice. His friend being abſent on a journey, no reply was brought by the meſſenger. The term for repaying the uſurer ſoon expired, but Albert had made no preparation. He wrote to his banker for another anticipation of intereſt, but this was readily and fairly refuſed. The bailiff very impolitely entered his apartment, and with the ſmile of a caitiff began to praiſe the exerciſe of walking.

At this appaling moment, Edward arrived to inform him, that the money, which was brought by the meſſenger, could not be the ſame, that he loſt: for the friend, who firſt introduced them, had, after his departure, found the proper purſe with all its contents on the ſeat of their carriage. When he ſaw the real ſituation of Albert, he wept for his diſtreſs, and at the ſame time felt a riſing contempt for its cauſe. Though ſenſible to all the enjoyments of friendſhip, he loved truth and ſincerity in his friends more than their moſt earneſt endeavours to ſerve him. The bailiff received the very ſum, that was borrowed of the uſurer, and was quickly diſmiſſed. Albert and Edward remained alone to converſe on the affair. Forgiveneſs was mutually aſked and mutually granted; yet an indeſcribable confuſion attended their interview. They parted with averted looks and broken ſentences; and after a few fortuitous meet-

ings, they became totally eſtranged to each other. Both were convinced, that if truth were not preſerved inviolable, however ſtrictly all the other requiſites of friendſhip might be retained, its joys can never be complete and permanent.

W.E.C.
T. Adams.

To the Editor of the Monthly Anthology.

Sir,

TO the votaries of Poetry perhaps no memoir will be more pleaſing than the following, ſelected from the works of the engaging and elegant Langhorn. It preſents an inſtructive leſſon on the inſignificance of genius, which is unaccompanied with reſolution and perſevering efforts. The *criticiſm* is replete with judicious and importnat obſervations; and it may often aſſiſt thoſe, who already admire the truly *enraptured bard*, to trace him, with more eaſe, in the daring flights of his imagination. The ſcarcity and exeellence of *this article*, it is hoped, will preclude the need of any excuſe for its inſertion in your miscellany.

W.

T. Adams.

MEMOIRS
OF
WILLIAM COLLINS;
WITH OBSERVATIONS ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS.

THE enthuſiaſm of poetry, like that of religion, has frequently a powerful influence on the conduct of life, and either throws it into the retreat of uniform obſcurity, or marks it with irregularities that lead to miſery and diſquiet. The gifts of imagination bring the heavieſt taſk upon the vigilance of reaſon; and to bear thoſe faculties with unerring rectitude, or invariable propriety, requires a degree of firmneſs and of cool attention, which doth not always attend the higher gifts of the mind. Yet, difficult as nature herſelf ſeems to have rendered the taſk of regularity to genius, it is the ſupreme conſolation of *dulneſs* and of *folly*, to point with gothic triumph to thoſe exceſſes, which are the overflowings of faculties they never enjoyed. Perfectly unconſcious that they are indebted to their ſtupidity for the conſiſtency of their conduct, they plume themſelves on an imaginary virtue, which has its origin in what is

really their disgrace. Let such, if such dare approach the shrine of COLLINS, withdraw to a respectful distance, and, should they behold the ruins of genius, or the weakness of an exalted mind, let them be taught to lament that nature has left the noblest of her works imperfect.

Of such men of genius as have borne no public character, it seldom happens that any memoirs can be collected, of consequence enough to be recorded by the biographer. If their lives pass in obscurity, they are generally too uniform to engage our attention; if they cultivate and obtain popularity, envy and malignity will mingle their poison with the draughts of praise; and through the industry of those unwearied fiends, their reputation will be so chequered, and their characters so much disguised, that it shall become difficult for the historian to separate truth from falsehood.

Of our exalted poet, whose life, though far from being popular, did not altogether pass in privacy, we meet with few other accounts than such as the life of every man will afford, viz. when he was born, where he was educated, and where he died. Yet even these simple memoirs of the man, will not be unacceptable to those who admire the poet; for we never receive pleasure without a desire to be acquainted with the source from whence it springs: a species of curiosity, which, as it seems to be instinctive, was probably given us for the noble end of gratitude; and, finally, to elevate the inquiries of the mind to that fountain of perfection from which all human excellence is derived.

Chichester, a city in Sussex, had the honour of giving birth to this celebrated Poet, about the year 1721.* His father, who was a reputable tradesman in that city, intended him for the service of the church; and with this view, in the year 1733, he was admitted a scholar of that illustrious seminary of genius and learning, Winchester College, where so many distinguished men of letters, so many excellent poets have received their classical education. Here he had the good fortune to continue seven years under the care of the very learned Dr. Burton; and at the age of nineteen, in the year 1740, he had merit sufficient to

* December 25, 1720.——Dr. JOHNSON.

procure a diſtinguiſhed place in the liſt of thoſe ſcholars, who are elected upon the foundation of Wincheſter, to New College in Oxford. But as there were then no vacancies in that ſociety, he was admitted a commoner of Queen's College in the ſame univerſity; where he continued till July, 1741, when he was elected a demi of Magdalen College. During his reſidence at Queen's, he was at once diſtinguiſhed for genius and indolence; his exerciſes, when he could be prevailed upon to write, bearing the viſible characteriſtics of both. This remiſs and inattentive habit might probably ariſe, in ſome meaſure, from diſappointment: he had, no doubt, indulged very high ideas of the academical mode of education, and when he found ſcience within the fetters of logic and of Ariſtotle, it was no wonder if he abated of his diligence to ſeek her where the ſearch was attended with artificial perplexities, and where, at laſt, the purſuer would graſp the ſhadow for the ſubſtance.

While he was at Magdalen College, he applied himſelf chiefly to the cultivation of poetry, and wrote the epiſtle to Sir Thomas Hanmer, and the Oriental Eclogues, which in the year 1742 were firſt publiſhed under the title of *Perſian Eclogues*. The ſucceſs of theſe poems was far from being equal to their merit; but to a novice in the purſuit of fame, the leaſt encouragement is ſufficient: if he does not at once acquire that reputation to which his merit entitles him, he embraces the encomiums of the few, forgives the many, and intends to open their eyes to the ſtriking beauties of his next Publication.

With proſpects ſuch as theſe, Mr. Collins probably indulged his fancy, when, in the year 1743, after having taken the degree of a bachelor of arts, he left the univerſity, and removed to London.

To a man of ſmall fortune, a liberal ſpirit, and uncertain dependencies, the metropolis is a very dangerous place. Mr. Collins had not been long in town, before he became an inſtance of the truth of this obſervation. His pecuniary reſources were exhauſted, and to reſtore them by the exertion of genius and learning, though he wanted not the power, he had neither ſteadineſs nor induſtry. His neceſſities indeed ſometimes carried him as far as a ſcheme, or a title-page for a book; but whether it were

the power of diſſipation, or the genius of repoſe that interfered, he could proceed no farther. Several books were projected, which he was very able to execute; and he became in idea an hiſtorian, a critic, and a dramatic poet by turns. At one time, he determined to write a hiſtory of the revival of Letters; at another, to tranſlate and comment upon Ariſtotle's Poetics; then he turned his thoughts to the Drama, and proceeded ſo far towards a tragedy—as to become acquainted with the manager.

Under this unaccountable diſſipation, he ſuffered the greateſt inconveniences. Day ſucceeded day, for the ſupport of which he had made no proviſion, and in which he was to ſubſiſt either by the long-repeated contributions of a friend, or the generoſity of a caſual acquaintance. Yet indolence triumphed at once over want and ſhame; and neither the anxieties of poverty, nor the heart-burning of dependence had power to animate reſolution to perſeverance.

As there is a degree of depravity into which if a man falls, he becomes incapable of attending to any of the ordinary means that recall men to virtue, ſo there are ſome circumſtances of indigence ſo extremely degrading, that they deſtroy the influences of ſhame itſelf; and moſt ſpirits are apt to ſink, under their oppreſſion, into a ſullen and unambitious deſpondence.

However this might be with regard to Mr. Collins, we find that, in the year 1746, he had ſpirit and reſolution enough to publiſh his *Odes deſcriptive and allegorical:* but the ſale was by no means ſucceſsful; and hence it was that the author, conceiving a juſt indignation againſt a blind and taſteleſs age, burnt the remaining copies, with his own hands.

Allegorical and abſtracted poetry was above the taſte of thoſe times, as much, or more than it is, of the preſent. It is in the lower walks, the plain and practical paths of the muſes only, that the generality of men can be entertained. The higher efforts of imagination are above their capacity; and it is no wonder therefore, if the Odes deſcriptive and allegorical met with few admirers.

Under theſe circumſtances, ſo mortifying to every juſt expectation, when neither his wants were relieved, nor his reputation

extended, he found ſome conſolation in changing the ſcene, and viſiting his uncle, colonel MARTIN, who was, at that time, with our army in Flanders. Soon after his arrival, the colonel died and left him a conſiderable fortune.

Here then we ſhould hope to behold him happy; poſſeſſed of independence, and removed from every ſcene, and every monument of his former miſery. But fortune had delayed her favours, till they were not worth receiving. His faculties had been ſo long haraſſed by anxiety, diſſipation and diſtreſs, that he fell into a nervous diſorder, which brought with it an unconquerable depreſſion of ſpirits, and at length reduced the fineſt underſtanding to the moſt deplorable childiſhneſs. In the firſt ſtages of his diſorder, he attempted to relieve himſelf by travel, and paſſed into France; but the growing malady obliged him to return; and having continued with ſhort intervals,* in this pitiable ſtate till the year 1756, he died in the arms of a ſiſter at Chicheſter.

Mr. Collins was in ſtature ſomewhat above the middle ſize, of a brown complexion, keen, expreſſive eyes, and a fixed, ſedate aſpect, which, from intenſe thinking, had contracted an habitual frown. His proficiency in letters was greater than could have been expected from his years. He was ſkilled in the learned languages, and acquainted with the *Italian*, *French*, and *Spaniſh*. It is obſervable, that none of his poems bear the marks of an amorous diſpoſition, and that he is one of thoſe few poets, who have ſailed to *Delphi*, without touching at *Cythera*. The alluſions of this kind, that appear in his Oriental Eclogues, were indiſpenſable in that ſpecies of poetry; and it is very remarkable that in his *Paſſions*, an ode for muſic, love is omitted, though it ſhould have made a principal figure there.

The genius of the paſtoral, as well as of every other reſpectable ſpecies of poetry, had its origin in the Eaſt, and from thence was tranſplanted by the muſes of Greece; but whether

* It ſeems to have been in one of theſe intervals, that he was viſited by an ingenious friend, who tells us, he found him with a book in his hand, and being aſked what it was, he anſwered, that "he had but one book, but that was the beſt." It was the New Teſtament in Engliſh.

from the continent of the Leſſer Aſia, or from Egypt, which, about the era of the Grecian paſtoral, was the hoſpitable nurſe of letters, it is not eaſy to determine. From the ſubjects, and the manner of Theocritus, one would incline to the latter opinion, while the hiſtory of Bion is in favour of the former.

However, though it ſhould ſtill remain a doubt through what channel the paſtoral travelled weſtward, there is not the leaſt ſhadow of uncertainty concerning its oriental origin.

In thoſe ages, which, guided by ſacred chronology, from a comparative view of time, we call the early ages, it appears from the moſt authentic hiſtorians, that the chiefs of the people employed themſelves in rural exerciſes, and that aſtronomers and legiſlators were at the ſame time ſhepherds. Thus Strabo informs us, that the hiſtory of the creation was communicated to the Egyptians by a Chaldæan ſhepherd.

From theſe circumſtances, it is evident, not only that ſuch ſhepherds were capable of all the dignity and elegance peculiar to poetry, but that whatever poetry they attempted, would be of the paſtoral kind; would take its ſubjects from thoſe ſcenes of rural ſimplicity, in which they were converſant, and, as it was the offspring of *Harmony* and *Nature*, would employ the powers it derived from the former to celebrate the beauty and benevolence of the latter.

Accordingly we find that the moſt ancient poems treat of agriculture, aſtronomy, and other objects within the rural and natural ſyſtems.

What conſtitutes the difference between the Georgic and the Paſtoral, is love and the colloquial, or dramatic form of compoſition peculiar to the latter: this form of compoſition is ſometimes diſpenſed with, and love and rural imagery alone are thought ſufficient to diſtinguiſh the paſtoral. The tender paſſion, however, ſeems to be eſſential to this ſpecies of poetry, and is hardly ever excluded from thoſe pieces, that were intended to come under this denomination: even in thoſe eclogues of the Amœbean kind, whoſe only purport is a trial of ſkill between contending ſhepherds, love has its uſual ſhare, and the praiſes of their reſpective miſtreſſes are the general ſubjects of the competitors.

It is to be lamented, that ſcarce any oriental compoſitions of this kind have ſurvived the ravages of ignorance, tyranny, and time; we cannot doubt that many ſuch have been extant, poſſibly as far down as that fatal period, never to be mentioned in the world of letters without horror, when the glorious monuments of human ingenuity periſhed in the aſhes of the Alexandrian library.

Thoſe ingenious Greeks, whom we call the parents of paſtoral poetry, were probably no more than imitators of imitators, that derived their harmony from higher and remoter ſources, and kindled their poetical fires at thoſe then unextinguiſhed lamps, which burned within the tombs of oriental genius.

It is evident that Homer has availed himſelf of thoſe magnificent images and deſcriptions, ſo frequently to be met with in the books of the Old Teſtament; and why may not Theocritus, Moſchus and Bion have found their archetypes in other eaſtern writers, whoſe names have periſhed with their works? yet, though it may not be illiberal to admit ſuch a ſuppoſition, it would certainly be invidious to conclude what the malignity of cavillers alone could ſuggeſt with regard to Homer, that they deſtroyed the ſources from which they borrowed, and, as it is fabled of the young of the pelican, drained their ſupporters to death.

As the ſeptuagint tranſlation of the Old Teſtament was performed at the requeſt, and under the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus, it were not to be wondered if Theocritus, who was entertained at that prince's court, had borrowed ſome part of his paſtoral imagery from the poetical paſſages of thoſe books. I think it can hardly be doubted, that the Sicilian poet had in his eye certain expreſſions of the prophet Iſaiah, when he wrote the following lines:

Νυν ἰα μεν φορεοιῖε βατοι, φοκεοιτε δ' ἀκανθαι
Ἁ δε καλα ναρκισσ☞ επ ἀρκευθοισι κομασαι
Παντα δ' ἐναλλα γενοιντο, και ἁ πιτυς ὀχνας ενεικαι
——————και τως κυνας ὠλαφος ἑλκοι.

Let vexing brambles the blue violet bear,
On the rude thorn Narciſſus dreſs his hair—

All, all revers'd—The pine with pears be crown'd,
And the bold deer ſhall drag the trembling hound.

The cauſe indeed of theſe phenomena is very different in the Greek from what it is in the Hebrew poet; the former employing them on the death, the latter on the birth of an important perſon: but the marks of imitation are nevertheleſs obvious.

It might, however, be expected, that if Theocritus had borrowed at all from the ſacred writers, the celebrated paſtoral Epithalamium of Solomon, ſo much within his own walk of poetry, would not certainly have eſcaped his notice. His Epithalamium on the marriage of Helena, moreover, gave him an open field for imitation; therefore, if he has any obligations to the royal bard, we may expect to find them there. The very opening of the poem is in the ſpirit of the Hebrew ſong:

Ουτω δὲ παρθενίζα κατεδραθες, ὦ φιλε γαμβρε;

The colour of imitation is ſtill ſtronger in the following paſſage:

Ἀως αντελλοισα καλον διεφαινε προσωπον,
Ποτνια νυξ ἀτε, λευχον ἐαρ χειμενος ανεντος
Ὡδε και ἁ χρυσεα Ἑλενα διεφαινετ' εν ἡμιν,
Πιειρα, μεγαλα. ἀτ ανεδραμεν ὁγμος ἀρουρα.
Ἡ καπω κυπαρισσος, ἡ ἁρματι Θεσσαλος ἱππος.

This deſcription of Helen is infinitely above the ſtyle and figure of the Sicilian paſtoral—"She is like the riſing of the golden morning, when the night departeth, and when the winter is over and gone. She reſembleth the cypreſs in the garden, the horſe in the chariots of Theſſaly." Theſe figures plainly declare their origin, and others equally imitative might be pointed out in the ſame idyllium.

This beautiful and luxuriant marriage paſtoral of Solomon is the only perfect form of the oriental eclogue, that has ſurvived the ruins of time, a happineſs for which it is, probably, more indebted to its ſacred character, than to its intrinſic merit. Not that it is by any means deſtitute of poetical excellence. Like all the eaſtern poetry, it is bold, wild, and unconnected in its figures, alluſions and parts; and has all that graceful and magnifi-

cent daring, which characteriſes its metaphorical and comparative imagery.

In conſequence of theſe peculiarities, ſo ill adapted to the frigid genius of the north, Mr. Collins could make but little uſe of it as a precedent for his oriental eclogues, and even in his third eclogue, where the ſubject is of a ſimilar nature, he has choſen rather to follow the mode of the Doric and the Latin paſtoral.

The ſcenery and ſubjects then of the eclogues alone are Oriental; the ſtyle and colouring are purely European; and, for this reaſon, the author's preface, in which he intimates that he had the originals from a merchant who traded to the Eaſt, is omitted, as being now altogether ſuperfluous.

With regard to the merit of theſe eclogues, it may juſtly be aſſerted, that in ſimplicity of deſcription and expreſſion, in delicacy and ſoftneſs of numbers, and in natural and unaffected tenderneſs, they are not to be equalled by any thing of the paſtoral kind in the Engliſh language.

(To be continued.)

For the Monthly Anthology.

THE DUELLIST;

OR,

AN ADDRESS TO MEN OF HONOUR.

"An old friend with a new face."

It is a lucky thing, Gentlemen, for the poor pitiful Chriſtians of our times, that the cuſtom of duelling has not become a part of the common law. They have armed this with the halter againſt us, and it would no ſooner acquit us on the plea of faſhion, than nature would reſiſt the force of a ſuicide on his urging the poliſhed modes of Japan; or morality, liſten to a knave, who ſhould prove the exiſtence of a community of ſwindlers, as a precedent for his own crimes.

But what are we, men of figure, to do in this caſe? It is vain for us to urge our reputation on this tribe of religioniſts. They preach humility. It is idle to inſiſt on the privileges re-

ſulting from the diſparity between us and the vulgar. They blot out our rank, and ſubſtitute the ſneaking drivellers of principle as the noble of nature. If we talk to them of ſatiſfaction, they turn from us with the contempt of an anchorite, with an apothegm on our duſty being, or with the *ſangfroid* of a *pettifogger's* advice in a lawſuit. But ſhall theſe *doltiſh goſſips* preach to us our duty, your green-bag gentry ſet as our judges, and a jury of cobblers and tailors ſtitch a leathern doublet to ſcreen our wounded honour? A jury of our peers, where the privileges of quality would be allowed, might be tolerable; but your law machines, your writ, declaration, plea, and iſſue-men are no more fit for a Court of Honour, than the hog-driver of Ulyſſes for Penelope's confidant.

As for us, we have in general deſcended from men of blood, heroes in the cradle, and whoſe firſt liſp bid defiance. Their objects and end were honour and intrigue. And ſhall we now abandon our pretences to the quality of our anceſtors? One vulgar compromiſe is treaſon to ourſelves and to our race. Our long leaſe of heraldry expires at it, our title becomes extinct, and the ſtream of honour is dried up before it reaches the channel of poſterity. And when the diſtinctions of opinion are over, we muſt budge on with the canaille in the great highway of morality, and a court of ſeſſions of our grandmothers muſt approve and eſtabliſh the route of our lives.

I know however it is a vain thing to preſs any defence of our rights on men, who have nothing of the ſenſitive plant in their compoſition, and preſent the muſcles of a ſtoic to inſults of the world. Theſe fellows are as inſenſible to the wounds of which a man of honour bleeds, as if Achilles-like they had been indurated in the Styx of barbarity. With this want of the proper ſenſe to perceive, it is no wonder they have no wiſdom to judge. Hence when we have honourably hit our man, they ſeem to have no idea of our having acquitted ourſelves like gentlemen; but the whole pack of juſtice is put upon the ſcent, and we are dinned to death with the yelping of the bar-catcalls, with their wickedly and felonioufly, their "VI ET ARMIS, *percuſſit ac murdravit.*" The attorney is feed for drawing his indictments, and the judges and jury for making us malefactors. And with this

kind of ſtuff and this kind of gentry is a man of faſhion diſpatched.

If the ſorry drivellers of principle would be content with whining and canting, they might prate as long as Triſtam Shandy's father; if in return they would indulge us with the ſpirit of the corporal. They might ſay we were worſe than highwaymen, who murder for a livelihood, and to prevent diſcovery, while we are murtherers by principle, and kill out of vanity; that ſhooting a friend through the heart, or not, is to us quite as indifferent, as wearing round or ſharp toed SUWARROWS; that the petty laws of faſhion had death annexed, as a penalty, and the ſerious concern of life was regulated by a mode. They might repeat every thing prejudice has invented, or barbarity has urged, if they would confine themſelves to the war of words. But I at length, after every attempt of free-thinking, deſpair of ſuch a progreſs towards improvement in others, and ſo much indulgence for us. The pigeon hearted menials of principle will not only rail at us for pretending to greater wiſdom than the law, in preferring our own deciſions to thoſe of the gentlemen of the jury; they will not merely laugh at any pretences to honour, and aſſert that *beaux* and *bullies*, and their wiſe admirers have ſeized the herald's office, and engroſſed all the quality to themſelves. Nor will they be ſatisfied with indecently declaring that no man would have anſwered the lie with a piſtol-ball, but for a *rhodomontade* of Charles the fifth. They will ſtock us in the pillory for the ſportive ſpeculations, and congees of honour, and for indulging in its prerogatives, will ſwing us between heaven and earth, as unworthy of both.

With juſt indignation at the prejudices of ſuch plough-jogging ſpirits, I had once determined to challenge the Governor, Council, and both Houſes of the Legiſlature at the winter ſeſſions.—I had reſolved to rout the whole corporation of cowards from office, and ſubſtitute the language of gentlemen for the technical jargon of courts and lawyers. An affair of honour was no longer to be a capital offence, and the trial by battle ſhould have been part of the law of the land. On reflection however, I have relinquiſhed this ſcheme of reforming a general error—"*Defendit numerus.*"

Another plan however has become quite my hobby. I took the hint from uncle Toby's campaigns, and the Trojan band. If we cannot vindicate our honour actually by arms, we may ſtill keep up the appearance of the thing. If we dare not fight, we may ſtill preſerve the "pugnæ ſimulacra ſub armis." I therefore propoſe, that the practice of duelling be continued ſubject to the following regulations; viz.

1ſt. ALL CHALLENGES SHALL BE SHEWN BY THE SECONDS TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY, THAT HE MAY BE ON THE GROUND, TO PREVENT BLOODSHED.

2dly. IN CASE THE SHERIFF SHOULD NOT SEASONABLY ARRIVE, THE SECONDS SHALL GIVE THE WORDS OF COMMAND, IN MANNER FOLLOWING, VIZ. "MAKE READY, TAKE AIM, RECOVER."

3dly. THAT A CERTIFICATE OF THE TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING OF THE PARTIES, AND OF THEIR BRAVE DEPORTMENT, BE MADE AND SIGNED UPON THE SPOT BY THE SECONDS AND SURGEONS.

If this plan ſhould meet with general approbation, as I think it readily will, I ſhall propoſe an early meeting of our fraternity at Vila's or Julien's, where its merits may be fully diſcuſſed, and all collateral points ſettled.

HECTOR MOWBRAY.

F.D. Channing

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

OF

NAT. LEE, THE POET.

[From a late Engliſh Publication.]

NEITHER the time of his birth, nor the preciſe period of the death of this celebrated, but unfortunate Poet, have been aſcertained by his biographers. His father, Dr. Lee, was the miniſter of Hatfield. He ſent his ſon at an early age to Weſtminſter School, then under the direction of Dr. Buſby. From thence he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and was admitted a ſcholar on the Foundation in 1668. In the

ſame year he took his degree of B. A. but not having the good fortune to obtain a fellowſhip, he left the univerſity and came to London, with a view of puſhing his fortune at court. Not ſucceeding in this deſign, in 1672, he made an attempt on the ſtage, in the character of Duncan in Sir William Davenant's alteration of Macbeth. "Lee," ſays Colley Cibber, in his Apology,* "was ſo pathetic a reader of his own ſcenes, that I have been informed by an actor, who was preſent, that while Lee was reading to Major Mohun at a rehearſal, Mohun, in the warmth of his admiration, threw down his part, and ſaid, unleſs I were able to *play* it as well as you *read* it, to what purpoſe ſhould I undertake it? And yet this very author, whoſe elocution raiſed ſuch admiration in ſo capital an actor, when he attempted to be an actor himſelf, ſoon quitted the ſtage in an honeſt deſpair of ever making a profitable figure there." It would almoſt appear from this, that Lee's attempt on the ſtage had been ſubſequent to his appearance there in the capacity of a dramatiſt. But this was not the fact, for his firſt play was not repreſented till the year 1675; ſo that, inſtead of being tempted to make his *debut* as an actor, in conſequence of the reputation he had acquired behind the curtain, as a *pathetic reader of his own ſcenes*, it is reaſonable to preſume, that his demerits and bad ſucceſs, as a player, induced him to turn his attention to the trade of authorſhip. By this anecdote from Cibber, the authors of the Biographical Dictionary† have been led into the error we have juſt obviated. His firſt play was called "Nero, Emperor of Rome;" and between 1672, the date of its appearance, and 1684, he produced no leſs than nine tragedies, beſides the ſhare he had with Dryden, in *Oedipus* and the *Duke of Guiſe*. On the 11th of November, in the year laſt mentioned, it was found neceſſary to confine him in Bedlam, where he remained four years. It has been ſaid of him as a writer, that "his imagination ran away with his reaſon;" a remark that is, perhaps, applicable to this melancholy incident of his life. But his inſanity is more generally ſuppoſed to have been owing to the embarraſſment of his circumſtances, the reſult of extreme

* P. 68, quarto edition, 1740. † Laſt edition in 15 vols. 1798.

careleſſneſs and extravagance; a belief that receives ſufficient confirmation from the following epigram, addreſſed to Lee, by Wycherly, and firſt quoted by the ingenious Mr. Neve, in his admirable remarks on our author's poetical character.*

> You, but becauſe you ſtarv'd, went mad before;
> Now ſtarving does to you your wits reſtore:
> So your life is, like others, much at one,
> Whether you now have any ſenſe, or none.

A repartee has been aſcribed to him while in confinement, which we ſhould, perhaps, be blamed for omitting in this account. A very indifferent author obſerved to him, that it was an eaſy thing to write like a madman; "No," replied Lee, "it is *not* an eaſy thing to write like a madman; but it is very eaſy to write like a fool."

In April 1688, he returned to ſociety, but did not long ſurvive the recovery of his reaſon. Whincop tells us, that "he died in one of his night rambles in the ſtreet;" and Oldys, in his MS. notes, records the fact rather particularly—"Returning one night from the Bear and Harrow, in Butcher Row, through Clare Market, to his lodgings in Duke Street, overladen with wine, he fell down on the ground, as ſome ſay, according to others, on a bulk, and was killed or ſtifled in the ſnow." From the ſame authority, we learn that "he was buried in the pariſh church of St. Clement's Danes, aged about thirty-five years." Between the time of his diſcharge from Bedlam and that of his death, he wrote two plays, the Princeſs of Cleves, and the Maſſacre of Paris; but, notwithſtanding the profits ariſing from theſe two performances, he was reduced, it is ſaid, to ſo low an ebb, that a weekly ſtipend of ten ſhillings from the theatre royal was his chief dependence. It has been obſerved, that his untimely end might have been occaſioned by his diſorder, of which he was ſubject to temporary relapſes; and in tenderneſs to his memory, we are inclined to indulge the ſuppoſition. This accident occurred about the years 1691-2.

There is a ſtriking coincidence between the fate of Lee and Otway, which, we believe, has not before been noticed. They

* Publiſhed in the Monthly Mirror.

both became writers for the ſtage, in conſequence of their unſucceſsful performances *on* it; both began to write in rhyme, and deſerted it, much to the advantage of their reputation, for blank verſe; both were reduced, principally by their own diſſipations, to a miſerable condition of indigence; and both died, at almoſt preciſely the ſame age, and within about five years of each other, in a ſtate of the utmoſt obſcurity and wretchedneſs.

The talents of Nathaniel Lee have met with the moſt elegant, candid, and critical illuſtration, in the article already alluded to, by Mr. Neve, to which the reader is referred. It has been too much the faſhion, with writers of more taſte, perhaps, but of infinitely leſs genius, to decry the reputation of this author, who has been ſtyled, with reference to his *Alexander the Great*, "a mad poet, who deſcribed, in frantic verſe, the actions of a mad warrior;" but Addiſon maintains, that "among our modern Engliſh poets, there was none better turned for tragedy than Lee, if, inſtead of favouring his impetuoſity of genius, he had reſtrained it within proper bounds." Dryden compliments him highly upon his Rival Queens, in his copy of verſes prefixed to that play.

Such praiſe is yours, while you the paſſions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where nature triumphs over wretched art;
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm; and if the riſing year,
As in hot regions, bring the ſun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant ſpices blow,
Which in our colder climates will not grow.
That humble ſtyle which drones their virtue make,
Is in your power, you need but ſtoop and take.
Your beauteous images muſt be allow'd
By all but ſome vile poets of the crowd:
But how ſhould any ſign-poſt dauber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?

Cibber has cenſured, very freely, the well-known ſpeech, in the Rival Queens, beginning "Can you remember," &c. which he calls "a blazing rant," and "furious fuſtian," "a rhapſody of vain-glory," and "a flight of the falſe ſublime;" but Dr.

Warburton avers that they contain not only the moſt ſublime, but the moſt judicious imagery that poetry can conceive.

We ſhall conclude this *ſketch* with an enumeration of his plays, which were publiſhed in the following order.

1. *Nero, Emperor of Rome.* 1675.

2. *Sophiniſba*, or *Hannibal's Overthrow.* 1676. The prologue by Dryden.

3. *Gloriana*, or *the Court of Auguſtus Cæſar.* 1676.

4. *The Rival Queens ;* or, *The Death of Alexander the Great.* 1677.

5. *Mithridates, King of Pontus.* 1678. The Epilogue by Dryden.

6. *Theodoſius ;* or *The Force of Love.* 1680.

7. *Cæſar Borgia.* 1680. The prologue by Dryden.

8. *Lucius Junius Brutus.* 1681. Forbidden, ſays Gildon, after the third performance, by Lord Chamberlain Arlington, as an anti-monarchical play.

9. *Conſtantine the Great*, 1684. The prologue by Otway, who died in 1685. The epilogue by Dryden.

10. *The Princeſs of Cleves.* T. 1689. Prologue by Dryden.

11. *The Maſſacre of Paris.* 1690.

Beſides the 2d, 4th, and 5th acts of *Oedipus*, 1679, and the 2d, 3d, half the 5th, and all but the 1ſt ſcene of *The Duke of Guiſe.*

To the Editor of the Monthly Anthology.

Sir,

BY inſerting theſe borrowed articles in your Anthology, you will gratify myſelf, and, I preſume, many others. C.

ÆOLIAN HARP.

As nothing can be deemed natural, but what proceeds from the actual principles of nature, we may ſafely pronounce the Æolian Lyre to be the only natural inſtrument of emitting harmony. Other inſtruments, ſending forth ſounds by the aſſiſtance of the fingers, or by ſome other mechanical means, are con-

ſequently termed artificial. This affords another inſtance of the old eſtabliſhed adage, that ſimplicity is the neareſt relative of beauty, ſince the ÆOLIAN HARP is the "moſt muſical, moſt melancholy," and bewitching of all melodies.

Of the antiquity of this inſtrument it is difficult to decide. It had ſlept about an hundred years, when Mr. OSWALD accidentally diſcovered the effect of the air upon a harp caſually hung amongſt the boughs of a tree. KURCHER is the firſt, who mentions it; but he does not, as has been advanced, aſcribe the invention to himſelf. He merely deſcribes it, and affirms,* that the reaſon of his being ſo particular reſpecting it, is becauſe no one had given an account of it before. It may in our opinion boaſt a very high antiquity. The effect of the wind upon ſtrings placed ſlantingly, has been obſerved in moſt ages, and has always afforded a particular delight. An anecdote from Lucian will illuſtrate this remark.

"When the Thracian Bacchanals tore ORPHEUS piecemeal, report ſays, that his harp was thrown into the river HEBRUS, with his bleeding head upon it. The harp, touched by the wind, breathed forth a ſolemn ſtrain. Still ſwimming down the Egean ſea, the mournful concert arrived at Leſbos, where the inhabitants taking them up, buried the head in the ſpot, where in Lucian's time, ſtood the temple of Bacchus, and hung the Lyre in the temple of Apollo."

It would be impoſſible not to believe the romantic circumſtance of the ſtatue of Memnon, which

> ——— at the quivering touch
> Of Titan's ray, with each repulſive ſtring
> Conſenting, ſounded through the trembling air
> Unbidden ſtrains,

when ſupported by ſuch authorities, as Pliny, Juvenal, Pauſanias and Strabo. The fact is too well authenticated to be doubted.

The art, by which it was managed, ſtill remains an ænigma, notwithſtanding *St. Pierre's* ingenious ſolution. We are to conſider, in the firſt place, that the ſounds were not emitted from the mouth of the ſtatue in the morning only; authority ſtates that

* De ſympathiae et antipathiae ſonorum ratione, l. 9.

they proceeded likewiſe at other times. The morning was however the more favourable, as the ſoft breezes, which riſe at the dawn of day from the Nile, might catch certain ſtrings artfully placed in the throat of the image, and cauſe them to ſend forth thoſe plaintive melodies, which the ancients ſo frequently mention.

Deſcending to a later period, we find Oſſian obſerving the ſame enchanting effect.

"The blaſt came ruſtling through the hall, and gently touched my harp ;—the ſound was mournful and low, like the ſong of the tomb."—*Darthula.*

Again in Berrathon :

"My harp hangs on the blaſted branch ; the ſound of its ſtrings is mournful. Does the wind touch thee, O harp ! Or is it ſome paſſing ghoſt ?"

Whatever be its age, it is a moſt enchanting inſtrument, and bringing out all the tones in full concert, ſometimes ſinking them to the ſofteſt murmurs, and feeling for every tone, by its gradations of ſtrength, it ſolicits thoſe gradations of ſound, which art has taken ſuch various methods to produce.*

The influence of this inſtrument upon the heart is truly pleaſing. It diſpoſes the mind to ſolemn, tender and pathetic ideas ; and winning upon the imagination, ſtrikes the heart with its ſimplicity, and leaves it reſting in all the pure delights of a pleaſing melancholy. Dr. Beattie tells us of a friend, who was profoundly ſkilled in the theory of muſic, well acquainted with the animal economy, and ſingularly accurate in his inquiries into nature, and who aſſured him, that he had ſeveral times been wrought into a feveriſh fit by the tones of an Æolian Harp. The poets emulate in deſcribing its ſweetneſs and delicacy. Caſimir's exquiſite ode, "Ad suam Testudinem," beginning, "*Sonori buxi filia,*" &c. &c. muſt ſurely allude to it ; and Thomſon has given us a beautiful account in his Caſtle of Indolence.

SONNET.

Muſic of nature ! Emblem of each ſphere !
How ſweetly tranquil does my penſive ſoul,
At coming eve, thy warbling murmurs hear,
When ſooth'd to tenderneſs thy meaſures roll :

* Acoustics. Chap. 1.

Sometimes more loud, and now yet louder ſtill ;
Sometimes more diſtant, and again more near ;
Waking ſoft echoes, and with magic ſkill,
Swelling the eye with a luxurious tear.

Delightful flutterings ! hov'ring mid the ſky,
Mildly reluctant, on wild pinions borne
To realms of Sylphs, that on your murmurs fly,
And, wak'd to melancholy feelings, mourn.

Sweet, penſive melody ! etherial ſtrain,
Ah ! ſtill aſpire to ſooth each riſing pain.

" I TOUCH the hand of the perſon next me," ſays Werter, " I feel it is made of wood."—Alas ! how often in the commerce of the world does one find this hand of wood ! and how often in the courteſies of life !—Offer your hand to Candidus ; and he holds out *one* finger. Offer it to Clericus ; he perhaps coldly gives you *two*. Prætor gives you his *whole* hand ; but it is wood—wood indeed. While Benevolus with his hand at once meets yours.----There is heart and ſoul in the compreſſion ; there is friendſhip in the very touch !

SINCE money has become the ſign of our wants, and their exchange, every thing muſt neceſſarily be ſold and purchaſed. The general, the officer and the ſoldier ſell their limbs and lives ; and what are taxes, exciſe and duties, but the wages of our governors ?—Why then ſhould an author be aſhamed to ſell his works ? Why ſhould it be thought, that fame ſhould be the only ſalary of a writer ? Why ſhould an author be aſhamed to ſell his diſcoveries, or to ſet a price upon his own ideas ? And why ſhould a people collectively receive, *gratis*, leſſons and advice, for which they muſt pay a price as individuals ?

I HAVE a friend, who is an ingenious man, a good chriſtian, and a private ſoldier. I attended him one evening to chapel. The preacher was no Cicero ; and I aſked him what he thought of his ſentences. He replied ; " in liſtening to the truths of religion, I never feel inclined to halt with criticiſm."

THE ANTHOLOGY.

Original Poetry.

THE VAGRANT.

VIEW, ye ſons of eaſe and fortune,
While you glitter on the road,
Yonder Vagrant low reclining,
Sunk beneath affliction's load.

Even the tree in friendly whiſper
Bids him ſleep in calm repoſe;—
Even the tender birds in pity
Softly ſing to lull his woes.

By your ſounding wheels awaken'd,
Round he ſadly looks and ſighs;
Still a ſoul, that ſtrives with ſorrow,
Glimmers through his hollow eyes.

Stay, ye ſtrangers to affliction,
Hear the darken'd deeds of fate!
Liſten to his mournful ſtory;
Learn what ills on life await.

In his artleſs, dire narration,
He this ſolemn truth may ſhow;
Virtue, on this vale of wonders,
Often bears ſevereſt wo.

Open then your hearts to pity,
To her ſweet beheſt incline;
Let the grief appeaſing ſeraph
Ever plead with voice divine.

He may tell this tale of trouble:
"Hope and fancy once I knew;

Scenes, that glowing youth diſcovers,
Brightened in their raviſh'd view.

" Death, in ſtrong and ſudden fury,
Me of parents, friends bereft.
In the world a homeleſs ſtranger
Early I alone was left.

" To the heights of fame and merit
Young ambition bade me ſteer ;
But a ſervile doom, repreſſing,
Forc'd me in a loath'd career.

" Yet a while I ſeem'd to proſper ;
Toil a little wealth had gain'd.
Then I ſaw my tender partner,
Then in love her hand obtain'd.

" Tranſient was this morn of pleaſure ;
Soon a darkſome tempeſt blew.—
Fire took all.—My only darling
Periſh'd in my blighted view.

" Long remain'd the loſs repairleſs ;
Sadeſt gloom the world array'd.
Time, at length, and hard employment
Brighter ſcenes again diſplay'd.

" Heaven, our lot to us appointing,
Hatred for our pain aſſigns.
Chooſe we then a night of ſorrow,
While a day of comfort ſhines ?

" Thus I lov'd again, and wedded.—
Anguiſh ſeiz'd the joy I hop'd.—
She, with debts my priſon opening,
With a faithleſs friend elop'd.

" Through neglect my needy infant
From the ſtings of life deceas'd.
I was, after long confinement,
From my dreadful cell releas'd.

" Then I ſought in diſtant regions
What this land to me refus'd.
There in honeſt trade I flouriſh'd ;—
Novel ſcenes my thought amus'd.

" Yet I lov'd my native country.
All my former griefs decay'd.
On my village oft remembrance
Fondly look'd and gaily play'd.

" All my treaſure now embarking,
Hither I my courſe did bend ;—
Here in tranquil eaſe and friendſhip
My remaining days to ſpend.

" While upon the ocean gliding,
Lawleſs foes the ſhip aſſail'd.
We fought bravely, but they triumph'd,
And our crew for ſlaves empal'd.

" After long and cruel bondage,
Freedom only I regain'd.
After many a wrecking tempeſt
I again this ſhore attain'd.—

" Who, to miſery thus ſubjected,
Can a human friend retain ?
Every former lov'd acquaintance
Views me with ſevere diſdain.

" Cold and ſhelterleſs I wander
Through the bleak and diſmal day ;
Night bewildering, I ſink under
Some kind hedge beſide the way.

" But e'er long, my wandering ceaſes—
Woes will ne'er my life moleſt.
Cheering conſcience looks to Heaven,
Where is mercy, joy and reſt."

T. Adams.

Selected Poetry.

ODE ON THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN;

BY GEORGE DYER.

NOW farewel ſummer's fervid ſky,
That, while the ſun through Cancer rides,
With chariot ſlow, and feveriſh eye,
Scorches the beech-clad foreſt ſides!
And farewel autumn's milder ray,
Which, the warm labours of the ſickle o'er,
Could make the heart of ſwain induſtrious gay,
Viewing in barn ſecure his wheaten ſtore:
What time the ſocial hours mov'd blithe along,
Urg'd by the nut-brown ale, and jolly harveſt ſong.

What different ſounds around me riſe!
Now midſt a barren ſcene I rove,
Where the rude haum in hillocks riſe,
Where the raſh ſportſman frights the grove.
Ah, cruel ſport! Ah, pain-awakening ſound!
How hoarſe your death-note to his liſtening ear,
Who late, wild-warbled muſic floating round,
Bleſt the mild warblers of the riſing year;
Who, as each ſongſter ſtrain'd his little throat,
Grateful himſelf would try the ſoft reſponſive note.

Yet ſtill in Autumn's fading form
The tender melting charms we trace,
Such as, love's ſeaſon paſt, ſtill warm
The ſober matron's modeſt face:
Mild-beaming ſuns, oft hid by fleeting clouds,
Blue-mantled ſkies, light-fring'd with golden hues,
Brooks, whoſe ſwoln waters mottled leaves o'erſpread,
Fields, where the plough its ſteady courſe purſues,
And woods, whoſe many ſhining woods might move
Fancy's poetic hand to paint the orange grove.

O ſtill—for fancy is a child—
Still with the circling hours I play,

And feaſt on hips and blackberries wild,
Like truant ſchool-boy gay:
Or eager plunge in cool pellucid ſtream,
Heedleſs that ſummer's ſultry day is fled,
Or muſe, as breathes the flute, ſome rural theme,
Such theme, as fancy's ſong may yet beſtead;
Or, ſtretch'd at eaſe, will teach the liſt'ning groves,
In tuneful Maro's ſtrain, ſome roſy ruſtic loves.

Now bear me to the diſtant wood,
And bear me to the ſilent ſtream,
Where erſt I ſtray'd in ſerious mood,
Loſt in ſome rapturous dream.
To me, O Hornſey, what retreat ſo fair?
What ſhade to me ſo conſecrate as thine?
And on thy banks, poor ſtreamlet, did I care
For all the ſpring-haunts of the tuneful Nine?
Ah, pleaſures, how ye lighten, as ye fade!
As ſpreads the ſun's faint orb at twilight's dubious ſhade.

(By the ſame.)

THE MUSICIANS, AN ODE.

TWO AMIABLE YOUNG WOMEN, PLAYING SUCCESSIVELY ON THE HARPSICHORD.

DID Tagus flow beſide my cot,
And warble ſoft on beds of gold,
Were I by whiſpering zephyr told,
That I ſhould, in ſome favour'd ſpot,
Hear notes ſo pleaſing, thither would I flee,
Nor warbling Tagus hear, to liſten, fair, to thee.

For me did bleſt Arabia's grove
Each ſenſe-ſubduing ſweet diſtil,
And ſoft melodious murmurs fill,
My raviſh'd ear with notes of love;
That charm of numbers ſhould not hold me long;
That charm, fair, I would break, to liſten to thy ſong.

Thus in a ſummer's gaudy day,
Oft have I heard, a ſportive train,
Young linnets chirp a tender ſtrain,
And I, well pleas'd, could liſten to the lay;
Thoſe pretty minſtrels did more charm my ear
Than the full warblers of the vernal year.

For in each lovely fair I trace
Simplicity of virgin hue,
Freedom, and truth, and honour true,
The beauteous mother's open face,
The father's ſocial heart I ſeem to view,
And therefore am I charm'd, muſicians ſweet, with you.

'Tis mine to hear the tranſient ſtrain,
And by that charm the ear is bound,
And I will treaſure up the ſound:—
But oh! how bleſt the ſwain,
When each ſweet girl becomes the tender wife,
Who ſuch muſicians hear; who ſuch may love through life!

P. L. Courtier has recently ſung, with *ſoul-enriching* melody, the PLEASURES of SOLITUDE. In the following addreſs to his book, he happily pretends that fortitude, which ought to accompany every literary adventurer, who may be reaſonably conſcious of deſert.

GO, cheriſh'd page! and be thy aim
With ſoothing numbers to impart
Honour's high pulſe, love's genial flame;
And charm the boſom's painful ſmart.

On thee may penſive virtue dwell!
On thee may beauty ſweetly ſmile!
Nor to a youthful minſtrel's ſhell,
Gay hope refuſe to liſt, a while.

Yet, if the frown of cold diſdain,
Or malice thou art doom'd to bear;
Learn, like thy maſter, to ſuſtain,
What, like him, thou art form'd to bear.

The Poet, above named, has, in this extract from his miſcellaneous poems, very prettily revealed his intimacy with "*the cherub contemplation.*"

TO A FRIEND,

WHO REPROACHES ME OF MELANCHOLY.

TO me the budding ſcenes decay,
Which glow'd in fancy's brighteſt hue;
For hope's gay ſpring, and youthful May,
Ere rapture kind, in haſte withdrew!

I ſaw their quick, unheeding flight,
And would, (did prayers but aught avail,)
Have ſnatch'd them from encircling night,
And bade the ſun of peace prevail.

Friendſhip was mine, and friends more warm,
The feeling boſom never knew,
Till in misfortune's pelting ſtorm,
The glow-worms gliſten'd from my view.

Still love appear'd; the roſy boy,
With many a feſtal year entwin'd;
But love could flatter, to decoy,
And wreck, in ſport, the penſive mind.

Yet vain regret I do not count
Among the number of my woes;—
The ſweets of pleaſure's fairy mount,
The joy, that no abatement knows.

Nature herſelf muſt wane and die,
And ſoaring genius ſtoop to duſt:
'Twere impious then to waft the ſigh,
At once repining and unjuſt.

The griefs I mourn, entrench too deep
Within the foldings of the breaſt,
For aught, but death's oblivious ſleep,
To give this throbbing ſpirit reſt!

LOVE SONG,

ADAPTED TO MODERN TIMES.

I.

BOAST not to me the charms, that grace
The fineſt form, or faireſt face;
Shape, bloom, and features I deſpiſe;
Wealth, wealth is beauty to the wiſe.

II.

Come then, O come, and with thee bring
The thouſand joys from wealth that ſpring,
Oh, bring the deeds of thine eſtate,
Thy quit rents, mortgages, and plate.

III.

Still keep unſeen thoſe auburn locks,
And yield thy treaſure in the ſtocks;
Oh, hide that ſoft, that ſnowy breaſt,
And give, inſtead, thy iron cheſt.

IV.

Thy guineas ſhame the bluſhing roſe,
Which in thoſe cheeks unheeded blows;
Too ſweet for me that ruby lip,
Give me thy India bonds, and ſcrip.

A SONG.

MY ſlumbers were pleaſant, when laſt I reclin'd
On my pillow, and thought of my love,
Our hearts were in mutual endearment entwin'd,
And gladneſs ſat ſmiling above.
Our hands were united, and ſwiftly we flew,
My Eliza! o'er mountain and vale;
With the beams of the morning we bruſh'd off the dew
And ſang with the breath of the gale.
On the wings of the wind we embark on the waves,
And dance on the face of the deep;
Our veſſel the billowy wilderneſs braves,
And muſic lulls ocean aſleep.
The tranſport, that charm'd us while deaf to the roar
Of the wind and the thundering ſtream,
Were, alas! but the creatures of fancy—no more,
Than the ſhadowy ſport of a dream.

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"QUOD NOVUM, ET OPTUMUM, FALLACIQUE FAMÂ VULGATUM."

BESIDE a REVIEW of AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS, we design in this department to notice the most considerable foreign works in Philology, Poetry, History, Moral Philosophy and Theology.

From the numerous interesting publications, which have recently appeared in England, perhaps we can select none, that may be more gratifying to the lovers of Biography, than

The Life and Posthumous Writings of WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ. *with an Introductory Letter to the Right Honorable* EARL COWPER; *by* WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.—*Published in London*, 1803. *In Boston, by W. Pelham, Manning and Loring, and E. Lincoln*, 1803.—2 *vols.* 12*mo.*

The secluded manner, in which Cowper generally passed his life, affords his biographer scarcely any materials, excepting his opinions and literary progress. But these alone are amply sufficient to give strong attractions to a memoir of any one, who has acquired such universal reverence and admiration. "By possessing," says Mr. Hayley, "the rare and double talent to familiarize and endear the most awful subjects, and to dignify the most familiar, Cowper naturally becomes a favourite with readers of every description. His works must interest every nation under Heaven, where his sentiments are understood, and where the feelings of humanity prevail. The whole literary world sustained such a loss in his death, as inspired the friends of genius and virtue with universal concern. It soon became a general wish, that some authentic and copious memorial of a character so highly interesting should be produced with all becoming dispatch; not only to render due honour to the dead, but to alleviate the regret of a nation, taking a just and liberal pride in the reputation of a Poet, who had obtained, and deserved her applause, her esteem and her affection."

In this work, Mr. Hayley has adopted the method of MASON in his *Life of Gray*, and of Dr. CURRIE in his *Life of Burns*;

and, as far as he may be accounted the writer of theſe volumes, he deſerves no ſmall praiſe for his ſprightlineſs, elegance and fidelity. His profeſſed object was to collect and arrange the letters of Cowper, in order to make him, as far as poſſible, become his own biographer. Where theſe were deficient, he has ſupplied ſuch narratives and anecdotes, as render the whole a complete and ſatisfactory memoir. He has likewiſe ſubjoined ſome obſervations on the genius and principal works of his hero. In theſe perhaps he may, and with ſome propriety, be accuſed of ſhowing more ardent friendſhip than impartial criticiſm. But what reader of ſenſibility, after peruſing the works of "*that amiable man, and enchanting author*," can coldly ſearch out trivial faults, or ſuppreſs a riſing admiration? The plan he purſued, is undoubtedly well calculated to gratify every curious inquirer.

The Posthumous Writings of Cowper conſiſt chiefly of Letters and Poems, all of which participate in the well-known character of the other writings of their author. Reſpecting theſe letters, we readily acquieſce with Mr. Hayley in obſerving that they appear to be "faithful repreſentatives of his heart."

"He could never ſubſcribe to that dangerous and ſophiſtical dogma of Dr. Johnſon, in his ſplenetic diſquiſition on the letters of Pope, that "Friendſhip has no tendency to ſecure veracity."

"It certainly has ſuch a tendency, and in proportion to the ſenſe, and the goodneſs of the writer; for a ſenſible and a good man muſt rather wiſh to afford his boſom friend the moſt accurate knowledge of his real character, than to obtain a precarious increaſe of regard by any ſort of illuſion. The great charm of confidential epiſtolary intercourſe to ſuch a man ariſes from the perſuaſion, that veracity is not dangerous in ſpeaking of his own defects, when he is ſpeaking to a true, and a conſiderate friend.

"The letters not intended for the eye of the public have generally obtained the greateſt ſhare of popular applauſe; and for this reaſon, becauſe ſuch letters diſplay no profuſion of ſtudied ornaments, but abound in the ſimple and powerful attractions of nature and truth.

"Letters indeed will ever pleaſe, when they are frank, confidential converſations on paper between perſons of well-principled and highly cultivated minds, of graceful manners, and of tender affections.

"The language of ſuch letters muſt of courſe have that mixture of eaſe and elegance, peculiarly ſuited to ſuch compoſition, and moſt happily exemplified in the letters of Cicero and of Cowper.—Theſe two great maſters

of a perfect epiſtolary ſtyle have both mentioned their own excellent and ſimple rule for attaining it—to uſe only the language of familiar converſation."

We preſent the following extracts from his letters, as ſpecimens of his familiar ſtyle and ſentiments. By theſe the reader may anticipate the manner and excellence of the whole.

In a letter to a young friend he writes;

"There are, perhaps, few arduous undertakings that are not in fact more arduous than we at firſt ſuppoſed them. As we proceed, difficulties increaſe upon us; but our hopes gather ſtrength alſo, and we conquer difficulties, which, could we have foreſeen them, we ſhould never have had the boldneſs to encounter. May this be your experience, as I doubt not that it will. You poſſeſs by nature all that is neceſſary to ſucceſs in the profeſſion that you have choſen. What remains is in your own power. They ſay of poets that they muſt be born ſuch; ſo muſt mathematicians, ſo muſt great generals, and ſo muſt lawyers, and ſo indeed muſt men of all denominations, or it is not poſſible that they ſhould excel. But with whatever faculties we are born, and to whatever ſtudies our genius may direct us, ſtudies they muſt ſtill be. I am perſuaded that Milton did not write his Paradiſe Loſt, nor Homer his Iliad, nor Newton his Principia without immenſe labour. Nature gave them a bias to their reſpective purſuits, and that ſtrong propenſity, I ſuppoſe, is what we mean by genius. The reſt they gave themſelves. "Macte eſto," therefore, have no fears for the iſſue!"

To the ſame in another letter, he ſays;

"Johnſon's plan of prefixing my phiz to the new edition of my Poems, is by no means a pleaſant one to me; and ſo I told him in a letter I ſent him from Eartham, in which I aſſured him that my objections to it would not be eaſily ſurmounted. But if you judge it may really have an effect in advancing the ſale, I would not be ſo ſqueamiſh as to ſuffer the ſpirit of prudery to prevail in me to his diſadvantage. Somebody told an author, I forget whom, that there was more vanity in refuſing his picture, than in granting it; on which he inſtantly complied. I do not perfectly feel all the force of the argument, but it ſhall content me that he did."

The Poems, that are here firſt publiſhed, ſeem to have wanted a finiſhing reviſal. Several of them however, in point of ſimplicity and pathetic energy, are ſcarcely inferior to many in the former collections. That "ON FRIENDSHIP," is particularly valuable on account of its important inſtruction. The editor juſtly obſerves, that "this ſprightly little poem contains the eſſence of all, that has been ſaid on this intereſting ſubject, by the beſt writers of different countries." Theſe extracts may illuſtrate the Author's refined eſtimation of the ſubject.

"Who hopes a friend, ſhould have a heart
Himſelf, well furniſh'd for the part,
And ready on occaſion
To ſhew the virtue that he ſeeks;
For, 'tis an union, that beſpeaks
A juſt reciprocation.

"To prove, alas! my main intent
Needs no great coſt of argument
No cutting and contriving.
Seeking a real friend we ſeem
T' adopt the chymiſt's golden dream,
With ſtill leſs hope of thriving.

"Then judge before you chooſe your man,
As circumſpectly as you can,
And, having made election,
See, that no diſreſpect of yours,
Such, as a friend but ill endures,
Enfeeble his affection.

"As ſimilarity of mind,
Or ſomething not to be defin'd,
Firſt rivets our attention;
So, manners decent and polite,
The ſame we practis'd at firſt ſight,
Muſt ſave it from declenſion.

"Purſue the theme, and you ſhall find
A diſciplin'd and furniſh'd mind
To be at leaſt expedient;
And, after ſumming all the reſt,
Religion ruling in the breaſt
A principal ingredient.

"True friendſhip has in ſhort a grace
More than terreſtrial in its face,
That proves it heaven-deſcended.
Man's love of woman not ſo pure,
Nor when ſincereſt, ſo ſecure,
To laſt till life is ended."

In ſeveral of theſe poems many beautiful paſſages will be eaſily diſcerned by every reader of taſte.

At the cloſe of his memoir, Mr. Hayley has quoted from the manuſcript of a friend, who has written a ſeries of obſervations on the poetry of Cowper. An extract from theſe quotations will appear in our next Number.

Life of Voltaire, by Condorcet.—To which are added Memoirs by himſelf.—Philadelphia Edition. 1798.

CONDORCET ſeems too much prejudiced in Voltaire's favour to be an impartial biographer. He is one of thoſe ſelf-created French philoſophers, who look with ſupreme contempt on every opinion not authorized by their own ſelf conceit. Being himſelf a profeſſed deiſt, he treats religion of all kinds and all its votaries with equal diſdain. Every appearance of ſanctity, and indeed every diſplay of ſeriouſneſs he ſtigmatizes with the odious charge of hypocriſy. *His* religion he profeſſes is reaſon, and his pretenſions would be the more readily allowed, did he ſhew, that he was governed by its precepts.

The ſtyle, as it appears in the tranſlation, partakes of that vivacity common to French writers, and of that obſcurity, which, to whomſoever we muſt impute it, is frequent in tranſlations

from the French. There are, however, fewer examples of the latter in this work, than common. It may, on the whole, be pronounced well-written. He has begun with his hero in the cradle, and traced him through the various and complicated ſcenes of an active and enthuſiaſtic life.

It ſeems ever to have been a darling object with Voltaire to overturn all religions, on whatever foundations they are ſupported. It is natural, however, to remark, that moſt of his objections againſt religion apply ſolely to its corruptions; and that many of them, if traced to their true ſource, might be imputed to Roman Catholics alone.

To effect his ſanguine purpoſes his weapons were ridicule, his ſcene of action, the theatre. He heſitated at no means, fair or unfair, to accompliſh his beloved object. He himſelf declares, that he rejected the aid of reaſon in effecting his plans, becauſe this would impreſs only a few. Ridicule, ſays he, will the more eaſily engroſs attention, and influence deciſion. It is therefore generally allowed, that he diſplayed, to an aſtoniſhing degree, the powers of wit.

But his followers and admirers, and among the reſt his biographer, not content with this, have endeavoured to procure him the merit of a univerſal genius and ſcholar. To this end, they take great pains to prove, that he was a profound mathematician and a ſubtle metaphyſician, as well as ingenious poet; imagining, if they can once maintain that he ſupported a character ſo apparently inconſiſtent, they can eaſily gain him the credit of every other ſcience. But they, who examine the proofs of this ſtrange aſſertion, as well as they who conſider the neceſſary limits of the human mind, will not admit a ſuppoſition ſo incredible without the fulleſt evidence.

His name reſounds in the French nation, eſpecially, ſince their *great revolution*, as the greateſt ſcholar they have ever produced. There is but little doubt, that he was one very influential cauſe of their revolution, both in religion and government; and it cannot be well imagined that they will ever permanently eſtabliſh the latter without more rational ſentiments of the former.

Voltaire was often obliged to change his reſidence, and even his country, through the freedom of his opinions and writings.

At one time he was embraced by the king of Pruſſia, at another he finds a welcome in Paris. Again he retreats to Geneva to avoid the horrors of perſecution. The latter was the place of his moſt conſtant abode. If we may believe Condorcet, he had aſtoniſhing influence in all the courts of Europe.

That he died in the chriſtian faith has been attempted to be made manifeſt, or has at leaſt been hinted by Prieſtley in his letters againſt T. Paine. But this appears highly improbable. His biographer ſays, that from intereſted views he profeſſed it, and, while he repreſents it as a mere prudential act, he even condemns it as having the appearance of puſillanimity. It cannot be ſuppoſed, that one, who had ſpent the greater part of 84 years in undermining Chriſtianity, and ſtudying principally the arguments, which oppoſed it, ſhould at the cloſe of life renounce all his long eſtabliſhed opinions; or, if he pretended it, that his declarations would be the offspring of rational conviction.

God's Challenge to Infidels to defend their cauſe, illuſtrated and applied in a Sermon, delivered in WEST SPRINGFIELD, *May* 4, 1797, *being the day of* GENERAL FAST. *By* JOSEPH LATHROP, D. D. *Miniſter of the firſt pariſh in ſaid town. Second edition.—Printed at the Univerſity Preſs in Cambridge, by W. Hilliard.* 1803.

"Produce your cauſe, ſaith the Lord, bring forth your ſtrong reaſons, ſaith the King of Jacob." Iſa. xli. 21.

THE character of Dr. LATHROP, as a preacher and a ſcholar, has, for a long time, been highly diſtinguiſhed. We hear that the volume of ſermons, which he publiſhed ſome years ago, is generally admired in this country, and as far as it is known in England, it is warmly applauded. His diſcourſes commonly abound in religious and moral precepts, conveyed in an impreſſive and elegant manner.

In our opinion, the Sermon, now under conſideration, poſſeſſes very extraordinary merit. The field of argument has been, heretofore, ſo often, and ſo thoroughly explored, that uncommon learning, penetration and diſcernment have become requiſite to produce a *new plea* for the authenticity and importance of the Chriſtian revelation. Yet ſome of the arguments, that are here uſed, appear equally new and excellent; and many of thoſe, which have long been familiar, are ſo judiciouſly man-

aged, as to call forth a more lively attention to their irreſiſtible ſtrength. The cloſe connexion, maintained throughout the whole diſcourſe, renders it difficult to quote any paſſage without loſing advantages, that are given by the collateral parts. It is to be ardently wiſhed, that this, as well as the other writings of that worthy Divine, may be generally circulated, both for the conviction of ſceptics, and the confirmation of Chriſtians. Rev. J. Peirce.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

IN a book, entitled "*An Eſſay on abſtinence from animal food, as a moral duty,*" publiſhed about a year ago, by JOSEPH RITSON, we find the following paragraph. "Mr. Richard Phillips, the publiſher of this compilation, a luſty, healthy, active and well-looking man, has deſiſted from animal food for upward of twenty years: and the compiler himſelf, induced to ſerious reflection by the peruſal of Mandeville's Fable of the Bees, in the year 1772, being the nineteenth year of his age, has ever ſince, to the reviſal of this ſheet, firmly adhered to a milk and vegetable diet, having at leaſt never taſted, during the whole courſe of thoſe thirty years, a morſel of fleſh, fiſh, or fowl, or any thing prepared in or with thoſe ſubſtances, or any extract thereof, except on one occaſion, when tempted by wet, cold and hunger, in the ſouth of Scotland, he ventured to eat a few potatoes, dreſſed under the roaſt; nothing leſs repugnant to his feelings being to be had; or except by ignorance or impoſition; unleſs it may be in eating eggs, which however deprives no animal of life, though it may prevent ſome from coming into the world, to be murdered and devoured by others."

DURING the firſt *run* of Mr. Brooks's tragedy of the "*Earl of Eſſex,*" at Drury Lane Theatre, Sheridan, who perſonated the *Earl*, being in converſation with Dr. Johnſon, was loud in the praiſe of Brooks's ſentiments and poetry. The Doctor, who had neither read nor ſeen the work recommended, deſired to be furniſhed with ſome ſpecimen of its excellence. On this Mr.

Sheridan repeated the *tag* at the end of the firſt act, concluding with this line:

"To rule o'er freemen, ſhould themſelves be free."

This mode of reaſoning, obſerved the Doctor, is concluſive in ſuch a degree, that it will loſe nothing of its force, even though we ſhould apply it to a more familiar ſubject, as follows:

"Who drives fat oxen, ſhould himſelf be fat."

THE Rev. W. Cockburn gained the *Seatonian* prize, laſt ſummer, by a poem on St Peter's denial of Chriſt, which is now publiſhed in London, and highly applauded.

DR. Percival of Mancheſter, a polite and elegant writer, has juſt publiſhed a work, which comprehends a general ſyſtem of *Medical Ethics*. The work is addreſſed to the Medical Profeſſion at large. The aphoriſtic form has been choſen, as beſt calculated to define with preciſion thoſe principles of urbanity and rectitude, which ſhould govern the conduct of the members of that profeſſion to their patients and to each other.

EBEHARD of HALLE, a philoſophical writer, highly renowned by his "Apology for Socrates," has lately favoured the literary world with a ſecond volume of his "Theory of the Belles Lettres."

JOHN DAVIS, an Engliſh traveller, (whoſe name has been frequently mentioned, while he reſided among us) has lately publiſhed in Briſtol a book, with the title of "Travels of four years and a half in the United States of America—during 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802; dedicated by permiſſion to T. Jefferſon, Eſq. Preſident of the United States." In his preface he ſays, "In the progreſs of my work it will be diſcovered, that I have not joined myſelf to that frantic crew of Deiſts, who would proſtrate every inſtitution, human or divine. Though I dedicate my book to a republican, it is not the magiſtrate, but the man, whom I addreſs. I am no republican! no federaliſt! I have learned to eſtimate rightly the Britiſh conſtitution; and I think no ſyſtem of Government ſo perfect, as that of Kings, Lords, and Commons."

WE underſtand that Mrs. S. Rowſon has ſent to the preſs of GILBERT and DEAN, in Boſton, a volume of original and tranſlated Poems. The well-known literary powers of that Lady, invite our high expectation of their merit. They will probably be publiſhed in the courſe of a few weeks.

☞ *We are ſorry, that want of room obliges us to omit the Review of the Columbian Muſeum by* MARIANO. *Had it arrived before* THIS NUMBER *was filled, it ſhould have had a place. It ſhall however appear in* OUR NEXT; *and we hope to be favoured with a deſcription of the principal curioſities in the Muſeum, by the ſame correſpondent.*

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY;

OR

Magazine of Polite Literature.

Vol. I.] DECEMBER, 1803. [No. II.

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EDITED BY SYLVANUS PER-SE.

BOSTON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY *E. LINCOLN*, WATER-STREET.

1803.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Elegy by W. *which was promiſed in our laſt, we have lately ſeen in a country newſpaper. When we can ſelect nothing better, we may probably give it a new edition.*

Several poetical pieces have arrived, and ſhall receive due attention.

We have obtained no addition to Mariano's former communication; and we think proper to delay its publication, till the article ſhall be enlarged.

Canute's "Eſſay on the pride of Kings," is merely a chaos of words.

Jack Seemly's "Virago," we think, is a very unſeemly compoſition.

ERRATA IN OUR LAST.

Page 8, line 4, from the bottom; for "in whoſe fulneſs;" read, "in compariſon of whoſe fulneſs." Page 9, line 10, for "God," read "gods." Page 22, line 6, from the bottom; eraſe the period, and unite the two ſentences into one.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

DECEMBER, 1803.

For the Monthly Anthology.

REMARKS ON THE FINE ARTS.

"Such various bliſs the well-tun'd heart enjoys,
Favour'd of heaven! while plung'd in ſordid cares,
The unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine:
And harſh auſterity, from whoſe rebuke
Young love and ſmiling wonder ſhrink away
Abaſh'd and chill of heart, with ſager frowns
Condemns the fair enchantment."

THE Fine Arts, in America, have not made a very rapid progreſs, nor is their eſtabliſhment very broad in any particular State. We do not mention this as a matter of ſurpriſe, notwithſtanding it is our ardent deſire to promote their progreſs among us, as it cannot be expected that the ſame correct taſte ſhould prevail here, as in the elder ſocieties of the world, where popular refinement is the reſult of luxury, and luxury is the offspring of extreme wealth and old habits.

That the natives of America have a ſtrong genius, when they think it is neceſſary to call it forth, is exemplified in many inſtances, but particularly in thoſe of Weſt, Stuart, Copeley and Trumbull, who are all painters of high and deſerved fame. Mr. Weſt is the exiſting Preſident of the Royal Academy of London, where he has given many proofs of the ſtrength of his imagination and the ſoundneſs of his judgment. The writer of this (who is a Briton) has had the honour of knowing Mr. Weſt intimately, and has frequently converſed with him upon the beſt means of introducing the love of painting in general, and hiſtorical painting in particular, into this country.

Mr. Stuart, who was the pupil of Mr. Weſt, is now reſiding among us, in the State of Pennſylvania. When this gentleman left Great-Britain, it was conſidered as a public loſs, as his excellence in taking a likeneſs was beyond compariſon. The principal work he has done here, was the whole length portrait of General Waſhington, a copy of which was ſent to the Marquis of Lanſdowne, and is very much admired by all the connoiſſeurs of Europe, who have ſeen it. It has been remarked, as the ſtriking excellence of Mr. Stuart, that he paints portraits in a more determined and unſophiſticated manner, than any of the more prominent artiſts now exiſting in London or Paris; he has more deciſion in his manner, than either the late Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Sir William Beechy, Mr. Hoppner, or Mr. Shee; and he ſeems to have copied the excellencies of Vandyke with more accuracy, than any other painter of modern times. It is to be lamented, that a greater promptitude to the promotion of the Fine Arts has not been ſhown by his countrymen, in a due encouragement of ſo great a man in this his native land.

Some ſpirited perſons in the city of New-York have generouſly entered into a ſubſcription to form a ſchool of deſign for the purpoſe of affording a place of ſtudy to thoſe young gentlemen, who may wiſh to copy the beſt imitations of the antique; and we fervently hope, that this noble example may be ſpeedily followed in the other States of the Union.

(To be continued.) J. M. Williams.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

Arguments againſt aboliſhing Duelling.

TO MR. HECTOR MOWBRAY.

MY DEAR HECTOR,

I AM highly gratified with your intention of continuing among us the honourable practice of duelling, under whatever modifications prudence may ſuggeſt. To aboliſh it would be attended with almoſt incalculable evils. I can conceive of many, which every man of ſenſe will readily admit, and to

which men of reflection will add others. I hope you will join me in opinion, and endeavour to avert the miſchief by procuring the publication of the looſe hints I have ſubjoined.

One ſtrong objection, in my mind, to the abolition of the practice of duelling, is that it favours too much of innovation. I acknowledge with every rational man, that the innovations of the preſent age have generally been favourable to the rights of man; that the *Altar* had become a *Baſtile*, and the *Bible*, but a text book of ſpiritual tyrants, were reaſons ſufficient to overturn the one, and to burn the other. But when we have arrived to our *natural* ſtate of perfection, why urge we experiments, which it is demonſtrable, will terminate in the chaos, from which we have juſt eſcaped. This is making ſociety the rock of Syſiphus, and tumbling it from the height, to which the wits have raiſed it. Our good, pious folks have been raging through their lives at innovation; and why ſhould they now put the joke on us? When duelling is all the vogue, when challenges at Congreſs are as common as Meſſages, and even our *Great Man* would ſupport it, (could he fight by proxy,) why ſhould we tamely reſign this privilege of men of honour ſooner than the king would abandon the prerogative of making war and peace?

One great evil, which would immediately reſult from the abolition of duelling, would be the licentiouſneſs of ſlander. The mere ſports of levity would at once be attacked with the ſatire of Juvenal, and the bulls of our puritanic Popes. Gaming would be called the ſwindling of polite life, the petty intrigues and revels of our young men would be damned, as the accurſed efferveſcence of unregenerate minds, and our Courts of Juſtice would be converted into inquiſitions upon lewdneſs. I am ready to allow there is, at preſent, but little of hypocritical ſanctity in converſation; but if it were unreſtrained by the fear of men of ſpirit, it would run out into a libel upon good manners. I am as willing to agree, that there is but little purity of life among us; but there are ſtill anchorets enough to preach as Nathan did to David, if we give any indulgence to the cant and ſnivellings of our good kind of folks. The conſequence would be ſuch a reſtriction of conduct, as would deſtroy ſelf-government. The dull reign of preſbyterian fourneſs would be

reſtored, and the doors of our play-houſes, taverns, and brothels, would be cloſed and ſealed as the hatchways of the devil.

Another argument, which ought to be urged to the ſober part of mankind, is the exceſs, to which our revels and amours might impel us, were we free from this ſalutary reſtraint. At this day, in the wildeſt orgies of our Bacchanals, decency, (I do not mean in the relation of intrigues, &c. &c. but towards each other,) gives an air of gentility to the liberality of indulgence. "Mr. A." and "Mr. B." and "I beg your pardon," and "your humble ſervant, Sir," and all the nameleſs congees of politeneſs evidence the prevalence of ſome good principle among us. Though the vulgar may impute it to cowardice, and ſneer at his native decency, who is the echo of all the blaſphemy and obſcenity of the town, we know it ſprings from a regard to the rigid rules of honour. In our amours too, it produces a regard to the reſpective claims of parties, and operates as a ſucceda-neum to the principle of juſtice. Not a favourite of our *Creole Jezabel* but will acknowledge the truth of this aſſertion, and who has not teſted its influence by a relative propriety of demeanor.

The diſadvantage, under which we ſhould faint in our intercourſe with the world, and in defence of our rights, is another weighty objection againſt this meaſure. By our habits of life we are too much emaciated to bear a game at fiſty-cuffs with the brawny deacons of the age. The good fellow, who has brimmed his glaſs till morn, and ſleeps till noon, is no match for one of our early riſers, fed on Spartan *black* broth. Hence without the reſource of duelling, we muſt abandon our importance, or our revels; and perhaps even in ſober life, we ſhould be compelled to yield to the doctrine of paſſive obedience, and ſweat in the crowd of the canaille, like Falſtaff in a buckbaſket.

Nor is the loſs of entertainment, which would accrue, a trifling reaſon againſt the abolition of this heroic cuſtom. Why do we run over the obituary with as much ardour, as an old maid over marriage-liſts, but to learn the fate of ſome true ſportſmen? How often have we chalked out, on our reeling board, the true diſtance, and ſtationed the combatants, and fought their battles over again, as deeply intereſted, as the antiquarian, who

runs to Asia to define the walls of Troy, or the Grecian camp; or as uncle Toby, when he raised his ramparts, while Trim fought his campaigns. Our society will also lose all its charms, when an affair of honour is wanting for a subject; as it is no shame to confess our dulness on topics of morality, which we have left to our parsons; or of science, which we have consigned to the pedants. The clubroom itself would become as solemn, as a christening; and we might exclaim with Burke, in sober sadness, "alas! the age of chivalry is gone!"

Besides the pleasure of talking, we should also lose the dearer pleasure of being talked of by this barbarous innovation. What is more elating, than to be pointed at, like Georgian Jackson, as a *dreadnought?* The girls prefer a man of spirit to a milksop, and are charmed, like Desdemona, at the recital of hair-breadth escapes from shot and sword. But we then must exclaim, "Othello's occupation is gone;" and for the heroism of the Captain, we must substitute the frippery of Fribble, as our stars destine us to be fools, or fops.

I can here urge an objection, which will be repeated by many, that the abolition of duelling would deprive me of half of the fruits of my education. I have practised the art of shooting, till I can split my bullet on a razor; and have studied the philosophy of colours so much, as to know that BLACK is the safest dress to be shot at. My whole knowledge of the tactics of a gentleman would lie on hand, like the lumber of German divinity, and its display prove as ridiculous, as the helmet of Don Quixotte. It would leave me as poor a bankrupt in the world, as Robinson Crusoe with his gold, on the desert island. Who then can suppose, that we shall patiently submit to a revolution, which not only takes away our patent of nobility, but our whole intellectual domains, and leaves us, like a hero in a tower, with only the sullen remembrance of former greatness?

I say nothing of the horrid chasm the abolishing of duels would make in our theatrical entertainments; of the pride and pleasure resulting from the tender anxiety of our friends, lest we should commit some act of rashness; of the amusement we

ſhould loſe in the ſtupid ſilence of our preachers, or the injury they would ſuffer from the want of a favourite theme. When theſe, and other conſequences, that might follow, are conſidered, it appears to me one of the boldeſt experiments of the age. Prophecy cannot ken the extent of its evil; and it forebodes, to the eye of fancy, more than *Sidrophel* foreſaw in the Lantern of the Kite.

With theſe ideas, I rejoiced, when I ſaw your genius engaged in maturing ſome plan for the ſupport and continuance of a cuſtom, venerable by antiquity, and honourable by deſcent. Your *projet* however ſavours a little too much of harmleſs ſport. I propoſe the following amendment, which I think will not excite much ferment in the public mind, and which was ſuggeſted by the rules of war, eſtabliſhed by Meſſrs. Swartout and Clinton; and that is, that no gentleman ſhall take aim above his antagoniſt's knees; and then, only at the *calf*——of the leg. I am thus particular, leſt ſome quibbling punſter might conſider the laſt clauſe as contradictory to the firſt, and including the whole body.—Under this reſtriction the parties may fire, and we ſhall then have the voice, as well as face of war. Beſides, from the delicacy of our frames, this expoſes us but to little danger, and even ſhould an amputation, or a hitch in the gait be the conſequence, it would ticket us to fame. This expedient has another recommendation, as it has been often reſorted to; and in our *Oxford Campaign* one of my brother officers cheerfully loſt a great toe to gain the title of a bravo.

With gratitude for your paſt ſervices, and a hope of pardon for my preſumption, I remain your humble ſervant,

HUGH TREVOR.

P.S. Another prudential conſideration fully maintains the propriety of continuing the practice of duelling, even to the extent of faſhion, which is, that by this mean many of thoſe, who are too much engaged in amuſements for enterpriſe, or induſtry, will thus be honourably provided for, before they are a great burden to friends, or become a town charge. H.T.

W. D. Channing

Strictures on the Literary Exhibitions of the Students in Harvard College.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

SIR,

HAPPENING not long since to attend an Exhibition at Harvard University, I was highly gratified with the ingenious, correct, and manly performances of several students. Their elocution was appropriate and graceful, considering they have there no established Professer of Oratory. Their compositions were, for the most part, neat and elegant, neither overloaded with ornament, nor deficient in imagination. They greatly exceeded the style of writing in any other American college, with which I am acquainted. In most other places it is usual to abound in figurative language, and in attempts at wit. Here there were no unnatural efforts after the latter; and the former was managed with accuracy and taste. The writers appeared to consider imagery as the ornament, and not the essence of composition. Indeed from the specimens exhibited, I was not unwilling to acknowledge, that this University bears the first rank in respectability, as well as age, among her sister seminaries in this country.

But I cannot forbear to remark, that there was one trait in the performances, which excited disgust. The orator and poet seemed to conspire, which should most ingeniously ridicule the want of genius. As far as such language is calculated to expose the neglect or abuse of talents, it cannot be justly condemned. But, when it equally tends to pour contempt on those, who are industrious, though unsuccessful in their literary pursuits, it argues both consummate pride, and unfeeling cruelty. It is proud; because the speaker implicitly glories in his own conscious superiority. It is cruel; because he wantonly sports with the feelings of those, whom he esteems his inferiors.

But what appeared to me the most exceptionable was, the contracted notions they entertained of genius. They would allow none to possess it, who had not precisely the same taste with themselves. Hence let a student make ever so great proficiency

in mathematical or metaphyſical ſciences, if he be not paſſionately fond of the belles-lettres, if he have not the talent of writting fine orations and pretty poems, it ſeemed a fair inference from their remarks, that he muſt be deſtitute of genius.

This led me to inquire into the true meaning of the term. Examining Johnſon's dictionary I found one of its ſignifications to be, "a man endowed with ſuperior faculties." According to Dr. Blair, "it ſignifies that talent or aptitude, which we receive from nature, in order to excel in any one thing whatever." As an illuſtration he proceeds to remark, "a man is ſaid to have a genius for *mathematics* as well, as a genius for *poetry*." I ſhould, therefore, be glad to know, by what right theſe young gentlemen are ſuch literary monopolifts. Do they hope, by undervaluing other ſciences, to raiſe the reputation of their own? Or do they rather act upon the principle of the crafty animal in the fable, who affected to deſpiſe what he could not attain?

I ſhould not have made theſe remarks, had I not reaſon to believe that theſe performers are neither the firſt nor the laſt, who have delivered ſimilar ſentiments. A friend of mine, who is in the habit of attending exhibitions, informs me, that it has for ſeveral years been faſhionable to decry almoſt every ſpecies of genius; and that an oration or poem, in every other reſpect excellent, let the ſubject be what it may, is eſteemed dry, if not ſeaſoned with invectives againſt the admirers of Newton and of Locke.

It may be alleged, that theſe are the mere hyperbolical effuſions of youthful imagination, and are intended only to aſſert the vaſt ſuperiority of the belles-lettres to the other ſciences. But this preſents a topic too conteſted to juſtify ſuch unequivocal and dogmatical aſſertions. It may not require great logical talents to ſhow, that the learned world is more indebted for utility, if not for enjoyment, to mathematicians and metaphyſicians, than to orators and poets. However this ſubject may be decided, it is ſurely oppoſed to every juſt definition of genius, to limit it to a few in the large circle of arts and ſciences. Who will preſume to deny, that Sir Iſaac Newton poſſeſſed this faculty to an eminent degree? yet we may readily conceive his awkwardneſs at a popular harangue. Or who will not allow to the celebrated Mr. Locke, a diſtinguiſhed genius in metaphy-

ſics? yet he is ſaid to have preferred the dull and barbarous rhymes of Sir Richard Blackmore, to the productions of any other poet.

PHILO-MATHESIS.

For the Monthly Anthology.

SCRAPS FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

DURING the "Age of Glory," the reigning trait in the Athenians was modeſty. No man thruſt himſelf into public notice. Praiſes were ſparingly beſtowed, and ſeldom confined to individuals. The whole army ſhared with the General in the glory of victory. In all theſe reſpects, modern times differ from the ancient. Is this difference a conſequence of our virtues or our vices? When applauſe is laviſhed on individuals, have we not reaſon to fear that the greateſt part of the community are much their inferiors? We do not celebrate as extraordinary, a man who is but little exalted above his fellows. Every ſoldier in the Athenian army was a Miltiades; and hence they rejected that General's excluſive claim to a crown of laurel. Athenian degeneracy had commenced, when they gave to Ariſtides the ſirname of "the Juſt." This title was a confeſſion that the virtue which they celebrated was becoming rare.

THE ancients heaped flowers on dead bodies, but only gave a wreath of laurel to the living hero. Let us obſerve this rule in writing. Great thoughts like great men need only ſimple dreſs; but let us cover the corpſe of dulneſs with all the flowers of rhetoric.

IN ancient times Parnaſſus was conſidered as hard of aſcent, and its top appeared almoſt inacceſſible. But in modern times we ſeem to have made a beaten cartway over it, and who is ſo dull as not to travel it without difficulty or danger? Helicon was repreſented as a ſcanty fountain, and happy was the poet who could get an inſpiring draught. But now it has ſwelled

into a river, and every plough-boy, in the field of ſcience, waters his horſes at the ſtream. Ancient poets ſung of a ſecret influence from the muſes, which purged their mental viſion, and diſcovered ſcenes, fairer than Tempe to their view. But inſpiration now deſcends in the form of a fog, and the beclouded fancy, which paints a monſter, while it talks of ſketching nature, is admired for the boldneſs and *wildneſs* of its conceptions.

THE *moral ſublime* is the moſt eſſentially and univerſally ſublime of all the ſpecies of ſublimity. To a being who can comprehend heaven and earth at a glance, in whoſe eye Olympus is nothing more than a mole-hill, and who looks on the moon as we do on a tennis-ball, that celebrated paſſage of Homer, where he repreſents Jove as ſhaking Olympus, and that of Milton, in which the ſhield of Satan is compared to the full-orbed moon, muſt appear trifling and puerile. This ſpecies of ſublimity is adapted to beings poſſeſſed of phyſical powers, as narrow and confined as our own. But moral ſublimity is founded on the diſtinctions which exiſt between moral good and moral evil, diſtinctions, as eternal, immutable and important as the Deity himſelf, which muſt approve themſelves to every intellectual nature, and will impreſs in proportion to the rank of the being, by whom they are contemplated. What is here obſerved of compoſition may be applied to character. When the might of the hero will be deſpiſed or forgotten, the goodneſs of the ſaint will find its reward in the love and eſteem of the higheſt orders of the moral creation.

GREATNESS of mind diſcovers itſelf by the ſimplicity of its means for effecting important ends. It never labours; for it is familiar with great operations. Hence it is never elated with the effects it produces. In the great mind great works excite no admiration. To the animalcule, a leaf is a world, and he who removes a particle is a giant. We never boaſt, unleſs we accompliſh ſomething, which appears diſproportioned to our ſtrength. But the great wield without ſenſible exertion thoſe mighty ſchemes, under which the feeble toil and ſtruggle. Greatneſs and vanity are therefore inconſiſtent. The great in-

prove the height on which they ſtand to enlarge the ſphere of viſion. In proportion to their greatneſs they diſcover their ignorance. Thus humility is inſeparable from greatneſs. A vain man is a little one. One particle of real greatneſs would correct his vanity.

THE lover of nature ſympathizes with every object around him. He mounts on the wings of the lark. He cowers with the raven. He glides along with the clouds, and ſhares the gloom of every foreſt.

THE Chriſtian poſſeſſes a great advantage in the contemplation of nature. He beholds unity in the midſt of variety. He looks round on the changing ſcenery, and in every leaf of the foreſt, every blade of graſs, every hill, every valley and every cloud of heaven, he diſcovers the traces of *divine benevolence*. Creation is but a field ſpread before him for an infinitely varied diſplay of *love*. This is the harmonizing principle, which reduces to unity and ſimplicity the vaſt diverſity of nature; this is the perfection of the univerſe. It clothes in moral glory every object we contemplate. The Chriſtian may be ſaid to hear the muſic of the ſpheres. He hears ſuns and planets joining their melody in praiſe to their benignant Creator. *His* ear, and his alone, is tuned to this heavenly harmony. His ſoul is love.

I SHOULD wiſh to attach every object to me, with which I am connected. I ſhould delight to make my cow and horſe my friends, to feed them from my hands, to have them follow me when I enter the field, and look upon me as a benefactor. Why ſhould I not domeſticate the birds, that build on my trees, and why not attach myſelf to the trees themſelves by directing their growth and enjoying their ſhade? I cannot but think that the goodneſs of God is manifeſted in this ſuſceptibility, which man enjoys, of attachment to ſurrounding ſcenes and objects. Thoſe, who till the ground, are neceſſarily excluded from the pleaſures of mental improvement; and a ſtranger might wonder, what could conſtitute the happineſs of a peaſant. But,

my friend, do you ſee this tree, that vine and that field? They excite no emotion in your breaſt. But look at the labourer, who has toiled to rear the one and to cover the other with verdure. Every blade or branch which ruſtles in the wind, ſpeaks to him in the language of a friend. Perhaps he cultivates the ſpot which his fathers tilled before him, and where he ſported away the days of his childhood. This aſſociation gives him an intereſt in his field and cottage, which a monarch does not feel in his throne. Do you not envy him that ſmile, which lights up his countenance, as he ſurveys the objects he long has been accuſtomed to rear and defend?

THE higher kinds of poetry have often a veil thrown over their beauties. The man of fancy and ardent genius labours with conceptions, which words but faintly convey. He forms unuſual combinations of language to expreſs the ideal beauty and excellence, which he diſcerns in the regions of imagination. Aloof from vulgar apprehenſions, he is forced to clothe himſelf in darkneſs and myſtery, and nothing but congeniality of heart and fancy can enable us to comprehend him. That poet, whoſe beauties can all be defined, who does not fill us with emotions and conceptions, which we ſtruggle in vain to impart, has never "aſcended the higheſt heaven of invention."

ELOQUENCE is not an introductory ſcience, which youth can be taught from books. It is the glorious talent of improving all the treaſures of art and of ſcience, of hiſtory and of nature to the illumination, conviction and ſubjugation of the hearts of men. It is the dome of the temple, the perfection of human powers, the action of mind on mind, the lightening of the moral world. It belongs only to towering ſouls, impreſſed with vaſt and ſtrong conceptions, and glowing with great and generous emotions. If we deſire eloquence, let us then enlarge the mind and invigorate the virtuous ſentiments of the heart.

W. E. Channing

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

"THE writer of his own life," says Dr. Johnson, "has at least the first qualification of an historian, *the knowledge of the truth.*" This great moralist proceeds to shew why it is probable, that a man, who writes his own life, is likely *to speak the truth*, "since falsehood cannot appease his own mind, and fame will not be heard beneath the tomb." These observations, however, only relate to him, who "sits down calmly and voluntarily to review his life for the admonition of posterity, or to amuse himself, and, after all, leaves the account unpublished." But the man, who thinks it necessary to publish a history of himself, during his life, has a stronger ground for the confidence of his readers, since it is in the power of envy and malice to expose him to disgrace, if he should be found to deviate from the truth. The subject of our present attention is in this predicament. Mr. Gifford has prefixed to his translation of Juvenal a sketch of his own life, which we do not hesitate to pronounce one of the most interesting and best written *morceaux*, which the pen of the biographer has ever executed. It is difficult to say which is most entitled to our admiration, the manly candour, which unfolds his humble origin, or the genuine modesty, which veils his present eminence. Of the former, Mr. Gifford has favoured us with a description in all respects so perfect, that the hand of arrogance itself would recoil from the conceit of blemishing so beautiful a production by the alteration of a point. We shall therefore literally copy all that relates to this part of Mr. Gifford's life from his own narration.

"Of my family, (says Mr. Gifford) I know but little, and that little is not very precise. My great-grand-father, (the most remote of it, that I ever recollect to have heard mentioned) possessed considerable property at Halsworthy, a parish in the neighbourhood of Ashburton; but whether acquired or inherited, I never thought of asking, and do not know.*

* I have, however, some faint notion of hearing my mother say, that he, or his father, had been a China merchant, in London. By China merchant I always understood, and so perhaps did she, a dealer in China-ware.

He was probably a native of Devonſhire, for there he ſpent the laſt years of his life; ſpent them too, in ſome ſort of conſideration, for Mr. T. (a very reſpectable ſurgeon of Aſhburton) loved to repeat to me, when I firſt grew into notice, that he had frequently hunted with his hounds.

My grandfather was on ill terms with him: I believe, not without ſufficient reaſon, for he was extravagant and diſſipated. My father never mentioned his name, but my mother would ſometimes tell me that he had ruined the family. That he ſpent much, I know; but I am inclined to think that his undutiful conduct occaſioned my great-grandfather to bequeath a part of his property from him.

My father, I fear, revenged in ſome meaſure the cauſe of my great-grandfather. He was, as I have heard my mother ſay, "a very wild young man, who could be kept to nothing," He was ſent to the grammar-ſchool at Exeter; from which he made his eſcape, and entered on board a man of war. He was ſoon reclaimed from his ſituation by my grandfather, and left his ſchool a ſecond time, to wander in ſome vagabond ſociety.* He was now probably given up, for he was, on his return from this notable adventure, reduced to article himſelf to a plumber and glazier, with whom he luckily ſtaid long enough to learn the buſineſs. I ſuppoſe his father was now dead, for he became poſſeſſed of two ſmall eſtates, married my mother,† (the daughter of a carpenter at Aſhburton) and thought himſelf rich enough to ſet up for himſelf; which he did with ſome credit, at South Molton. Why he choſe to fix there I never inquired; but I learned from my mother, that after a reſidence of four or five years he was again thoughtleſs enough to engage in a dangerous frolic, which drove him once more to ſea. This was an attempt to excite a riot in a Methodiſt chapel; for which his companions were proſecuted, and he fled, as I have mentioned.

My father was a good ſeaman, and was ſoon made ſecond in command in the Lyon, a large armed tranſport in the ſervice of government: while my mother (then with child of me) re-

* He had gone with Bamfylde Moore Carew, then an old man.

† Her maiden name was Elizabeth Cain. My father's chriſtian name was Edward

turned to her native place, Aſhburton, where I was born, in April, 1757.

The reſources of my mother were very ſcanty. They aroſe from the rent of three or four ſmall fields, which yet remained unſold. With theſe, however, ſhe did what ſhe could for me; and as ſoon as I was old enough to be truſted out of her ſight, ſent me to a ſchool-miſtreſs of the name of Parret, from whom I learned in due time to read. I cannot boaſt much of my acquiſitions at this ſchool; they conſiſted merely of the contents of the "Child's Spelling Book:" but from my mother, who had ſtored up the literature of a country town, which, about half a century ago, amounted to little more than what was diſſeminated by itinerant ballad-ſingers, or rather, readers, I had acquired much curious knowledge of Catſkin, and the Golden Bull, and the Bloody Gardener, and many other hiſtories equally inſtructive and amuſing.

My father returned from ſea, in 1764. He had been at the ſiege of the Havannah; and though he received more than a hundred pounds for prize money, and his wages were conſiderable; yet, as he had not acquired any ſtrict habits of economy, he brought home but a trifling ſum. The little property yet left was therefore turned into money; a trifle more was gotten by agreeing to renounce all future pretenſions to an eſtate at Totneſs;* and with this my father ſet up a ſecond time as a glazier and houſe-painter. I was now about eight years old, and was put to the free-ſchool (kept by Hugh Smerdon) to learn to read and write, and cipher. Here I continued about three years, making a moſt wretched progreſs, when my father fell ſick and died. He had not acquired wiſdom from his misfortunes, but continued waſting his time in unprofitable purſuits, to the great detriment of his buſineſs. He loved drink for the ſake of ſociety, and to this love he fell a martyr; dying of a decayed and ruined conſtitution before he was forty. The town's people thought him a ſhrewd and ſenſible man, and regretted his death. As for me I never greatly loved him; I had not grown up with

* This was a lot of ſmall houſes, which had been thoughtleſsly ſuffered to fall into decay, and of which the rents had been ſo long unclaimed, that they could not now be recovered, unleſs by an expenſive litigation.

him; and he was too prone to repulse my little advances to familiarity, with coldness, or anger. He had certainly some reason to be displeased with me, for I learned little at school, and nothing at home, though he would now and then attempt to give me some insight into the business. As impressions of any kind are not very strong at the age of eleven or twelve, I did not long feel his loss; nor was it a subject of much sorrow to me, that my mother was doubtful of her ability to continue me at school, though I had by this time acquired a love for reading.

I never knew in what circumstances my mother was left: most probably they were inadequate to her support, without some kind of exertion, especially as she was now burthened with a second child about six or eight months old. Unfortunately she determined to prosecute my father's business; for which purpose she engaged a couple of journeymen, who, finding her ignorant of every part of it, wasted her property, and embezzled her money. What the consequence of this double fraud would have been, there was no opportunity of knowing, as, in somewhat less than a twelvemonth, my poor mother followed my father to the grave. She was an excellent woman, bore my father's infirmities with patience and good-humour, loved her children dearly, and died at last exhausted with anxiety and grief more on their account than on her own.

I was not quite thirteen, when this happened; my little brother was hardly two; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world. Every thing, that was left, was seized by a person of the name of C——, for money advanced to my mother. It may be supposed that I could not dispute the justice of his claims; and as no one else interfered, he was suffered to do as he liked. My little brother was sent to the alms-house, whither his nurse followed him out of pure affection; and I was taken to the house of the person I have just mentioned, who was also my godfather. Respect for the opinion of the town, (which, whether correct or not, was, that he had repaid himself by the sale of my mother's effects) induced him to send me again to school, where I was more diligent than before, and more successful. I grew fond of arithmetic, and my master began to distinguish me: but these golden days were over in less than three months. C—— sickened at the expense; and, as the people were now

indifferent to my fate, he looked round for an opportunity of ridding himself of a useless charge. He had previously attempted to engage me in the drudgery of husbandry. I drove the plough for one day to gratify him, but I left it with a firm resolution to do so no more, and in despite of his threats and promises, adhered to my determination. In this, I was guided no less by necessity than will. During my father's life, in attempting to clamber up a table, I had fallen backward, and drawn it after me: its edge fell upon my breast, and I never recovered the effects of the blow; of which I was made extremely sensible on any extraordinary exertion. Ploughing, therefore, was out of the question, and, as I have already said, I utterly refused to follow it.

As I could write and cipher, (as the phrase is) C—— next thought of sending me to Newfoundland, to assist in a storehouse. For this purpose he negotiated with a Mr. Holdesworthy of Dartmouth, who agreed to fit me out. I left Ashburton with little expectation of seeing it again, and indeed with little care, and rode with my godfather to the dwelling of Mr. Holdesworthy. On seeing me, this great man observed with a look of pity and contempt, that I was "too small," and sent me away sufficiently mortified. I expected to be very ill received by my godfather, but he said nothing. He did not however choose to take me back himself, but sent me in the passage-boat to Totnes, from whence I was to walk home. On the passage, the boat was driven by a midnight storm on the rocks, and I escaped with life almost by miracle.

My godfather had now humbler views for me, and I had little heart to resist any thing. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing boats; I ventured, however, to remonstrate against this, and the matter was compromised by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went, when little more than thirteen.

My master, whose name was Full, though gross and ignorant, was not an ill-natured man; at least not to me: and my mistress used me with unvarying kindness; moved perhaps by my weakness and tender years. In return I did what I could to requite her, and my good-will was not overlooked.

Our veſſel was not very large, nor our crew very numerous. On ordinary occaſions, ſuch as ſhort trips to Dartmouth, Plymouth, &c. it conſiſted only of my maſter, an apprentice nearly out of his time, and myſelf: when we had to go farther, to Portſmouth for example, an additional hand was hired for the voyage.

In this veſſel (the Two Brothers) I continued nearly a twelvemonth; and here I got acquainted with nautical terms, and contracted a love for the ſea, which a lapſe of thirty years has but little diminiſhed.

It will be eaſily conceived that my life was a life of hardſhip. I was not only a "ſhip-boy on the high and giddy maſt," but alſo in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot: yet if I was reſtleſs and diſcontented, I can ſafely ſay, it was not ſo much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all poſſibility of reading; as my maſter did not poſſeſs, nor do I recollect ſeeing, during the whole time of my abode with him, a ſingle book of any deſcription, except the Coaſting Pilot.

As my lot ſeemed to be caſt, however, I was not negligent in ſeeking ſuch information as promiſed to be uſeful; and I therefore frequented, at my leiſure hours, ſuch veſſels as dropt into Torbay. On attempting to get on board one of theſe, which I did at midnight, I miſſed my footing, and fell into the ſea. The floating away of the boat alarmed the man on deck, who came to the ſhip's ſide juſt in time to ſee me ſink. He immediately threw out ſeveral ropes, one of which providentially (for I was unconſcious of it) entangled itſelf about me, and I was drawn up to the ſurface till a boat could be got round. The uſual methods were taken to recover me, and I awoke in bed the next morning, remembering nothing but the horror I felt, when I firſt found myſelf unable to cry out for aſſiſtance.

This was not my only eſcape; but I forbear to ſpeak of them. An eſcape of another kind was now preparing for me, which deſerves all my notice, as it was deciſive of my future fate.

On Chriſtmas day (1770) I was ſurpriſed by a meſſage from my godfather, ſaying that he had ſent a man and horſe to bring me to Aſhburton; and deſiring me to ſet out without delay. My maſter, as well as myſelf, ſuppoſed it was to ſpend the holydays there; and he, therefore, made no objection to my going. We were, however, both miſtaken.

Since I had lived at Brixham, I had broken off all connexion with Aſhburton. I had no relation there but my poor brother,* who was yet too young for any kind of correſpondence; and the conduct of my godfather towards me, did not entitle him to any portion of my gratitude, or kind remembrance. I lived therefore in a ſort of ſullen independence on all I had formerly known, and thought without regret of being abandoned by every one to my fate. But I had not been overlooked. The women of Brixham, who travelled to Aſhburton twice a week with fiſh, and who had known my parents, did not ſee me without kind concern, running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trowzers. They mentioned this to the people of Aſhburton, and never without commiſerating my change of condition. This tale often repeated, awakened at length the pity of their auditors, and as the next ſtep, their reſentment againſt the man, who had reduced me to ſuch a ſtate of wretchedneſs. In a large town, this would have had little effect, but in a place like Aſhburton, where every report ſpeedily becomes the common property of all the inhabitants, it raiſed a murmur, which my godfather found himſelf either unable or unwilling to withſtand: he therefore determined, as I have juſt obſerved, to recall me; which he could eaſily do, as I wanted ſome months of fourteen, and conſequently was not yet bound.

All this, I learned on my arrival; and my heart, which had been cruelly ſhut up, now opened to kinder ſentiments, and fairer views.

* Of my brother, here introduced for the laſt time, I muſt yet ſay a few words. He was literally

The child of miſery baptized in tears;

and the ſhort paſſage of his life did not belie the melancholy preſage of his infancy. When he was ſeven years old, the pariſh bound him out to a huſbandman of the name of Leman, with whom he endured incredible hardſhips, which I had it not in my power to alleviate. At nine years of age he broke his thigh, and I took that opportunity to teach him to read and write. When my own ſituation was improved, I perſuaded him to try the ſea: he did ſo, and was taken on board the Egmont, on condition that his maſter ſhould receive his wages. The time was now faſt approaching when I could ſerve him, but he was doomed to know no favourable change of fortune: he fell ſick, and died at Cork.

After the holydays I returned to my darling purſuit, arithmetic: my progreſs was now ſo rapid, that in a few months I was at the head of the ſchool, and qualified to aſſiſt my maſter, (Mr. E. Furlong) on any extraordinary emergency. As he uſually gave me a trifle on thoſe occaſions, it raiſed a thought in me, that by engaging with him as a regular aſſiſtant, and undertaking the inſtruction of a few evening ſcholars, I might, with a little additional aid, be enabled to ſupport myſelf. God knows my ideas of ſupport at this time, were of no very extravagant nature. I had, beſides, another object in view. Mr. Hugh Smerdon (my firſt maſter) was now grown old and infirm; it ſeemed unlikely that he ſhould hold out above three or four years; and I fondly flattered myſelf that, notwithſtanding my youth, I might poſſibly be appointed to ſucceed him. I was in my fifteenth year, when I built theſe caſtles: a ſtorm, however, was collecting, which unexpectedly burſt upon me, and ſwept them all away.

(To be continued.)

Influence of Imitative Tones and Repreſentations.

[From COGAN's Philoſophical Treatiſe on the Paſſions.]

WE are ſo conſtituted as to be ſtrongly affected by any *repreſentation* of particular ſtates and ſituations, notwithſtanding we are convinced that they are imaginary or artificial. Mere tones, attitudes, geſtures, imitating or reſembling any of thoſe produced by one or other of the paſſions and affections, are calculated to excite emotions and correſpondent feelings in ſuſceptible minds. Like muſical inſtruments attuned to the ſame key, our feelings are made to vibrate with the vibrations of ſurrounding objects. Even the voice and accents of inferior animals, expreſſive either of fear, or pain, or lamentation, or joy, or affection, have a tendency to render us apprehenſive, cheerful, melancholy, or ſympathizing. Rude and harſh ſounds not only create unpleaſant ſenſations, but ſuggeſt unpleaſant and foreboding ideas in all thoſe who have not corrected their ſenſations by their reaſon. It is from this kind of aſſociation probably, that the croaking of the raven and the ſcream of the night-owl are ſo univerſally deemed *omens of miſchief* by the ignorant. The ſprightly muſic of the fea-

thered ſongſters inſpires an exhilarating vivacity. The ſolitary and melodious notes of the nightingale, the cooing of the turtle-dove, &c. have always furniſhed imagery for Poets in their deſcription of the tender paſſion of love, or ſympathetic ſorrow. The bleating of the ſheep, and lowing of the kine, &c. although they poſſeſs no real melody in themſelves, yet as they denote the affection of the dam for its offspring, they univerſally inſpire a pleaſing ſympathetic tenderneſs.

The principal charms of the muſic, which aims at a higher character, than that of difficult or rapid execution, conſiſt in the imitation of thoſe tones and movements which are moſt intimately connected with the paſſions and affections of the ſoul; which exhilarate the ſpirits, and excite to the ſprightly or graceful dance, arouſe and animate, induce a bewitching melancholy, or diffuſe a pleaſing ſerenity over the mind; which charm by diſplaying ſomething like the power of perſuaſive eloquence without words, holding a kind of converſation without ideas, and exciting whatever diſpoſition the artiſt pleaſes, without ſuggeſting a motive.

It has been occaſionally remarked in our analyſis, that the powerful influence of any exciting cauſe manifeſts itſelf by emotions correſpondent to the nature of the paſſions; to ſeize theſe external appearances, or to imitate the expreſſive looks, attitudes, and geſtures peculiar to each, is the profeſſed object of the ſtatuary and hiſtoric painter: and to do juſtice to the characteriſtic emotions, conſtitutes the difficulty and excellence of their art. It is the profeſſed deſign of theſe to excite ſome emotion or call forth ſome particular affection correſpondent to the nature of their object. Although the power of the ſculptor is confined to forms and attitudes principally, yet how intereſting may theſe be rendered to the ſpectator! Who can contemplate the *Apollo Belvedere*, the *Venus de Medicis*, without admiring the human ſhape in its characteriſtic beauties? or the *dancing Fawns*, without partaking of their vivacity? Or the *Farneſe Hercules*, without a degree of awe? or the *Laocoon* and his ſons, without a mixture of compaſſion and horror? Or any of theſe, without being aſtoniſhed at the ſkill, ingenuity, or ſublimity of the artiſt? The enthuſiaſtic encomiums beſtowed upon the paintings of celebrated maſters: the eagerneſs with which their labours

are purchaſed; the wealth and renown, which the moſt diſtinguiſhed of them enjoy; and the reſpect paid to their memories, demonſtrate the amazing effect of their performances upon the mind; the ſtrength of our ſympathy with every repreſentation of paſſion; and the ſurpriſe we experience that theſe powerful effects are produced by the mere diſtribution of colours, or of lights and ſhades, upon board or canvaſs!

The ſucceſsful dramatic writer catches the ideas and imitates the language of every paſſion, emotion, and affection in their different ſtages and degrees. His profeſſed object is to ſuppoſe a diverſity of characters, and to ſupport them with a correſpondent train of ideas; to inſpire them with predilections and averſions, or call forth particular paſſions and affections, according to the ſituations in which he has placed them. His hopes of ſucceſs depend upon the cloſeneſs of the imitation; and ſucceſs itſelf conſiſts in being able to intereſt the heart, by exciting affections and emotions ſimilar to thoſe, which would be felt by the reader or ſpectator, were he an immediate witneſs to ſimilar ſcenes in real life.

The complete *Actor* poſſeſſes the happy talent of expreſſing by manner the ſtate of mind repreſented by his author. He adopts what modern orators reject; and attempts to give force to pertinent ideas and language by imitative tones, geſtures, and countenance, which he varies according to the verſatile ſtate of thoſe who are toſſed upon the billows of paſſion, or agitated by ſome contending emotions, or under the more permanent influence of particular affections.

In theatrical exhibitions there is a conſpiracy to delude the imagination; and all the powers of ſympathy are called forth to produce the effect. Correſpondent ſcenery points out to the ſpectator the very ſpot of action, and characteriſtic dreſſes exert their influence to aid the deception. The ſpectator leaves every idea of real life at the door of entrance, and voluntarily yields himſelf up to the pleaſing deluſion. He finds himſelf in a new world. He is tranſported in an inſtant into diſtant regions, and remote ages, and feels in fiction all the force of truth. He laughs at mimic folly, ſincerely weeps at artificial miſery, is inſpired with horror and indignation at imaginary baſeneſs, and is in an ecſtaſy of joy at counterfeit happineſs!

MEMOIRS
OF
WILLIAM COLLINS;
WITH OBSERVATIONS ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS.

[Continued from page 22.]

THE firſt, which is entitled SELIM, or the SHEPHERD'S MORAL, as there is nothing dramatic in the ſubject, may be thought the leaſt entertaining of the four: but it is, by no means, the leaſt valuable. The moral precepts which the intelligent ſhepherd delivers to his fellow-ſwains and the virgins, their companions, are ſuch as would infallibly promote the happineſs of the paſtoral life.

In imperſonating the private *virtues*, the poet has obſerved great propriety, and has formed the genealogy with the moſt perfect judgment, when he repreſents them as the daughters of *truth* and *wiſdom*.

The characteriſtics of *modeſty* and *chaſtity* are extremely happy and *picturesque*:

> "Come thou, *whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprings are clear*,
> To lead the train, ſweet *modeſty* appear;
> With thee be *chaſtity*, of all afraid,
> Diſtruſting all, a wiſe ſuſpicious maid;
> Cold is her breaſt, *like flowers that drink the dew*,
> A ſilken veil conceals her from the view."

The two *ſimilies* borrowed from rural objects are not only much in character, but perfectly natural and expreſſive. There is, notwithſtanding, this defect in the former, that it wants a peculiar propriety; for purity of thought may as well be applied to *chaſtity* as to *modeſty*; and from this inſtance, as well as from a thouſand more, we may ſee the neceſſity of diſtinguiſhing, in characteriſtic poetry, every object by marks and attributes peculiarly its own.

It cannot be objected to this eclogue that it wants both thoſe eſſential *Criteria* of the paſtoral, love and the drama; for though it partakes not of the latter, the former ſtill retains an

intereſt in it, and that too very material, as it profeſſedly conſults the virtue and happineſs of the lover, while it informs what are the qualities

———that muſt lead to love.

The ſecond, entitled HASSAN, or the CAMEL-DRIVER, poſſeſſes all the advantages that any ſpecies of poetry can derive from the novelty of the ſubject and of the ſcenery. The route of a camel-driver is a ſcene that ſcarce could exiſt in the imagination of an *European*, and of its attendant diſtreſſes he could have no idea.—Theſe are very happily and minutely painted by our deſcriptive poet. What ſublime ſimplicity of expreſſion! what nervous plainneſs in the opening of the poem!

"In ſilent horror o'er the boundleſs waſte,
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt."

The magic pencil of the poet brings the whole ſcene before us at once, as it were by enchantment, and in this ſingle couplet we feel all the effect that ariſes from the terrible wildneſs of a region unenlivened by the habitations of men. The verſes that deſcribe ſo minutely the camel-driver's little proviſions, have a touching influence on the imagination, and prepare the reader to enter more feelingly into his future apprehenſions of diſtreſs:

"Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall thirſt aſſuage,
When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage!"

It is difficult to ſay whether his *Apoſtrophe* to the "mute companions of his toils," is more to be admired for the elegance and beauty of the poetical imagery, or for the tenderneſs and humanity of the ſentiment. He who can read it without being affected, will do his heart no injuſtice, if he concludes it to be deſtitute of ſenſibility:

"Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day;
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more bleſt, or verdant vales beſtow:
Here rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands are found,
And faint and ſickly winds forever howl around."

Yet in these beautiful lines there is a slight error, which writers of the greatest genius very frequently fall into—It will be needless to observe to the accurate reader, that in the fifth and sixth verses there is a verbal pleonasm where the poet speaks of the *green* delights of *verdant* vales. There is an oversight of the same kind in the Manners, an Ode; where the poet says,

"———Seine's *blue* nymphs deplore
In *watchet* weeds——"

This fault is indeed a common one, but to a reader of taste it is nevertheless disgustful; and it is mentioned here as the error of a man of genius and judgment, that men of genius and judgment may guard against it.

Mr. Collins speaks like a true Poet as well in sentiment as expression, when, with regard to the thirst of wealth, he says,

"Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?"

But, however just these sentiments may appear to those who have not revolted from nature and simplicity, had the author proclaimed them in Lombard-street or Cheapside, he would not have been complimented with the understanding of the bellman.—A striking proof, that our own particular ideas of happiness regulate our opinions concerning the sense and wisdom of others!

It is impossible to take leave of this most beautiful eclogue without paying the tribute of admiration so justly due to the following nervous lines.

"What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And fearful! oft when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tygers in his train:
Before them death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey."

This, amongſt many other paſſages to be met with in the writings of COLLINS, ſhews that his genius was perfectly capable of the grand and magnificent in deſcription, notwithſtanding what a learned writer has advanced to the contrary. Nothing, certainly, could be more greatly conceived, or more adequately expreſſed, than the image in the laſt couplet.

That deception, ſometimes uſed in rhetoric and poetry, which preſents us with an object or ſentiment contrary to what we expected, is here introduced to the greateſt advantage:

"Farewel the youth, whom ſighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
Yet as thou go'ſt, may every blaſt ariſe—
Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!"

But this, perhaps, is rather an artificial prettineſs than a real or natural beauty.

The third eclogue beautifully deſcribes in its effects that innocent, and native ſimplicity of manners, which in the firſt, was allowed to conſtitute the happineſs of love. The ſultan of *Perſia* marries a Georgian ſhepherdeſs, and finds in her embraces that genuine felicity which unperverted nature alone can beſtow. The moſt natural and beautiful parts of this eclogue are thoſe where the fair ſultana refers with ſo much pleaſure to her paſtoral amuſements, and thoſe ſcenes of happy innocence, in which ſhe had paſſed her early years; particularly when upon her firſt departure,

"Oft as ſhe went, ſhe backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu."

This picture of amiable ſimplicity reminds one of that paſſage, where Proſerpine, when carried off by Pluto, regrets the loſs of the flowers ſhe had been gathering.

"Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remiſſis:
Tantaque ſimplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis,
Hæc quoque virgineum movit jactura dolorem."

The beautiful, but unfortunate country, where the ſcene of the fourth eclogue is laid, had been recently torn in pieces by the depredations of its ſavage neighbours, when Mr. COLLINS ſo affectingly deſcribed its misfortunes. This ingenious man

had not only a pencil to portray, but a heart to feel for the miſeries of mankind! and it is with the utmoſt tenderneſs and humanity he enters into the narrative of Circaſſia's ruin, while he realizes the ſcene, and brings the preſent drama before us. Of every circumſtance, that could poſſibly contribute to the tender effect this paſtoral was deſigned to produce, the poet has availed himſelf with the utmoſt art and addreſs. Thus he prepares the heart to pity the diſtreſſes of *Circaſſia*, by repreſenting it as the ſcene of the happieſt love.

"In fair *Circaſſia*, where to love inclin'd,
Each ſwain was bleſt, for every maid was kind."

To give the circumſtances of the dialogue a more affecting ſolemnity, he makes the time midnight, and deſcribes the two ſhepherds in the very act of flight from the deſtruction that ſwept over their country:

"Sad o'er the dews, two brother ſhepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and deſperate ſorrow led:"

There is a beauty and propriety in the epithet *wildering*, which ſtrikes us more forcibly, the more we conſider it.

The opening of the dialogue is equally happy, natural and unaffected; when one of the ſhepherds, weary and overcome with the fatigue of flight, calls upon his companion to review the length of way they had paſſed.—This is certainly painting from nature, and the thoughts, however obvious, or deſtitute of refinement, are perfectly in character. But as the cloſeſt purſuit of nature is the ſureſt way to excellence in general, and to ſublimity in particular, in poetical deſcription, ſo we find that this ſimple ſuggeſtion of the ſhepherd is not unattended with magnificence. There is grandeur and variety in the landſkip he deſcribes:

"And firſt review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already paſt with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whoſe dangerous path we tried!
And laſt, this lofty mountain's weary ſide."

There is, in imitative harmony, an act of expreſſing a ſlow and difficult movement by adding to the uſual number of pauſes in a verſe. This is obſervable in the line that deſcribes the aſcent of the mountain:

"And laſt || this lofty mountain's || weary ſide."

Here we find the number of pauſes, or muſical bars, which in an heroic verſe, is commonly two, increaſed to three.

The liquid melody, and the numerous ſweetneſs of expreſſion in the following deſcriptive lines is almoſt inimitably beautiful:

"Sweet to the ſight is *Zabran's* flowery plain,
And once by nymphs and ſhepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins ſhall delight to rove
By *Sargis'* banks, or *Irwan's* ſhady grove;
On *Tarkie's* mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the ſweets of *Aly's* flowery vale."

Nevertheleſs in this delightful landſkip there is an obvious fault: there is no diſtinction between the plain of *Zabran* and the vale of *Aly*; they are both *flowery*, and conſequently undiverſified. This could not proceed from the poet's want of judgment, but from inattention: it had not occurred to him that he had employed the epithet *flowery* twice within ſo ſhort a compaſs; an overſight which thoſe who are accuſtomed to poetical, or, indeed, to any other ſpecies of compoſition, know to be very poſſible.

Nothing can be more beautifully conceived, or more pathetically expreſſed than the ſhepherd's apprehenſions for his fair country-women, expoſed to the ravages of the invaders.

"In vain *Circaſſia* boaſts her ſpicy groves,
Forever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain ſhe boaſts her faireſt of the fair,
Their eye's blue languiſh, and their golden hair!
Thoſe eyes in tears their fruitleſs grief ſhall ſend;
Thoſe hairs the Tartar's cruel hand ſhall rend."

There is, certainly, ſome very powerful charm in the liquid melody of ſounds. The editor of theſe poems could never read, or hear the following verſe repeated without a degree of pleaſure otherwiſe entirely unaccountable:

"Their eye's *blue languiſh*, and their *golden hair*."

Such are the Oriental Eclogues, which we leave with the ſame kind of anxious pleaſure, we feel upon a temporary parting with a beloved friend.

The genius of Collins was capable of every degree of excellence in lyric poetry, and perfectly qualified for that high province of the muse. Poſſeſſed of a native ear for all the varieties of harmony and modulation, ſuſceptible of the fineſt feelings of tenderneſs and humanity, but, above all, carried away by that high enthuſiaſm, which gives to imagination its ſtrongeſt colouring, he was, at once, capable of ſoothing the ear with the melody of his numbers, of influencing the paſſions by the force of his *Pathos*, and of gratifying the fancy by the luxury of his deſcription.

In conſequence of theſe powers, but more particularly, in conſideration of the laſt, he choſe ſuch ſubjects for his lyric eſſays as were moſt favourable for the indulgence of deſcription and allegory; where he could exerciſe his powers in moral and perſonal painting; where he could exert his invention in conferring attributes on images or objects already known, and deſcribed, by a determinate number of characteriſtics: where he might give an uncommon eclat to his figures, by placing them in happier attitudes, or in more advantageous lights, and introduce new forms from the moral and intellectual world into the ſociety of imperſonated beings.

Such, no doubt, were the privileges, which the poet expected, and ſuch were the advantages he derived from the deſcriptive and allegorical nature of his themes.

It ſeems to have been the whole induſtry of our author (and it is, at the ſame time, almoſt all the claim to moral excellence his writings can boaſt) to promote the influence of the ſocial virtues, by painting them in the faireſt and happieſt lights.

Melior fieri tuendo,

would be no improper motto to his poems in general, but of his lyric poems it ſeems to be the whole moral tendency and effect. If, therefore, it ſhould appear to ſome readers that he has been more induſtrious to cultivate deſcription than ſentiment; it may be obſerved, that his deſcriptions themſelves are ſentimental, and anſwer the whole end of that ſpecies of writing, by embelliſhing every feature of virtue, and by conveying, through the effects of the pencil, the fineſt moral leſſons to the mind.

(To be continued.)

POETRY
INFLUENCED BY CHRISTIAN VIRTUE.

At the close of our remarks on the Life of Cowper in our FIRST NUMBER, *we promised the following passage, which Mr.* HAYLEY *extracted from a manuscript of an anonymous writer.*

"THE noblest benefits and delights of poetry can be but rarely produced, because all the requisites for producing them so very seldom meet. A vivid mind, and happy imitative power, may enable a poet to form glowing pictures of virtue, and almost produce in himself a short lived enthusiasm of goodness; but although even these transient and factitious movements of mind may serve to produce grand and delightful effusions of poetry, yet when the best of these are compared with the poetic productions of a genuine lover of virtue, a discerning judgment will scarcely fail to mark the difference. A simplicity of conception and expression—a conscious, and therefore unaffected dignity—an instinctive adherence to sober reason, even amid the highest flights; an uniform justness and consistency of thought, a glowing, yet temperate ardour of feeling; a peculiar felicity, both in the choice and combination of terms, by which even the plainest words acquire the truest character of eloquence, and which is rarely to be found, except where a subject is not only intimately known, but cordially loved; these I conceive are the features peculiar to the real votary of virtue, and which must of course give to his strains a perfection of effect never to be attained by the poet of inferior moral endowments.

"I believe it will be readily granted, that all these qualities were never more perfectly combined than in the poetry of MILTON. And I think too, there will be little doubt, that the next to him in every one of these instances beyond all comparison, is COWPER. The genius of the latter did certainly not lead him to emulate the songs of the Seraphim. But though he pursues a lower walk of poetry than his great Master, he appears no less the enraptured votary of pure unmixed goodness. Nay, perhaps he may in this one respect possess some peculiar excellencies, which may make him seem more the Bard of Christianity."

THE ANTHOLOGY.

Original Poetry.

WINTER NIGHT.

HAIL Winter! ſullen monarch! dark with clouds;
Throned on bleak waſtes, and fierce and cold with ſtorms;
Welcome thy blaſting cold and treaſured ſnow!
Thy raving, rending winds do but compoſe
My ſoul; and midſt thy gloom, my heart
Smiles like the opening ſpring. Thy long drear nights,
Winter, I hail. The cold receding ſun
I love to follow to the cloudy weſt,
And ſee thy twilight deepen into gloom
Of thickeſt darkneſs. Round my cheering fire,
How I enjoy the gliſtening eye, and ſmile,
And burning cheek and prattle innocent,
Of my dear little ones; and when *they* ſink
With heavy eyes into the arms of ſleep,
Peaceful, and ſmiling ſtill, and breathing ſoft;
How pleaſant glide the hours in converſe pure
With her whom firſt I loved; who long has crown'd
My joys, and ſoothed me with her gentle voice,
Under a load of ſorrows; who has felt
The power of truth divine; and from whoſe lips
I catch the peace and love of Saints in Heaven.
Vain world! We envy not your joys. We hear
Your rattling chariot wheels, and weep for you;
We weep that ſouls immortal can find joy
In forcing laughter, diſſipating thought,
In the looſe ſtage, the friſking dance, the pomp,
And forms and ornaments of poliſh'd life,
In heartleſs hypocritic ſhow of love,
In giddy nonſenſe, in contempt of truth,
Which elevates the ſoul, and ſwells the heart

With hope of holy bliſs. We mourn your waſte
Of mind, of ſtrength, of wealth. Think, thoughtleſs world,
How many fatherleſs and widows pine
In want; how many ſhiver in the ſtorm.
Over a dying flame, how many cower
In ſome poor hovel, preſſing to their breaſts
Their little ones, to ſave them from the cold.
Oh think, what aching hearts ye might relieve!
What brooding ſorrows ye might cheer! What tears
Of friendleſs, naked, moaning poverty
Ye might wipe off with lenient ſympathy.
Oh Winter, I can bear thy howling ſtorms.
Riſe but a few more ſuns, and all thy blaſts
Will ſoften. Yon waſte fields will ſmile in green;
The branches ſwell with infant buds; the groves
Reſound with nature's melody. But MAN,
My KIN, lies deſolate. A wintry blaſt
Has chilled his heart, frozen the circling blood
Of ſympathy, and blighted the ſweet fruits
Of love. How bleak and waſte! In vain the Sun
Of Righteouſneſs ſheds bright and healing beams.
In vain does He, who died on Calvary,
Extend his hands, bleeding with wounds of love.
MAN ſtill is cold and wintry; ſtill is hard,
And melts not into mercy.—This vain world
Is colder than the northern ſkies. But FAITH
Looks o'er the icy mountains, looks beyond
The wintry clouds, and ſees unfading bloom
Of paradiſe, ſees peaceful ſtreams of joy,
And warm effulgence of the God of Love.
And hark! a gentle voice now calls, * "Ariſe
And come away. The winter's paſt and gone,
The flowers appear; the birds with tranſport hail
The ſpring. The turtle's plaintive voice is heard;
The fig-tree bends with figs. The fragrant vine
Preſents the tender grape. Ariſe and ſee
Millennial happineſs, the reign of peace and love."

W. E. Channing

* Canticles ii. 10.

VERSES

INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND.

A FRAGMENT.

ON the brow of our lov'd rock
Sorrows we were wont to mock.
Lifting to the voice of night,—
Fancy's dawn of magic light
Quick illum'd the deepen'd glades,
Then replete with wizard ſhades.
While, along the mountains wild,
Fond enchanters warmly ſmil'd;
Fairy maids in rapture danc'd;
Elfin ſpirits dimly glanc'd
Down each wonder-gazing ſteep,
Stealing duller goblins' ſleep.
Often too, while evening mild
Cankering cares of day beguil'd,
Eager for her lulling chime,
We this haughty rock did climb;
When to us, with pious claim,
Sober contemplation came,
Pointing at the varied chaſe
Life exhibits in her race.
There in crazing ardour ran
Fortune's grim and meagre clan.
O'er deriſion's burning tides,
Bridges wreck'd, and meteor guides
Led the fame-enamour'd band
To their bleak and troubled land.
Who for power elated rav'd,
Darkly-frowning dangers brav'd;—
They, the height becoming near,
Wither'd in the blaſt of fear.
On this rock, I've known thee chuſe
Virtue and her angel muſe,
As the charmers moſt endear'd,
That to reaſon's ſight appear'd.

Here together we have hop'd,
While our future proſpect op'd,
Mutual aid might, in life's dell,
Every gloomy ſtorm diſpel.
Yet I now, in lonely ſtate,
Mournful by our parting fate,
On this ſoothing rock reclin'd,
Strive to cheat my widow'd mind.

Faintly beams the twilight ray,
Bidding hence the languiſh'd day.
Sober'd hills in dreſs obſcure
Sit around, in plight demure.
Paſſing by with ſprightly eaſe,
Now the kindly-temper'd breeze
Wings the plaintive ſounds of night.
Mingled in their dizzy flight,
Comes the cricket's thrilling tone
With the owl's pedantic moan,
Choruſſing the wakeful lay
Of the brook, in merry play.

Fancy ſtill preſents around
Scenes remote, where joys abound;
But no ſcene devoid of thee,
Brightens with harmonious glee.
None, but thy remembered voice,
Bids the mingled ſounds rejoice.
Naught in all the ſpacious maze,
But thy image holds my gaze.

TO A

A YOUNG DIVINE,

ON HIS ORDINATION DAY.

SOME angel guard my wandering muſe,
Nor let her rove in vain;—
My liſtening ſtrings can ne'er refuſe
To join a hallow'd ſtrain.

Each tender nerve, that ſtrings the heart,
Shall wake to life and ſenſe,
While thou, Philander, themes impart,
That pureſt charms diſpenſe.

When e're thy ſacred taſk I view,
Commiſſion'd from the ſkies,
Old error bids the world adieu
And joyful ſuns ariſe.

Salvation hails the uſhering day,
While truths inſpire your tongue;
And ſinners hear their guilt away,
And rapture wakes to ſong.

Devotion ſpreads her flaming wings,
And with an upward eye
Through boundleſs lengths of ether ſprings
And claims her native ſky.

Religion owns thy guardian hand,
And ſlopes a downward flight.
Peace and good will on her attend,
And God and men unite.

While baſking in the beams of grace
The dreary wilds ſhall bloom;
And every ſolitary place
A laughing vale become.

The thirſty meads ſhall new ſupplies
From warbling fountains drain,
While on their banks a Sharon lies,
A Carmel on each plain.

Thus ſhall immortal beauties ſpring,
While thou their charms improve;
Till angels bend the ſhining wing
To waft you ſafe above.

And when in robes of ſtreaming light,
Thou tread'ſt the ſtarry zone,
Symphonious choirs ſhall ſhout thy flight
Around the blazing throne.

Nor ſhall a fancied God inſpire,
As poets, fabling, tell.
Gabriel for thee ſhall ſtring the lyre,
And God himſelf reveal.

And when you touch each warbling ſtring,
On yon celeſtial ground,
Echo through unknown Worlds ſhall ring,
And liſt'ning ſpace reſound.

CLEORA.

Selected Poetry.

GILIMER,

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

GILIMER was the laſt of the Vandal kings of Africa, conquered by BELISARIUS; he retired to the heights of Pappua, when his army was entirely beaten.—His anſwer to the meſſage ſent to him there by Beliſarius, is well known. He deſired the conqueror to ſend him a loaf of bread, a ſponge, and a lute. This requeſt was thus explained; that the king had not taſted any baked bread, ſince his arrival on that mountain, and that he earneſtly longed to eat a morſel of it, before he died; the ſponge he wanted to allay a tumour, that was fallen upon one of his eyes; and the lute, on which he had learned to play, was to aſſiſt him in ſetting ſome elegiac verſes, which he had compoſed on the ſubject of his misfortunes.

HENCE, ſoldier, to thy plumed chief;
Tell him, that Afric's king,
Broken by years, and bow'd with grief,
Aſks but a lute, that he may ſing
His ſorrows to the moon; or (if he weep)
A ſponge, which he in tears may ſteep;
And let his pity ſpare a little bread!

Such, Gilimer, was thy laſt prayer
To him, who o'er thy realm his gay hoſt led,
When thou forlorn, and frozen with deſpair,
Didſt ſit on Pappua's heights alone,
Mourning thy fortune loſt, thy crown, thy kingdom gone.

When 'twas ſtill night, and on the mountain vaſt
The moon her tranquil glimmer caſt,
From tent to tent, remotely ſpread around,
He heard the murm'ring army's hoſtile ſound,
And ſwell'd from his ſad lute a ſolemn tone,
Whilſt the lone vallies echo'd—" All is gone !"

The ſun from darkneſs roſe,
Illumining the landſcape wide,
The tents, the far-off ſhips, and the pale morning tide ;
Now the prophetic ſong indignant flows.

Thine, Roman, is the victory—
Roman, the wide world is thine—
In every clime the eagles fly,
And the gay ſquadron's length'ning line,
That flaſhes far and near,
It flouting banners, as in ſcorn, diſplays,
Trump anſwers trump, to war-horſe war-horſe neighs.

I ſink forſaken here—
This rugged rock my empire, and this ſeat
Of ſolitude, my glory's laſt retreat !
Yet boaſt not thou,
Soldier, the laurels on thy victor brow,
They ſhall wither, and thy fate,
Leave thee, like me, deſpairing, deſolate !

With haggard beard, and bleeding eyes,
The conqueror of Afric lies*—
Where now his glory's creſted helm ?
Where now his marſhall'd legions thronging bright,
His ſteeds, his trumpets, clanging to the fight,
That ſpread diſmay through Perſia's bleeding realm ?

Now ſee him poorly led,
Begging in age his ſcanty bread !
Proud victor, do our fates agree ?
Doſt thou now REMEMBER ME—

* Alluding to the ſuppoſed miſerable ſtate of Beliſarius in his old age.

Me, of every hope bereft;
Me, to ſcorn and ruin left?

So may deſpair thy laſt lone hours attend!—
That thou too, in thy turn, may'ſt know,
How doubly ſharp the woe—
When from fortune's ſummit hurl'd,
We gaze around on all the world,
And find in all the world NO FRIEND!

VERSES*

Written, in conſequence of the author's being reproached for not weeping over the dead body of a female friend.

BY ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

COLD drops the tear which blazons common woe;
What callous rock retains its chryſtal rill?
Ne'er will the ſoften'd mould its liquid ſhow:
Deep ſink the waters that are ſmooth and ſtill!

Ah! when ſublimely agoniz'd I ſtood,
And Memory gave her beauteous frame a ſigh:
While Feeling triumph'd in my heart's warm flood;
Grief drank the offering ere it reach'd the eye!

* This little inſtance of refined ſentiment has been tranſlated into German, by Klopſtock; into Italian, by Count Savelli of Corſica, and into French, by Count Joſeph Auguſtus De Maccarthy.

J. de M. Williams.

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Broad Grins; by GEORGE COLMAN, *(the younger;) comprising, with New Additional Tales in Verse, those formerly published under the title of "My Night-Gown and Slippers."—Published in London,* 1803.—*In* BOSTON, *by Messrs. B. and J. Homans, and E. Larkin; January 1st.* 1804.

WHILE perusing these facetious tales, we were favoured with the following original communication by an English Gentleman, who has been long acquainted with their celebrated author. Its appearance in this place, we think, will be very acceptable to the readers of that pleasing little volume.

GEORGE COLMAN, the subject of this essay, is the son of George Colman, the celebrated author of the comedies of the Clandestine Marriage; the Jealous Wife; the English Merchant, translated from *Voltaire;* the Deuce is in him; Man and Wife, &c. The elder Colman was many years manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and died at the village of Brompton, near London, in a state of mental debility.

The younger Colman was initiated in the *Gradus ad Parnassum* at the University of Aberdeen, in Scotland, for which place he does not entertain the most dignified sentiments. In his comedy of the POOR GENTLEMAN, he has indulged his spleen against Scotland, at the expense of truth; and in his character of the Hon. Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, he has made penury and pride the only sovereigns of her bosom.

The younger Colman, as a dramatist, is ranked highly in the present day. His earliest productions, although written somewhat loosely, indicated how considerably he would stand in the republic of the Drama, when his judgment was more ripened by experience and study. His gradations of excellence have kept pace with his years; and it appears to the author of this memoir, that the older he grows, the better he writes. His last comedy of JOHN BULL, or an Englishman's Fireside, comprehends more wit and philanthropy, in the dialogue and incidents,

than any other play, that has been produced for many years; and the public award has juſtified this idea, as it was not merely received with applauſe, but with enthuſiaſm. But in this, as well as in his drama of the IRON CHEST, he has been indebted for its baſis and ground work to a contemporary, as the plot of John Bull is evidently borrowed from *Anthony Paſquin's* ſtory of Col. *Bellingham and Tim Kelty*, in his life of *Edwin the Comedian*. This dramatiſt has been accuſed of plagiariſms, and the accuſation is true; yet notwithſtanding that, he is an author of brilliant and uncommon talents. He can enforce the beſt purpoſes of the heart, with an addreſs, that is almoſt peculiar to himſelf, and infuſes ſuch a ſpirit of wit in his ſcenic perſonages, as renders his productions almoſt as pleaſant to peruſe, as to ſee repreſented.

This gentleman is the preſent Manager of the HAYMARKET-THEATRE, where he has eſtabliſhed a company, who are entirely independent of the winter Theatres of that metropolis: yet he ſeldom produces a piece of his own, on his own ground, but prudently relies on the unprecedented ſtrength of the exiſting comic company of COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, where our *favourite* BERNARD once flouriſhed, and which can now proudly exhibit the names of Kemble, Cooke, Munden, Fawcet, Emery, Blanchard, Incledon, Hill, Darley, C. Kemble, Farley, Rock, and the matchleſs Braham. In their catalogue of ladies they poſſeſs a Siddons, De Camp, Storace, Glover, Mattocks, H. Siddons, Davenport, &c.; each being equal to her peculiar department, and forming, in the whole, a combination of hiſtrionic excellence, that has perhaps never been ſurpaſſed.

Mr. Colman has recently publiſhed a volume of Tales, written in Pindaric verſe, called Broad Grins, a part of which has been formerly publiſhed under the title of "My Night-Gown and Slippers." Among the additional tales, that of the Knight and Friar is taken from the ancient hiſtory of the Monaſteries of England; printed in black letter, and is there recorded as a literal fact. Of the others, one is borrowed, and the Elder Brother appears to be newly invented; but they both, however, poſſeſs conſiderable merit.

Theſe TALES are allowed by *European Critics* to abound with *broad* and *ſtrong* humour. The author appears to have taken

the CRAZY TALES for his model, and has managed the ſubject with his wonted ingenious addreſs. They who are afflicted with the *tedium vitæ*, ſhould hold themſelves indebted to Mr. Colman, for furniſhing them with this volume, the peruſal of which muſt excite riſibility, and baniſh melancholy. On theſe conſiderations, we heartily recommend them to our friends and readers as active antidotes againſt the influence of the ſpleen.—We have often heard of the names Fielding, Sterne, Smollet, &c. mentioned with gratitude by *valetudinarians*, for the relief which a peruſal of their works afforded them; and we have reaſon for believing that theſe *Tales* will be no leſs effectual;—and that he may be juſtly accounted a benefactor to mankind, who contributes to the diminution of their pains.

Elements of General Knowledge, Introductory to uſeful books in the principal branches of Literature and Science; with liſts of the moſt approved Authors. Deſigned chiefly for the Junior Students in the Univerſities, and the higher claſſes in Schools. By HENRY KETT, B. D. *Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.*—London, 1802.

THE attention of the public has been ſo often ſolicited to books of this kind, and ſo often meagerly rewarded in their peruſal, that we might juſtly conſider ourſelves unworthy of credit, ſhould we recommend ſuch works, without being deeply impreſſed with an idea of their ſuperior merit. We are bold however in praiſing this publication, ſince we entertain no doubt of its value and importance. It manifeſts a clear and judicious method, extenſive and accurate ſcience, a correct and perſpicuous ſtyle, together with a ſtrong and lively mode of thinking. This paſſage from the author's preface, will give a better account of the work, than any we are able to offer.

"The following work contains the ſubſtance of a courſe of lectures, which I have occaſionally read to my pupils during the laſt twelve years. The ſatisfaction, which they expreſſed on hearing them, has encouraged me to hope, that they will not prove unacceptable to thoſe, for whoſe uſe they are now made public.

"To aſſert a claim to originality in ſuch a work as this, would perhaps only be equivalent to a confeſſion of its demerit. My pretenſions to public regard muſt depend in no ſmall degree upon the manner, in which I have clothed old ideas in a new dreſs, and upon my ſkill in compreſſing within a moderate compaſs the ſubſtance of large voluminous works. Upon all

my ſubjects I have endeavoured to reflect light from every quarter, which my reading would afford. My references, and the books mentioned in my appendix, will ſhow the ſources, from which I have derived my principal information: but it would be almoſt an endleſs, and perhaps a very oſtentatious taſk, to enumerate all my literary obligations.

"There are a few topics indeed, with reſpect to which I think I may be allowed to aſſert ſome claims to novelty. For many of my remarks on the Greek Language I am indebted principally to my own obſervations upon its nature and comparative merits. The *hiſtory* of *Chivalry*, important as the influence of that remarkable inſtitution has been upon manners, is a ſubject, upon which I have been able to collect little information from Engliſh Authors; and the hiſtory of the *revival of claſſical learning*, although a topic of the ſtrongeſt intereſt to every man of letters, has never been fully treated by any writer, with whoſe works I am acquainted.

"Many of my quotations are ſelected from ſuch books, as, either from the number of the volumes, their ſcarceneſs, or expenſe, do not frequently come within the reach of young men. If ſome of them are borrowed from more obvious and popular works, their peculiar beauty, ſtrength and appoſiteneſs, it is preſumed, will juſtify their introduction. But elegant as my quotations may be in point of ſtyle, concluſive as to reaſoning, or ſtriking as to the impreſſion they are calculated to make, they will not completely anſwer the intended purpoſe, if, while they raiſe a high opinion of the merit of their authors, they do not excite an eager curioſity to peruſe more of their works.

"If I ſhould be fortunate enough to ſucceed in procuring for eminent writers any additional degree of regard; if I ſhould excite a more ardent and more active attention to any branches of uſeful knowledge; and if the variety of my topics ſhould contribute to diffuſe more widely the light of general information and uſeful truth; I ſhall have the ſatisfaction to reflect, that my time has not been ſacrificed to a frivolous purpoſe, by thus endeavouring, in conformity with the occupations of the moſt valuable portion of my life, to inſtruct the riſing generation."

Our limits will not permit us to enter into a thorough inveſtigation of the propriety or impropriety of the ſentiments and doctrines, contained in this book: we will only mention, that we have ſcarcely ever followed a didactic writer through the variegated fields of literature with more pleaſure and approbation. We do not heſitate in declaring, that we think this work will prove an intereſting manual to every *Student*, and that the peruſal of it will by no means be unpleaſant to the accompliſhed *literati*. We preſent to our readers theſe paragraphs, which cloſe the chapter on eloquence.

"The eloquence of the moderns has rarely reached the ſtandard of excellence, which was erected by the ancients. The character of each is widely different. In Greece, the public ſpeaker was bold, impetuous and ſublime. In Rome, he was more declamatory, verboſe, flowery, and pathetic. Fenelon has thus ingeniouſly diſcriminated the eloquence of the two great orators of Greece and Rome. "After hearing an oration of Tully, 'how finely and eloquently has he expreſſed himſelf!' ſaid the Romans. After Demoſthenes had ſpoken, 'let us riſe and march againſt Phillip,' ſaid the Athenians." In England the public ſpeaker is cool and temperate, and addreſſes himſelf more to the reaſon of his audience, than to their paſſions. There is ſtill great ſcope for the diſplay of genius in the pulpit, at the bar, and in the houſes of parliament; and the path of fame is ſtill left open to riſing orators. The rules laid down by the ancients, as the principles involved in thoſe rules are of general utility, may be ſtudied to great advantage, although much judgment is neceſſary for their proper application; and attention muſt be paid to modern manners and to modern taſte.

"Many diſtinguiſhed examples of eloquence may be held up to the obſervation of the young orator; but he muſt avoid too cloſe an imitation, even of the moſt eminent. Let him ſtudy the moſt eſteemed works of his predeceſſors; let him frequently revolve, and even commit to memory, their productions, and repeat them with ſuitable voice and action: and let him rather in his own compoſitions endeavour to catch a portion of their ſpirit, than tread ſervilely in their ſteps. Demoſthenes was vehement, abrupt, energetic and ſublime Cicero was dignified, luminous, and copious. Chatham united the energy of the one to the elegance of the other. Mansfield was perſuaſive, delightful, and inſtructive. Burk was flowery, vivid, and fluent. Let the orator ſtudy to combine in his compoſitions their united excellence. Let him not, to uſe the appoſite and beautiful illuſtration of Quintilian, reſemble the ſtream, that is carried through a channel, formed by art for its courſe; but rather let him be like thoſe bold rivers, which overflow a whole valley; and where they do not find, can force a paſſage by their own natural impetuoſity and ſtrength."

We have not heard of the republication of this work in the UNITED STATES. If it has not yet been printed here, it is ſurely an object, that deſerves the attention of OUR BOOKSELLERS.

P. Adams

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

BY the death of J. Mackenzie, Eſq. the publication of the Original Poems of Oſſian is for the preſent ſuſpended. To this gentleman Mr. Macpherſon committed the original Celtic, from which he had tranſlated or made up his Engliſh Oſſian. A ſubſcription,

amounting to a thouſand pounds, for the purpoſe of publiſhing this original, was raiſed among the officers and others of the Highlands, in India, and remitted to Mr. Macpherſon. His ſon and heir (who had himſelf made a large fortune in the capacity of Britiſh Agent, for ten or twelve years, at the Court of the Nizam,) Mr. Macpherſon of Bailiville in Inverneſſhire refuſes or declines to give up the money ſo ſubſcribed. An action has been inſtituted againſt him, for the purpoſe of compelling him to give up the thouſand pounds, in the Court of Seſſions in Scotland, by Sir John Murray, in whoſe hands the money was placed, and by whom it was remitted to the elder Mr. Macpherſon. Mr. Mackenzie, whether truſting wholly to this fund, or actuated merely from motives of patriotiſm, and regard for the memory of his friend, had begun and made ſome progreſs in the printing of the original Oſſian, with the literal Latin Verſion. All expenſes were defrayed by Mr. Mackenzie from his own funds. His death, of courſe, ſuſpended the work ; and whether it will ever be reſumed, is thought a matter, that will depend on the iſſue of the ſuit, inſtituted by Sir John Murray againſt the ſon and heir of the *Oſſian* Mr. Macpherſon.

THE celebrated KALKBRENNER, Member of the Philotechnic Society of Paris, the Royal Academy of Stockholm, and the Philoharmonic Academy of Bologna, has lately publiſhed a book entitled "Hiſtoire de la Muſic;" of which an Engliſh Critic gives the following account.

"This work is the production of a diſtinguiſhed member of the Muſical Conſervatory. The author remarks, that ſince the death of the celebrated Ramau, *muſical literature* has been greatly neglected in France, and that but few are at preſent acquainted either with the theory or the mathematical principles, on which the art is founded. According to him, all the productions of the eighteenth century conſiſt entirely of compilations from thoſe of the ſixteenth and ſeventeenth.

"M. Kalkbrenner alſo preſents the reader with a hiſtory of his art. In his account of the inſtrumental muſic of the Hebrews, he affirms that it was extremely imperfect, and ſupports his opinions by the teſtimony of Profeſſor Pfeiffer, who has maintained

the ſame doctrine in a celebrated work written by him ſome time ſince. After this, he proceeds to examine the muſic of the Greeks; and although M. Buretto has publiſhed a variety of learned and curious obſervations on the ſame ſubject, thoſe, made by the author now before us are not deſtitute of intereſt. It is his deſign upon this occaſion, to demonſtrate that the muſic of the ancient Greeks had not attained a high degree of perfection; but he remarks, at the ſame time, that they have tranſmitted an infinite variety of precious inventions, on which the moderns have only improved. As for the Romans, we are told that every thing they knew, was borrowed from the Greeks, whom they imitated, but could not ſurpaſs, or even equal, more eſpecially in the muſical art.

"M. Kalkbrenner conſiders poſterity as greatly indebted to St. Ambroſe for having introduced a ſuitable manner of ſinging the praiſes of and adoring the Divinity, by the introduction of church-muſic; he alſo does juſtice to the ſcience of Pope Gregory, who improved the art, and had ſtudied the poets and muſicians of Greece with uncommon care. He laments, that, anterior to the Reformation, muſic was entirely monopolized by the clergy, againſt whom he, on many occaſions, exhibits the moſt implacable reſentment, and he rejoices greatly to think, that the laity are now admitted to a participation in this elegant amuſement."

THE Univerſity of Copenhagen lately propoſed the following queſtion: "Whether it would be advantageous to the literature of the North to ſubſtitute the uſe of the mythology of the North to that of the Greek mythology." Three memoirs on this ſubject have appeared, all very intereſting, and worthy to be taken into conſideration. That which has been adjudged the beſt, demonſtrates the neceſſity of retaining the Greek mythology, as the moſt cultivated and the moſt ingenious; the two others give the preference to the mythology of the North, as more proper to produce *chef d'œuvres* than the other, which has already produced ſo many, and which ſeems to be exhauſted.

A GREEK Poem has lately been publiſhed at Vienna, by Father AMBROSE POMPERY, conſiſting of 506 verſes, which have the ſame meaning, when read either backwards or forwards.

ACADEMY OF ARTS.

THE New-York Academy of Arts is now open. The gentlemen, under whoſe liberal patronage the inſtitution has been eſtabliſhed, muſt be pleaſed to find, though but at preſent in its infancy, that it exhibits a ſtately and elegant collection of ſtatuary and painting, at once uſeful and ornamental; uſeful to the ſtudent, ſolicitous regularly to cultivate the fine arts, and ornamental to the city, which has given it birth.

It is ſurely in an infant country a very intereſting exhibition, not only to artiſts, but to Americans at large.

In the rotunda of the Pantheon, the ſtudent may paſs his hours in uninterrupted ſtudy, cultivating his taſte by contemplating the moſt correct models of ancient ſculpture. Inſtitutions like this have, in the opinion of philoſophers and ſtateſmen, a tendency to ſoften and humanize the mind, and they have therefore made them the repoſitory of materials, on which genius may exerciſe its powers to advantage, and without which, the ſtrongeſt intellect may be fruitleſsly and deviouſly employed. It is their opinion, that by ſtudying theſe authentic models, that idea of excellence, which is the reſult of the accumulated experience of paſt ages, may at once be acquired. The ſtudent here receives at a ſingle glance the correct principles, which many artiſts have ſpent their whole lives in aſcertaining; and ſatisfied with their effect, he is ſpared the painful inveſtigation, by which they came to be known and fixed. In addition to the ſtatues and buſts, which at preſent adorn the Pantheon, will be ſhortly added correct copies of thoſe works of art, which formerly adorned the Italian galleries.

THE indefatigable Dr. MORSE has again ſent his AMERICAN GAZETTEER to the preſs of Meſſrs. *Thomas & Andrews* in Boſton. This new edition of that highly important work, we hear, is much amended, and enriched with many additional deſcriptions. The total ſale of the firſt edition, which was publiſhed in 1797, and which conſiſted of many thouſand copies, requires no other comment on its value and general eſtimation.

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY;

OR

Magazine of Polite Literature.

Vol. I.] JANUARY, 1804. [No. III.

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EDITED BY SYLVANUS PER-SE.

BOSTON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY *E. LINCOLN*, WATER-STREET.

1804.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor wiſhes, that thoſe correſpondents, who find their communications admitted, would always underſtand, that his ſincere gratitude for their favours, will be ever implied by his acceptation.

The Eſſay, entitled "THE MORAL EFFECTS OF A WELL MANAGED THEATRE," by Euripides, *is a judicious and elegant performance; but the liberty however of reſerving its publication, for a few months, is reſpectfully ſolicited.*

The author of what he terms, "Heraldric Mottos *for the preſent Dramatic Company in Boſton.—No. I.*" *may ſpare himſelf the trouble of continuing his ſubject. Many of his* Mottos *are inappropriate, and ſcandalous.*

Theatrical Criticiſms *muſt be deferred, till the contemplated enlargement of this publication is effected.*

The poetical trifles of "Xerxes," *and of* "Heſper," *are too rude to gain a welcome reception.*

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

JANUARY, 1804.

IN the following thoughts, an old friend is with pleasure recognized, whose odd combination of gravity and vivacity is calculated to make one half of the world rail at his ~~fickness~~, and the other half censure his levity. In this essay, he has united the "*utile cum dulci*;" and if some object to the humour, and others, to the severity of his remarks, all must unite in attributing them to the best feelings of the human heart.

THE EDITOR.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THOUGHTS ON DRESS.

PERHAPS no subject has occupied more attention, than *dress*. It is an end, which we propose in almost all our labours. Dress has stimulated ingenuity to the greatest variety of inventions. The vanity of the world keeps the world in motion. Dress spreads the sail, and opens the furrow. Dress is the pride of the infant in the lap, and of the over-grown child of thirty. Dress is the darling toy of the fair, and the chief accomplishment of the soldier. It calls into exercise the taste of mankind. Take away dress, and polished circles would have no subjects for criticism. The beauties of the age would sink into lifeless indifference. The busy would be reduced to idleness, and fools would return to insignificance. Spring-ships and Fall-ships would sail without the prayer, which is now breathed from a thousand gentle lips, for their success. The amusement of shopping, that relief of tediousness, would be suspended, and the heavy hours would wear away without one enlivening incident.

In writing on dress, it is necessary to proceed with caution. The manufacturer, the merchant, the statesman, all are interested in this weighty subject. Dress influences the cabinet of policy, as well as the toilet of beauty. The prosperity of nations is

connected with a paſſion for dreſs. England could not fight her battles without her broadcloths, nor France chain her enemies without her laces.

It is a ground of conſolation to the politician, that the ſpleen of moraliſts cannot affect the ſtate of ſociety. They may rail and ſneer; but the vain heart will ſtill beat high for ornament; the fair will ſtill ſeek to become more fair; and they who want underſtanding will ſtrive to compenſate the deficiency by outward ſhow. Man ever has been, and ever will be a ſuperficial being, contented with his trappings, and pleaſed with himſelf on account of the labours of the ſilk-worm.

It is however to be hoped, that there are ſome, whoſe obſervations on man have extended beyond the diſcovery of this eſſential property, "that he is capable of wearing clothes." It is to be hoped, there are ſome, who can conceive that the human head may be improved for a higher end, than to ſerve as a ſubſtratum for a hat or a bonnet. I do not wiſh to ſhock the age by venting abſurdities. I do not wiſh to ſubvert that foundation of all human knowledge, experience. I grant, that when a part has for time immemorial been applied to a particular uſe, we may conclude with great probability, that it was deſigned for that very end. But without wiſhing to deny the right application of the human head, by the faſhionable world, I would ſuggeſt the poſſibility, that it may have been deſigned to anſwer ſome other purpoſe than that of ornament. To thoſe who know this purpoſe by experience, my obſervations may be intereſting.

Is it not ſtrange, that man can be vain of his attire? Does he wear fine clothes? Let him give the credit to the weaver and the tailor. Is man a moral, intelligent being; and ſhall he ſwell with no higher ambition than the peacock? Surely the fluttering fop, who places all excellence in the cut and quality of his coat, if he ever poſſeſſed, muſt have wholly loſt the dignity of human nature.

It is a mark of a little mind to ſeek diſtinction by dreſs. That man, who leaves no higher character, than this, behind him, that he wore fine clothes, is more contemptible than filth and raggedneſs could make him. That man, whoſe converſation does not make us forget his dreſs, is unfit for human ſociety.

It is the mind, which conſtitutes the dignity of man. The powers of the mind are vaſt and enlarging. It is capable of clear conceptions and elevated ſentiments. It can propoſe high ends and comprehend mighty ſchemes. To ſee this lofty mind dwindling to the dimenſions of a wardrobe, deliberating with anxious ſolemnity on the colour of a waiſtcoat, the relations of a cape, or the fitneſs of a ſhoe; this is humbling indeed;—I bluſh for the name of man.—The mind derives its complexion from the ſubjects of attention and meditation. The narrow ſouls of coxcombs are therefore incapable of any thing excellent or glorious. To ſhine with their butterfly robes in the eyes of the fair is all their ambition. To find admittance by tender aſſiduities to hearts as narrow as their own is all their care. Were they capable of thought I would adviſe them to think, that the richeſt robe cannot cover poverty of mind, nor ſplendid apparel hide a groveling ſoul.

This paſſion for dreſs has been called a trifling weakneſs. What! Is it nothing to caſt away reaſon, to degrade the ſoul? Is it nothing to ſacrifice moral powers and feelings, to blaſt the hope and promiſe of our nature? If man is endowed with mind and a capacity of perceiving excellence, then this love of dreſs is worſe than ſuicide, and bears ſad teſtimony to the debaſement of his heart.

What improvement might we anticipate, if the time, which is now waſted in contriving and preparing articles of dreſs, were applied to the cultivation of the heart and the underſtanding? Ye vain, would you indeed be adorned? Seek the ornaments of truth, of purity, of benevolence. Theſe will clothe you in unfading glory. Theſe will be in faſhion through eternity. Do you deſire to acquire and feel importance, when you mingle with the world? Believe me, there is a conſciouſneſs of honeſt undeſigning goodneſs, that inſpires a confidence, and an eaſe, which the gaudineſs of foppery can never attain.

I do not wiſh to exclude all ornament from dreſs. It is a duty we owe ſociety, to preſent a decent and agreeable appearance. Every power of pleaſing is a talent, which increaſes our influence, and the good will improve with care this mean of uſefulneſs. But ornament ſhould be ſparingly uſed. Where there is beauty, we more frequently conceal, than heighten it

by the decorations of art. Where there is deformity, we only make it more diſguſting by attempting to convert it into beauty. Utility is the baſis of ornament. A Corinthian pillar reared to ſupport a ſhed would excite diſguſt. Nothing ſhould be introduced into dreſs for the mere ſake of ornament. This is the taſte of ſavages. W. E. Channing

The ends of dreſs are comfort and decency. When theſe are ſacrificed to ornament, we prove the corruption of our taſte. Dreſs, like the countenance, is an expreſſion of the ſoul. Simplicity of dreſs beſpeaks ſimplicity of character. Chaſte ornament marks the delicacy and purity of the mind.

The preſent age has improved in many reſpects on the cuſtoms of our fathers. We have ſhaken off many of the ſhackles of faſhion. But while we aſſert the liberty of dreſs, let us beware, leſt we become advocates of licentiouſneſs. Have we not reaſon to lament, that while we have dropped the ſtiffneſs and preciſion of our anceſtors, we have thrown off much of their decency? It is time to mourn, when men are called to bluſh for women, who forget to bluſh for themſelves. We pretend that we have eſcaped the infection of French principles; but we are deceived. We have imported the worſt of French corruptions, the want of female delicacy. The fair and the innocent have borrowed from the lewd the arts of ſeduction. They have expoſed the chaſte boſom to the gaze of wantonneſs, and have ſpread ſnares in the ſteps of unwary youth.

We naturally look to the female ſex as the guardians of purity. We look to women, to chaſten our minds, to poliſh our roughneſs, to mould us into delicacy. They have an intereſt in ſupporting the awful majeſty of virtue, in repreſſing the licentiouſneſs of thought, as well as of action. They are by nature weak and defenceleſs. They are ſtrong only in their modeſt charms and chaſte deportment. They have a common cauſe to maintain; and on purity of manners all their influence is founded. I repeat it, women have no ſhield but unſullied purity. If they wiſh to maintain their ground, they muſt take the whole armour of ſpotleſs innocence and undeſigning modeſty.

A woman, who ſeeks to influence the paſſions, is loſt to the delicacy of her nature. She has ſtripped herſelf of the rights and glory of her ſex. What then muſt we ſay of ſome, whom

we daily obſerve, whoſe dreſs is ſtudiouſly deſigned to diſplay the female form? Why do they tear off the veil of virgin modeſty? Why ſolicit our gaze? I will not charge them with the baſe deſign of kindling a lawleſs flame. They will ſhudder at the ſuggeſtion. But I warn them of the neceſſary conſequence of the prevailing modes of dreſs. I ſolemnly call upon them, not to render ſocial intercourſe contaminating. I admoniſh them not to truſt to the purity of men. I aſſure them, that on the female ſex the hopes of the virtuous, and the beauty and dignity of ſociety depend.

It has been aſſerted by ſome philoſophers, that the ſentiments of delicacy are factitious, that nature needs no diſguiſe, that we have only to bring up our children without raiment, and they will never bluſh at nakedneſs. All this may be true; but to us, who have aſſociated purity of character with the decencies of dreſs, ſuch reaſoning is unavailing. It would be dangerous for women to make the experiment. There is a charm thrown round a modeſt female. Let her not diſſolve it. There is a ſentiment of tender reſpect, with which we view her. It is a ſentiment too refined and delicate for the analyzing power of philoſophy. But on this ſubtle ſentiment the happineſs of the ſex is ſuſpended.

V. Adams CATO.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

On the Abſurdity of ſome Popular Opinions in Harvard College.

MR. PER-SE,

THE ſentiments of your late correſpondent over the ſignature of Philo-matheſis, appeared to me both applicable and juſt. Many judicious friends of our Univerſity have long lamented, that there ſhould be popular among the ſtudents opinions on genius ſo contracted, and ſo oppoſed to the true ſpirit of philoſophy.

I well recollect, that the ſame abſurd notions prevailed, when I was a member of that reſpectable ſeminary. If a perſon could ſcribble his exerciſes with great rapidity, though with ev-

er ſo little reflection; if he could divide an idea into a Johnſonian couplet or triplet, eſpecially if he could jingle in rhyme, though with equal diſregard to ſound and to ſenſe, he was generally and loudly extolled as an eminent genius. But the palm was the moſt readily aſſigned to him, who could beſt acquit himſelf before his inſtructors with the leaſt apparent ſtudy. Hence aroſe various competitions to gain by popular arts the reputation of a genius.

Some would endeavour to convince their fellow-ſtudents, that thoſe exerciſes, which obtained diſtinguiſhed applauſe, were written under peculiar diſadvantages; that they were interrupted by avocations, or compoſed in ſickneſs, or delayed to a period, which did not allow ſufficient time for mature reflection.

With the ſame end in view, it was uſual for others to aſpire after an elegant ſtyle. This was in their eſtimation totally incompatible with ſimplicity; nor did they commonly ſtop ſhort of "proſe run mad."

Others, to place their genius beyond diſpute, would inceſſantly court the muſes. They would take particular pains for ſecuring the *double mark* of the Engliſh Profeſſor to their poetical compoſitions. They would ſpout poetry in clubs. With borrowed ſignatures they would fill the poet's corner in newſpapers, and, at the ſame time, uſe every poſſible precaution not to remain unknown.

But the moſt ridiculous method to gain the applauſe of genius was to ſpend the day in diſſipation, and a greater part of the night in hard ſtudy. Several might be named, who cheriſhed this truly contemptible affectation. To their fellow-ſtudents they would wiſh to appear indolent; while with cloſed window-ſhutters they trimmed the midnight lamp over their claſſical authors. To aſſiſt the deluſion, they would pretend the next morning to know nothing of their leſſons; and thus aſtoniſh the claſs by their facility in reciting what coſt them no application.

It was alſo a common practice at the Univerſity, not many years ſince, to neglect ſeveral important ſtudies, leſt they ſhould prove detrimental to politer acquiſitions; or, in the language of Pope, leſt they ſhould "petrify a genius to a dunce." Hence to be fond of the Hebrew language rendered one's genius

ſuſpected; to be pleaſed with metaphyſics was ſuppoſed incompatible with true taſte; but to reliſh mathematics was a certain indication of a barren genius.

Againſt the ſtrong current of opinion few had the fortitude to ſtruggle. The abſtruſe ſciences were too generally neglected, and the lighter ſtudies purſued. Every one's talents were depreciated, who excelled only in the former; while thoſe, who made the greateſt proficiency in the latter, obtained the higheſt praiſe. So faſhionable were ſuch ſentiments, that a poet was once loudly applauded for expoſing to public contempt thoſe,

"Who read a Milton as they read a Pike."

To a liberal mind what can be more diſguſting than ſuch miſapplied ſatire? Admit that a perſon takes greater delight in mathematical ſtudies, than in any productions of fancy; will it follow that he poſſeſſes inferior talents? Muſt he for this reaſon be contented to bear the imputation of dulneſs? May he not, on the other hand, poſſeſs uncommon penetration? May he not be calculated to excel in ſeveral important branches of ſcience, though he peruſe poetry rather for the good ſenſe it contains, than for the brilliancy of its figures, or the harmony of its numbers? Suppoſe that his imagination is not exuberant, nor his invention ready; if his genius do not, like the poplar, ſpeedily grow to maturity, it may, like the majeſtic oak, ſlowly attain greater ſtrength, durability, and uſefulneſs.

The writer aforementioned repreſents the ſentiments here oppoſed as merely erroneous. He might as well have ſhown them to be highly injurious in their conſequences. For they naturally tend not only to diſcountenance ſome of the moſt uſeful ſtudies, but alſo to confer exalted merit on thoſe, who leaſt deſerve it.

They diſcountenance ſome of the moſt uſeful ſtudies. All, eſpecially youthful minds, are liable to be ſtrongly influenced by public opinion. Ambitious to excel, and "tremblingly alive" to reproach, with what difficulty will they be induced to purſue thoſe branches of ſcience, which have from any cauſe become unpopular? It muſt require a degree of independence, unuſual in the young, to proſecute inquiries, which are eſteemed by their aſſociates, as fit occupation only for the dull.

The opinions, I am conteſting, ſerve, in the next place, to confer exalted merit on thoſe, who leaſt deſerve it. They aſſign the meed of genius to perſons of ſhowy, though ſuperficial talents, and they refuſe it to the unaſſuming, though of vaſtly ſuperior powers and greater attainments.

But what is far worſe, they eventually tend not only to encourage, but to flatter the idle and the diſſipated. By aſſociating with the gay and the faſhionable world, theſe often acquire a gracefulneſs of manners and a facility at wit, which, united with a dauntleſs confidence, enable them to diſplay what little ſcience they collect to the beſt poſſible advantage. In the judgment of all, but the diſcerning few, they may greatly outſhine diſtinguiſhed ſcholars. For the latter by habits of retirement and cloſe reflection often contract a ſtiffneſs of manners and a heſitancy of expreſſion, which diſqualify them from readily exhibiting the knowledge they really poſſeſs.

Now, if the higheſt applauſes be conferred on thoſe, who principally confine their attention to the few popular branches, or what is worſe, if a ſtudent's talents be generally rated rather according to his imagined genius, than his actual attainments, how eſſentially muſt it injure the cauſe of general literature! How naturally will it promote that indolence of mind, which already finds too many allurements and palliations! Inſtances have not been wanting of thoſe, who, dreading the reputation of dulneſs, and ſeeking the ſhortlived applauſe of genius, have abandoned themſelves to all the extravagances of diſſipation and folly.

It is not pretended, that theſe ſtrictures apply in every particular, to the preſent ſtate of public opinion at Cambridge. The increaſing good habits of the ſtudents have of late been witneſſed by the beſt friends of the Univerſity with peculiar pleaſure, and it is ſincerely hoped, that they will continue the good work of reformation, till merit ſhall be impartially acknowledged, where merit is due, and till genius without application ſhall be eſteemed more truly diſgraceful, than pretenſions to learning without the reality.

STUDIOSUS.

J. Peirce

For the Monthly Anthology.

EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.—*No. I.*

Mr. Editor,

BELIEVING it your object, not only to make men wiser, but better, I wish through the medium of your publication to suggest some thoughts, which, I think, may conduce to the moral improvement of your readers.

To extend science, and cultivate the useful arts among mankind, are objects, which are worthy our assiduity, and deservedly secure applause; but I am always peculiarly pleased with that man, whose exertions are primarily directed at the melioration of the heart. Literary researches and works of refined imagination, are charming to lovers of science and taste. But as a very small proportion of mankind can be benefited by elaborate investigation and productions of fancy, we may diffuse our existence through a wider circle by accommodating ourselves to ordinary capacities. This is an object, we ought never to keep out of view. The glory of talents and influence is to point the way for the ignorant and thoughtless. We are to regulate the vagaries of youth, and correct the follies of riper years. So long as dignity and worth of character result from virtue, it is more worthy of the attention of the philosopher to make one good, than a thousand great. While real excellence consists in moral virtue, that greatness is only meanness in a splendid habit, which is unaccompanied with goodness.

I introduce myself, as one, who wishes to bring back from the broad road some deluded traveller. I wish to arrest the attention of those, who may have neglected the duties of sober life, and measured their greatness by the standard of human systems and fashions. There is so much exhibited in men and manners, which wears only the aspect of this world, that, I think, those, who wish well to their fellow-men, cannot perform a more friendly office, than invite attention to sober reflection. The occupations and circumstances of the greatest part in community render inconvenient the devotion of much time to serious purposes. To such I more particularly address myself, and shall endeavour to furnish such subjects, as may be attended

with edification in their leiſure hours. There are ſeaſons, in which all have opportunity for uſeful inquiries. The buſineſs of this world, I know, ought not to be omitted. Diligence is accompanied with many virtues, and prevents many vices. Policy would dictate the neceſſity of induſtry, if other motives did not exiſt. But we were made for both worlds, and by neglecting one, we neglect both.

Our evening hours are the moſt, the greateſt proportion of men can devote to the cultivation of the mind. This is a ſeaſon, when many circumſtances concur to lead us to profitable reflections. When the labours of the day are ſuſpended, and the tumult of buſineſs is over, the mind may be more collected and tranquil; and we may enjoy intercourſe with our friends without injury to other intereſts. When we conſider how theſe occaſions are commonly perverted by idle amuſements and ſinful indulgences, it will not be deemed impertinent and unintereſting to illuſtrate danger, and attempt correction. I am ſenſible the taſte of ſome will be againſt me. Moralizing is conſidered by ſome an old faſhioned amuſement. It is ſo oppoſed to their favourite purſuits, that it becomes irkſome. The taſte of men is ſo ſtrangely perverted, that thoughts of ſobriety and correct conduct are ſeldom cheriſhed. The grave ſentimentaliſt is charged with unneceſſary preciſion and auſterity, and as being more fit for the order of St. Francis, than the buſineſs of this world. I believe our danger is not in too much virtue and religion. I would equally diſclaim that enthuſiaſm, which is not tempered by ſober reaſon, with that coldneſs and verſatility, which make all principles equally true, and none uniformly operative. I conſider *real* religion the philoſopher's ſtone, which turns all things into gold. With it we are every thing, without it nothing.

Hoping that my exertions may contribute in ſome degree to the reformation of my fellow-men, I ſhall endeavour to expoſe in ſome future eſſays the errors of thoſe, whoſe evening entertainments are confined to vain and debaſing employments, and direct attention to ſuch, as may ſubſerve their preſent and future happineſs.

P. Adams

For the Monthly Anthology.

DESULTORY REMARKS

ON THE FINE ARTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

[*A continuation of those in page* 51 *and* 52.]

It is ardently expected by all the lovers of Virtu in America, that the youth of this country may be enabled to purſue their ſtudies to advantage under the patronage of the rich and powerful. There is more national honour accruing from the culture of the fine arts, than is commonly ſuppoſed. While we take a retroſpective view of the earlier ages, eſpecially of thoſe, in which Greece and Rome were flouriſhing in all their vernal glory, we find that much of the heroiſm, which was then ſo generally conſpicuous, was derived from their incitements to individual virtue. We all know that the higher order of families in Rome gained their importance from the great exploits of their anceſtors, and that thoſe exploits were perpetuated by ſtatues, and other inſtitutions of art, commemorative of their valour.

It would be a deſirable object, if the principal actions, in which General Washington was engaged, could be duly illuſtrated either by the painter, or the ſtatuary; and that the great ornaments, who have flouriſhed among us, and defended the cauſe of public virtue ſo ſtrenuouſly, could have their figures repreſented by the chiſel of an American artiſt to fill the *niches* of the *Capitol*. It is unqueſtionably in the magic of contemplated greatneſs to call forth emotions of honourable emulation in the boſom, which might not have had exiſtence, or, at leaſt, might not have had the ſame impelling energies, without the operation of ſuch a cauſe.

We preſume to think, that there is a degree of culpability, expreſſed by this nation, in their not giving a more general encouragement to the cultivation of the fine arts. That we poſſeſs genius, is clearly proved by thoſe illuſtrious painters, whom we have before mentioned. Why then ſhould not we, who are rich and mighty, give as ample maintainance to theſe refined sisters, as the ſmall States of Greece did, who had much ſmaller means for their ſupport? Perhaps it would be expedient for

our ſeveral States to have ſome prominent deed of glory, as achieved by a native, painted and placed in their LEGISLATIVE HALLS. Such a reſolution might effect wonders; and, by giving additional veneration to departed greatneſs, might lay a foundation for actions, that would importantly ſerve the Republic.

J. de. Williams, alias Anthony Pasquin

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

[Continued from page 70.]

ON mentioning my little plan to C——, he treated it with the utmoſt contempt; and told me in his turn, that as I had learned enough, and more than enough, at ſchool, he muſt be conſidered as having fairly diſcharged his duty, (ſo indeed he had); he added that he had been negotiating with his couſin, a ſhoemaker, of ſome reſpectability, who had liberally agreed to take me without a fee, as an apprentice. I was ſo ſhocked at this intelligence, that I did not remonſtrate; but went in ſullenneſs and ſilence to my new maſter, to whom I was ſoon after bound,* till I ſhould attain the age of twenty-one.

The family conſiſted of four journeymen, two ſons about my own age, and an apprentice ſomewhat older. In theſe there was nothing remarkable; but my maſter himſelf was the ſtrangeſt creature! He was a preſbyterian, whoſe reading was entirely confined to the ſmall tracts publiſhed on the Exeter Controverſy. As theſe (at leaſt his portion of them) were all on one ſide, he entertained no doubt of their infallibility, and being noiſy and diſputatious, was ſure to ſilence his opponents; and became in conſequence of it intolerably arrogant and conceited. He was not, however, indebted ſolely to his knowledge of the ſubject for his triumph. He was poſſeſſed of Fenning's Dictionary, and he made a moſt ſingular uſe of it. His cuſtom was to fix on any word in common uſe, and then to get by heart the

* My indenture, which now lies before me, is dated, 1ſt January, 1772.

ſynonim, or periphraſis, by which it was explained in the book; this he conſtantly ſubſtituted for the other, and as his opponents were commonly ignorant of his meaning, his victory was complete.

With ſuch a man I was not likely to add much to my ſtock of knowledge, ſmall as it was; and indeed nothing could be ſmaller. At this period, I had read nothing but a black letter romance called Pariſmus and Pariſmenus, and a few looſe Magazines, which my mother had brought from South Molton. The Bible, indeed, I was well acquainted with; it was the favourite ſtudy of my grandmother, and reading it frequently with her, had impreſſed it ſtrongly on my mind. Theſe then, with the imitation of Thomas ā Kempis, which I uſed to read to my mother on her death-bed, conſtituted the whole of my literary acquiſitions.

As I hated my new profeſſion with a perfect hatred, I made no progreſs in it; and was conſequently little regarded in the family, of which I ſunk by degrees into the common drudge. This did not much diſquiet me; for my ſpirits were now humbled. I did not however quite reſign the hope of one day ſucceeding Mr. Hugh Smerdon, and therefore ſecretly proſecuted my favourite ſtudy, at every interval of leiſure.

Theſe intervals were not very frequent, and when the uſe I made of them was found out, they were rendered ſtill leſs ſo. I could not gueſs the motives for this at firſt; but at length I diſcovered that my maſter deſtined his youngeſt ſon for the ſituation to which I aſpired.

I poſſeſſed at this time but one book in the world: it was a treatiſe on Algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging houſe. I conſidered it as a treaſure; but it was a treaſure locked up: for it ſuppoſed the reader to be well acquainted with ſimple equation, and I knew nothing of the matter. My maſter's ſon had purchaſed Fenning's Introduction. This was preciſely what I wanted; but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for ſtumbling upon his hiding place. I ſat up for the greateſt part of ſeveral nights ſucceſſively, and, before he ſuſpected that his treatiſe was diſcovered, had completely maſtered it. I could

now enter upon my own; and that carried me pretty far into the ſcience.

This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one. Pen, ink and paper, therefore, (in deſpite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford) were, for the moſt part, as completely out of my reach, as a crown and ſceptre. There was indeed a reſource; but the utmoſt caution and ſecrecy were neceſſary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as ſmooth as poſſible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl; for the reſt, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.

Hitherto I had not ſo much as dreamt of poetry. Indeed I ſcarce knew it by name; and, whatever may be ſaid of the force of nature, I certainly never "liſped in numbers." I recollect the occaſion of my firſt attempt: It is, like all the reſt of my non-adventures, of ſo unimportant a nature, that I ſhould bluſh to call the attention of the idleſt reader to it, but for the reaſon alleged in the introductory paragraph. A perſon, whoſe name eſcapes me, had undertaken to paint a ſign for an ale-houſe. It was to be a lion, but the unfortunate artiſt produced a dog. On this awkward affair one of my acquaintance wrote a copy of what he called verſes. I liked it, but fancied I could compoſe ſomething more to the purpoſe. I tried, and by the unanimous ſuffrage of my ſhop-mates was allowed to have ſucceeded. Notwithſtanding this encouragement, I thought no more of verſe, till another occurrence, as trifling as the former, furniſhed me with a freſh ſubject: and ſo I went on, till I had gotten together about a dozen of them. Certainly nothing on earth was ever ſo deplorable. Such as they were, however, they were talked of in my little circle, and I was ſometimes invited to repeat them, even out of it. I never committed a line to paper for two reaſons: firſt, becauſe I had no paper; and ſecondly—Perhaps I might be excuſed from going farther. But in truth I was afraid; for my maſter had already threatened me, for inadvertently hitching the name of one of his cuſtomers into a rhyme.

The repetitions, of which I ſpeak, were always attended with applauſe, and ſometimes with favours more ſubſtantial. Little

collections were now and then made, and I have received sixpence in an evening. To me, who had long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed like a Peruvian mine. I furnished myself by degrees with paper, &c. and, what was of more importance, with books of geometry, and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously concealed. Poetry even at this time was no amusement of mine. It was subservient to other purposes; and I only had recourse to it, when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits.

But the clouds were gathering fast. My master's anger was raised to a terrible pitch by my indifference to his concerns, and still more by the reports, which were daily brought to him of my presumptuous attempts at versification. I was required to give up my papers, and when I refused, my garret was searched, my little hoard of books discovered and removed, and all future repetitions prohibited in the strictest manner.

This was a severe stroke, and I felt it most sensibly. It was followed by another severer still; a stroke, which crushed the hopes I had so long and so fondly cherished, and reduced me at once to despair. Mr. Hugh Smerdon, on whose succession I had calculated, died, and was succeeded by a person not much older than myself, and certainly not so well qualified for the situation.

I look back to that part of my life, which immediately followed this event, with little satisfaction. It was a period of gloom and savage unsociability. By degrees I sunk into a kind of corporeal torpor; or, if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances compassion had yet left me. So I crept on in silent discontent, unfriended and unpitied; indignant at the present, careless of the future, an object at once of apprehension and dislike.

From this state of abjectness I was raised by a young woman of my own class. She was a neighbour; and whenever I took my solitary walk, with my Wolfius in my pocket, she usually came to the door, and by a smile, or a short question put in the friendliest manner, endeavoured to solicit my attention. My heart had been long shut to kindness; but the sentiment was not dead within me. It revived at the first encouraging word:

and the gratitude I felt for it, was the firſt pleaſing ſenſation, I had ventured to entertain for many dreary months.

Together with gratitude, hope and other paſſions ſtill more enlivening, took place of that uncomfortable gloomineſs, which ſo lately poſſeſſed me. I returned to my companions, and by every winning art in my power, ſtrove to make them forget my former repulſive ways. In this I was not unſucceſsful. I recovered their good-will, and became by degrees ſomewhat of a favourite.

My maſter ſtill murmured; for the buſineſs of the ſhop went on no better, than before. I comforted myſelf, however, with the reflection, that my apprenticeſhip was drawing to a concluſion, when I determined to renounce the employment forever, and to open a private ſchool.

In this humble and obſcure ſtate, poor beyond the common lot, yet flattering my ambition with day-dreams, which perhaps would never have been realized, I was found in the twentieth year of my age by Mr. William Cookeſley, a name never to be pronounced by me without veneration. The lamentable doggerel, which I have already mentioned, and which had paſſed from mouth to mouth among people of my own degree, had by ſome accident or other reached his ear, and gave him a curioſity to inquire after the author.

It was my good fortune to intereſt his benevolence. My little hiſtory was not untinctured with melancholy, and I laid it fairly before him. His firſt care was to conſole; his ſecond, which he cheriſhed to the laſt moment of his exiſtence, was to relieve and ſupport me.

Mr. Cookeſley was not rich. His eminence in his profeſſion, which was that of a ſurgeon, procured him indeed much employment; but in a country town, men of ſcience are not the moſt liberally rewarded. He had beſides, a very numerous family, which left him little for the purpoſes of general benevolence. That little however was cheerfully beſtowed, and his activity and zeal were always at hand to ſupply the deficiencies of his fortune.

On examining into the nature of my literary attainments, he found them abſolutely nothing. He heard however with equal ſurpriſe and pleaſure, that, amidſt the groſſeſt ignorance of

books, I had made a very considerable progress in the mathematics. He engaged me to enter into the details of this affair; and when he had learned, that I had made it in circumstances of discouragement and danger, he became more warmly interested in my favour, and he now saw a possibility of serving me.

The plan, that occurred to him, was naturally that, which so often suggested itself to me. There were indeed several obstacles to be overcome: I had eighteen months yet to serve; my hand-writing was bad, and my language very incorrect; but nothing could slacken the zeal of this excellent man. He procured a few of my poor attempts at rhyme, dispersed them among his friends and acquaintances, and when my name was become somewhat familiar to them, set on foot a subscription for my relief. I still preserve the original paper; its title was not very magnificent, though it exceeded the most sanguine wishes of my heart. It ran thus: "a subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in writing and English grammar." Few contributed more than five shillings, and none went beyond ten and sixpence. Enough however was collected to free me from my apprenticeship, (the sum my master received was six pounds,) and to maintain me for a few months, during which I assiduously attended the Rev. Thomas Smerdon.

At the expiration of this period, I found that my progress, (for I will speak the truth in modesty,) had been more considerable than my patrons expected. I had also written in the interim several little pieces of poetry, less rugged, I suppose, than my former ones, and certainly with fewer anomalies of language. My preceptor too spake favourably of me; and my benefactor, who was now become my father and my friend, had little difficulty in persuading my patrons to renew their donations, and continue me at school for another year. Such liberality was not lost upon me; I grew anxious to make the best return in my power, and I redoubled my diligence. Now, when I am sunk into indolence, I look back with some degree of scepticism to the exertions of that period.

In two years and two months from the day of my emancipation, I was pronounced by Mr. Smerdon fit for the University. The plan of opening a writing school had been abandoned

almoſt from the firſt; and Mr. Cookeſley looked round for ſome one, who had intereſt enough to procure me ſome little office at Oxford.

(To be continued.)

For the Monthly Anthology.

"AUT CÆSAR, AUT NULLUS."

EMINENT talents are leſs the gift of nature, than the fruit of perſevering exerciſe of the mental powers. To call them forth by holding within reach great and intereſting objects is therefore generally ſufficient to form an elevated character. When objects of this nature are wanting, or when they are not exhibited in a ſtriking light; ſuch, as are trifling or pernicious, generally intrude themſelves, and render the mind taſteleſs, groveling, or vicious. Hence we may trace that remarkable oppoſition of character, which diſtinguiſhes the great and good from the low and vile. It is not enough to *know*, what is worthy our attention; our *feelings* muſt be engaged in the purſuit; the torch of genius muſt be lighted at the altar of enthuſiaſm. Ambition is the moving power, that gives direction to the united vigour of the paſſions. It confers a ſuperiority over the kindred ſons of mortality, conducts all the energy of the mind in a ſingle channel, and ſeldom fails of realizing its moſt daring conceptions. When it aims at true greatneſs and the good of mankind, it inſpires activity, enlivens the germs of virtue and excellence, diffuſes peace and happineſs, and thus becomes the ſun of the ſphere, it enlightens. But when, guided by falſe ideas of glory, it ſeeks perſonal advantage at the expenſe of juſtice, erects its trophies on ſcenes of deſolation and ſlaughter; or when, like Cæſar, it turns parricide, and, mounting on the proſtrate liberties of its country, it eſtabliſhes a throne of deſpotiſm on the bodies of her murdered patriots; heaven's fierceſt wrath can ſcarcely ſend a fitter miniſter of vengeance.

But miſcreants, like theſe, ambition diſclaims, as a ſpurious breed; yet the misjudging world obſtinately perſiſts in viewing them, as her legitimate offspring. The Cæſars and the Robeſpieres are called ambitious, becauſe they ſought to eſtabliſh their own power and aggrandizement, on the ruins of public liberty

and happineſs ; while Cato and Waſhington are called *unambitious*, becauſe they ſacrificed perſonal views to the good of their country. We ſhall ſee how unjuſtly in both caſes. The former no doubt ſought their own happineſs, and ſuppoſed it conſiſted in poſſeſſion of power, and the anticipation of immortal fame. The firſt they acquired, and vainly imagined, they could now ſilence the cries of injured innocence, and ſtifle the groans of murdered liberty. They now thought to drench that country in Lethean dews, where an inundation of blood ſubſiding had left a noiſome ſediment of crimes. By teaching the hiſtorian to concentrate the rays of thoſe actions, which had the ſemblance of greatneſs, they thought to dazzle the eyes of ſcrutinizing poſterity, and to miſlead their judgment by raiſing their wonder. Deluded parricides ! your tyrannic authority can never varniſh your fraud, treachery, and cruelty. Enjoy your power in oppreſſing your country ; but the curſes of poſterity, while a tongue remains to utter them, ſhall not ceaſe to blaſt the memory of the murderer of Cato and the aſſaſſin of Louis XVI.

Wretched indeed muſt be the man, who reaches the ſummit of power by injuſtice. Conſcious, that he has violated the rights, and juſtly incurred the hatred of a whole people, he becomes ſuſpicious, cruel and revengeful. He lives the victim of terror and remorſe, till death in compaſſion delivers him from the hell of living. When gratitude in her lonely walk ſhall ſtop, and ſhed a tear on the grave, where ſleeps the ſlaughtered patriot ; her curſes on the enemy of freedom will riſe to heaven, and blacken the catalogue of his offences. Is this the fruit of ambition ? Let not ambition be thus degraded ; call it infatuation, madneſs, any thing rather than ambition.

But where is he, who makes the happineſs of mankind the baſis of his own ; who builds the edifice of his fame on their benedictions ? When ſucceſs attends his exertions, the acclamations of the world will acknowledge him their friend and patron ; and even ſhould he fail of his generous purpoſe, he will receive ample reward from the approbation of a grateful few, and above all from the internal teſtimony of conſcious rectitude.

Let nothing damp our ardour in purſuit of excellence. Poor and mean ſpirited muſt be the wretch, who ſtops ſhort in the aſcent of glory, ſoothing himſelf with reaſons debaſing, as theſe;

"I could not reach the ſummit, were I to perſevere. My talents are unequal to the taſk. Beſides a thouſand others are purſuing the ſame courſe, and will not fail to impede me by envy and detraction. Let others exhauſt their youth and vigour in the uſeleſs purſuit, I am ſure of being more happy in ſauntering where inclination leads." Contemptible mortal, was it thus, the great men, who illumine hiſtory, checked the riſing germ of ambition, and blaſted their future glory? Had Demoſthenes and Cicero reaſoned thus, thoſe pillars of eloquence might have remained unhewn in the foreſt. Had Ariſtides, Socrates, and Cato reaſoned thus, in vain ſhould we ſeek the annals of Greece and Rome for thoſe models of virtue and patriotiſm. Had Waſhington reaſoned thus, where would America have found a hero, to fight her battles; a ſage, to enlighten her legiſlators; and a patriot, whoſe magnanimity could have reſiſted the temptation to enſlave her?

The powers of the mind can be known only by exerting them; let us therefore concentrate their force by directing them to *one* great end. Whence ariſes the mortifying truth, that for one illuſtrious genius the pride of human nature is daily humbled by thouſands, who live and die unnoticed even by contempt? Can it be ſaid that objects are wanting to ſtimulate purſuit, while innumerable worlds of ſcience remain trackleſs and unexplored? If we caſt our eyes on the boſom of ſleeping Aſia, can we ſay, ſhe wants not patriots and heroes, to rouſe her from her ſlumbers? Does not the wretched barbariſm of Africa promiſe celeſtial honours to ſome Confucius or Pythagoras, who will teach her the arts and morals of civilized life? Does not deſponding Europe ſigh for her Solons, her Lycurguſes, and her Catos? Even our own beloved country, through the gloom of ſorrow for the loſs of her Waſhington, looks on us, her children, and, while a ray of hope brightens her countenance, we hear her ſay, "Which of you now will be my Waſhington?" Every heart beats high at the ſound; every voice exclaims, "Aut Waſhington, aut nullus?" A band of heroes, patriots, ſages advance with emulous trepidation. Poſterity waits the termination of a career ſo noble, and impartial fame poiſes in one hand her impartial ſcale, and exhibits in the other the wreath of immortal glory, to crown the victor!

P.

SELECTIONS.

HISTORY has been termed, by a juſt and well known definition, philoſophy inſtructing by examples; but the nature of the doctrine will always be conſiderably influenced by the temper, views, and prejudices of the hiſtorian; and that writer muſt be highly culpable, who, before he undertakes the taſk of directing the opinions of mankind on the moſt important ſubjects, omits examining with candour and diligence, the feelings, limits, and bias of his own mind, eſtimating his means of information, and earneſtly ſeeking to diſcover with a view of mitigating their effects, the predilections, antipathies, hopes, and fears, by which he is actuated. If theſe are ſuffered to operate in diſcolouring the narrative, which ought to be given with the utmoſt candour, the author is guilty of a fraud in announcing his work as a *hiſtory*. It is, at the utmoſt, but an hiſtorical eſſay, in which the writer, aſſuming the part of a diſputant, bends facts, characters and circumſtances to his own views; falſifies, ſuppreſſes, or perverts them to ſuit his purpoſes, and inſtead of informing, ſeeks only to perſuade, ſeduce, or corrupt the reader. ADOLPHUS.

IT is a traditionary tale of his country, that almoſt in infancy, the great Lord Mansfield was accuſtomed to declaim upon his native mountains the moſt celebrated ſpeeches of Cicero and Demoſthenes, and his own inimitable tranſlations.

LIVES OF EMINENT LAWYERS.

MANY deſcriptions are given of the eloquence of Lord Chatham: but of them all, whether written by Mr. Burke, Wilkes, the author of Junius, Frederic of Pruſſia, the Abbè Raynal, or Lord Cheſterfield, that written by the laſt ſtrikes me as the cleareſt and perhaps the moſt accurate. "His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative, as well as in the declamatory way. But his invectives were terrible, and uttered with ſuch energy of diction, and ſuch dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated thoſe, who were the moſt willing and the leaſt able to encounter him. Their arms fell out of their hands, and they ſhrunk under the aſcendant, which his genius gained over theirs." LIFE OF CHATHAM.

For the Monthly Anthology.

THE NIGHT OF A BACHELOR.

Mr. Per-se,

I WAS charmed with the "WINTER NIGHT" of a married man in your laſt number. I ſend you the NIGHT of a BACHELOR, in proſe, for I want the influence of love to kindle feeling into poetry. I have but one wing, and how can I ſoar?

"*Come gentle Night,*
"*Thou ſober ſuited matron.*" SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN the buſineſs and brawl of the day are over, the pleaſures of the man of taſte and feeling begin. From the buſtle of the world, he retires to the true enjoyments of his nature. The giddy and the gay he leaves to purſuits, which do not originate in ſentiment, or terminate in improvement. He connects himſelf with infinity in his range of thought, and unites with every ſentient being in the expanſion of feeling. In the juſt exerciſe of his powers he attains to the dignity and indulges in the prerogatives of his rank.

I love thee, "ſober ſuited night." In thy ſtill hours, and ſheltered by thy ſhades, I catch all the joys of freedom. The impulſes of intellect and humanity keep me in activity, which refreſhes. My ſolitary retreat is Adam's Paradiſe, and I indulge to rapture.

Ye gay and giddy beings, who find no pleaſure but in the crowd, and in the ſports of the crowd, who flee to the world and its bald amuſements to eſcape from yourſelves, liſten to the biography of a ſtranger. Perhaps you may envy his fortune, when he boaſts of pleaſure. Luckily it can be obtained without money or without price. It needs but the will to be acquired, and its acquiſition is attended with too many delights ever to be reſigned, but for the fire-ſide enjoyments of love.

When the ſhades of night have fallen, and I ſit gazing at my fading embers in momentary relaxation, memory wakes and buſies with a thouſand tales the time ſhe ſteals. She talks of all the dear delights of paſt days, and hurries me to the faireſt ſcenes of early life. I wander over the play place of my boyiſh years. I con over my taſk without its wonted toils, and play truant without the faithful rod. I run home again with joy, and renew the pleaſures of thoughtleſs innocence. Domeſtic de-

lights, college ſcenes and all the buſy parts of youth recur. Year after year rolls on, and to filial and friendly affections ſucceeds a more genial glow. I remember the firſt time I handed my fair one a roſe, and enjoy the bluſh, that betrayed its glad acceptance. I think on—no, I feel the faſcination, that then, that now bewitches me, and almoſt forget, that my ſigh is not the full ſwelling of hope. My heart beats quick. I give a tear to deſpair, and ſtrive to feel, that I once was happy. The viſion of ſome confidential friend here calls up our ſympathy, our emulation and ſocial labours. The concomitant ſcenes ruſh upon my mind. Fancy fills up the ſpace of abſence, and hope places him in the progreſs to happineſs.

But the ſecluſion of night is not ſacred to the grateful viſions and dear deluſions of feeling. The head muſt improve the advantages of ſolitude, and, after the toil of profeſſional inquiry, is to be refreſhed by the pages of philoſophy and taſte. I become the diſciple of genius. Nature is wonderful, but of all her wonders, the moſt engaging is the mind, that developes her myſteries. While I wonder at the diſcloſure of her vaſt, her minute, her complicate machinery, I enjoy the delight of her ſucceſsful inveſtigator. Cold is the heart and robbed of half its bliſs, that feels no intereſt in the purſuits of the ſpy and hiſtorian of nature. I catch him in the midſt of his reſearches. I lean over and languiſh at the tardy and doubtful progreſs of experiment. I throb with all his anxiety, and indulge in his triumph at the diſcovery of new forms and new relations. I trace his cares, his ſchemes, his perplexities, and his reſults, and venerate the locks, that thought has whitened for age. From philoſophy I wander into the fairy land of fancy. I mark her whole creation, which is modelled on nature without her neceſſities, and regulated from reaſon, yet without her preciſion. I ſee the ſcene ſtarting in the poet's mind—I behold it expand—The actors thicken—the plot grows deep—fate hangs upon a hair, and who dares cut it? Whoſe heart has not beat quick? Whoſe eye has been dry? Who has not ruſhed to act in the moment of deluſion, when genius has put her ſpell on ſenſe, and annihilated time and place and circumſtance?

The clock ſtrikes twelve. A grateful avocation ſtill remains. In the bible, I ſeek the will of my Father, his counſels and my

duties. From his word, which teaches me what I am, and his promiſes, which inform me what I may be, I derive a joy, which the world cannot give, nor take away. I kneel with hope and gratitude before his throne, and with confidence in his mercy commend all my fellow-men to his holy keeping. "Our father, who art in heaven," what thought more enlivening to the child on earth! Overſhadow us with thy wings, keep us in the hollow of thy hand.

Such is the night of a rational recluſe, whom fortune and inclination have made a ſeceder from ſociety. And who ſhall deride his tranquil pleaſures by comparing them with the orgies of folly and deluſion, or the gay amuſements of a giddy world? If the heart there throb, it is with diſguſt. If the eye there languiſh, it is at vanity. Sleep is to them but the freedom of madneſs, and all its dreams, the vagaries of a frantic fancy. Soft is the pillow to my head. The ſlumber, earned by toil, is quiet; and, if a viſion ſteals through my mind, it ſeems a viſit from ſome kind angel to cheer me for a well cloſed day.

BOETIUS.

MEMOIRS
OF
WILLIAM COLLINS;
WITH OBSERVATIONS ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS.

[Continued from page 79.]

HORACE ſpeaks of the fidelity of the ear in preference to the uncertainty of the eye; but, if the mind receives conviction, it is certainly of very little importance through what medium, or by which of the ſenſes it is conveyed. The impreſſions left on the imagination may poſſibly be thought leſs durable, than the depoſits of the memory. But it may very well admit of a queſtion, whether a concluſion of reaſon, or an impreſſion of imagination will ſooneſt make its way to the heart. A moral precept, conveyed in words, is only an account of truth in its effects; a moral picture is truth exemplified; and which is moſt likely to gain upon the affections, it may not be difficult to determine.

This however must be allowed, that those works approach the nearest to perfection, which unite these powers and advantages; which at once influence the imagination, and engage the memory; the former by the force of animated and striking description, the latter by a brief but harmonious conveyance of precept. Thus, while the heart is influenced through the operation of the passions, or the fancy, the effect, which might otherwise have been transient, is secured by the co-operating power of the memory, which treasures up in a short aphorism the moral of the scene.

This is a good reason, and this perhaps is the only reason, that can be given, why our dramatic performances should generally end with a chain of couplets. In these the moral of the whole piece is usually conveyed; and that assistance, which the memory borrows from rhyme, as it was probably the original cause of it, gives it usefulness and propriety even there.

After these apologies for the *descriptive* turn of the odes of Mr. Collins, something remains to be said on the origin and use of *allegory* in poetical composition.

By this we are not to understand the trope in the schools, which is defined *aliud verbis, aliud sensu ostendere*, and of which Quintilian says, *Usus est, ut tristia dicamus melioribus verbis, aut bonæ rei gratia quædam contrariis significemus*, &c. It is not the verbal, but the sentimental allegory, not allegorical expression, (which indeed might come under the term of *metaphor*) but allegorical imagery, that is here in question.

When we endeavour to trace this species of figurative sentiment to its origin, we find it coeval with literature itself. It is generally agreed, that the most ancient productions are poetical, and it is certain, that the most ancient poems abound with allegorical imagery.

If then it be allowed, that the first literary productions were poetical, we shall have little or no difficulty in discovering the origin of allegory.

At the birth of letters, in the transition from hieroglyphical to literal expression, it is not to be wondered if the custom of expressing ideas by personal images, which had so long prevailed, should still retain its influence on the mind, though the use of letters had rendered the practical application of it superfluous.

Thoſe who had been accuſtomed to expreſs ſtrength by the image of an elephant, ſwiftneſs by that of a panther, and courage by that of a lion, would make no ſcruple of ſubſtituting, in letters, the ſymbols for the ideas they had been uſed to repreſent.

Here we plainly ſee the origin of *allegorical expreſſion*, that it aroſe from the *aſhes* of hieroglyphics; and if to the ſame cauſe we ſhould refer that figurative boldneſs of ſtyle and imagery, which diſtinguiſh the oriental writings, we ſhall perhaps conclude more juſtly, than if we ſhould impute it to the ſuperior grandeur of eaſtern genius.

From the ſame ſource with the *verbal*, we are to derive the *ſentimental* allegory, which is nothing more than a continuation of the metaphorical, or ſymbolical expreſſion of the ſeveral agents in an action, or the different objects in a ſcene.

The latter moſt peculiarly comes under the denomination of allegorical imagery; and in this ſpecies of allegory we include the imperſonation of paſſions, affections, virtues and vices, &c. on account of which, principally, theſe odes were properly termed by their author allegorical.

With reſpect to the utility of this figurative writing, the ſame arguments, that have been advanced in favour of deſcriptive poetry, will be of weight likewiſe here. It is indeed from imperſonation, or, as it is commonly termed, perſonification, that poetical deſcription borrows its chief powers and graces. Without the aid of this, moral and intellectual painting would be flat and unanimated, and even the ſcenery of material objects would be dull without the introduction of fictitious life.

Theſe obſervations will be moſt effectually illuſtrated by the ſublime and beautiful odes that occaſioned them; in thoſe, it will appear, how happily this allegorical painting may be executed by the genuine powers of poetical genius, and they will not fail to prove its force and utility by paſſing through the imagination to the heart.

ODE TO PITY.

" BY *Pella's* Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:

Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy ſky-worn robes of tendereſt blue,
And eyes of dewy light!"

The propriety of invoking Pity through the mediation of *Euripides* is obvious. That admirable poet had the keys of all the tender paſſions, and therefore could not but ſtand in the higheſt eſteem with a writer of Mr. Collins' ſenſibility. He did indeed admire him, as much as Milton profeſſedly did, and probably for the ſame reaſons. But we do not find that he has copied him ſo cloſely, as the laſt mentioned poet has ſometimes done, and particularly in the opening of Samſon-Agoniſtes, which is an evident imitation of the following paſſage in the ΦΟΙΝΙΣΣΑΙ.

Ηξω παρoιθε, θυγατερ, ὡς τυφλι
Οφθαλμος ει συ, ναυβαταισιν ασρον ὡς,
Δευρ' εις το μεσον πεδον ιχνος τιθεισ' εμον.
Προθαινε.——— Act III. Sc. 1.

The "eyes of the dewy light" is one of the happieſt ſtrokes of imagination, and may be ranked among thoſe expreſſions which

"—give us back the image of the mind."

"Wild Arun too has heard thy ſtrains,
And Echo, 'midſt my native plains,
Been ſooth'd with *Pity's* lute.

There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed
On gentleſt Otway's infant head."

Suſſex, in which county the Arun is a ſmall river, had the honour of giving birth to Otway, as well as to Collins. Both theſe poets unhappily became the objects of that pity, by which their writings are diſtinguiſhed. There was a ſimilitude in their genius, and in their ſufferings. There was a reſemblance in the misfortunes, and in the diſſipation of their lives; and the circumſtances of their death cannot be remembered without pain.

The thought of painting in the temple of Pity the hiſtory of human misfortunes, and of drawing the ſcenes from the tragic muſe, is very happy, and in every reſpect worthy of the imagination of its author.

ODE TO FEAR.

MR. Collins, who had often determined to apply himſelf to dramatic poetry, ſeems here, with the ſame view, to have addreſſed one of the principal powers of the drama, and to implore that mighty influence ſhe had given to the genius of Shakeſpeare:

> " Hither again thy fury deal,
> Teach me but once like him to feel:
> His cypreſs-wreath my meed decree,
> And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!"

In the conſtruction of this nervous ode the author has ſhewn equal power of judgment and imagination. Nothing can be more ſtriking, than the violent and abrupt abbreviation of the meaſure in the fifth and ſixth verſes, when he feels the ſtrong influences of the power he invokes:

> " Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
> I ſee, I ſee thee near."

The writer of theſe obſervations has met with nothing in the ſame ſpecies of poetry, either in his own, or in any other language, equal in all reſpects to the following deſcription of Danger.

> " Danger, whoſe limbs of giant-mould,
> What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
> Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form,
> Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm,
> Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
> Of ſome looſe, hanging rock to ſleep."

It is impoſſible to contemplate the image, conveyed in the two laſt verſes, without thoſe emotions of terror it was intended to excite. It has moreover the entire advantage of novelty to recommend it; for there is too much originality in all the circumſtances to ſuppoſe that the author had in his eye that deſcription of the penal ſituation of Catiline in the ninth Æneid:

> ———Te, Catilina, minaci
> Pendentem ſcopulo———

The archetype of the Engliſh poet's idea was in nature, and probably, to her alone he was indebted for the thought. From her likewiſe he derived that magnificence of conception, that horrible grandeur of imagery, diſplayed in the following lines:

"And thoſe the fiends, who near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds, and wrecks preſide;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare;
On whom that ravening Brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait."

That nutritive enthuſiaſm, which cheriſhes the ſeeds of poetry, and which is indeed the only ſoil, wherein they will grow to perfection, lays open the mind to all the influences of fiction. A paſſion for whatever is greatly wild, or magnificent in the works of nature, ſeduces the imagination to attend to all, that is extravagant, however unnatural. Milton was notoriouſly fond of high romance and gothic *diableries*, and Collins, who in genius and enthuſiaſm bore no very diſtant reſemblance to Milton, was wholly carried away by the ſame attachments.

"Be mine to read the viſions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
HOLD EACH STRANGE TALE DEVOUTLY TRUE."

"On that thrice hallow'd eve," *&c.*

There is an old traditionary ſuperſtition, that on St. Mark's eve the forms of all ſuch perſons, as ſhall die within the enſuing year, make their ſolemn entry into the churches of their reſpective pariſhes, without their heads.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

THE meaſure of the ancient ballad ſeems to have been choſen for this ode, on account of the ſubject, and it has indeed an air of ſimplicity not altogether unaffecting.

"By all the honey'd ſtore
On Hybla's thymy ſhore;
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,

By her, whoſe love-lorn wo,
In evening muſings ſlow,
Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's poet's ear."

This allegorical imagery of the honey'd ſtore, the blooms, and mingled murmurs of *Hybla*, alluding to the ſweetneſs and beauty of the *attic* poetry, has the fineſt and the happieſt effect. Yet poſſibly it will bear a queſtion, whether the ancient Greek tragedians had a general claim to ſimplicity in any thing more than in the plans of their drama. Their language, at leaſt, was infinitely metaphorical; yet it muſt be owned, that they juſtly copied nature and the paſſions, and ſo far certainly they were entitled to the palm of true ſimplicity. The following moſt beautiful ſpeech of *Polynices* will be a monument of this, as long as poetry ſhall laſt.

———πολυδακρυς δ' αφικμην
Χρονιος ιδων μελαθρα, και βωμους θεων,
Γυμνασια θ' οισιν ενετραφην, Διρκης θ' υδωρ.
Ων ε δικαιως απελαθειις, ξενην πολιν
Ναιω, δι οσσων ομμ' εχων δακρυροων.
Αλλ' (εκ γαρ αλγους αλγος) αυ σε δερκομαι
Καρα ξυρηκες, και πεπλους μελαγχιμους
Εκυσαν. EURIP.

"But ſtaid to ſing alone
To one diſtinguiſh'd throne."

The poet cuts off the prevalence of Simplicity among the Romans with the reign of Auguſtus, and indeed, it did not continue much longer; moſt of the compoſitions, after that date, giving into falſe and artificial ornament.

"No more in hall, or bower,
The paſſions own thy power,
Love, only love, her forceleſs numbers mean."

In theſe lines the writings of the provencial poets are principally alluded to, in which ſimplicity is generally ſacrificed to the rhapſodies of romantic love.

(To be continued.)

THE ANTHOLOGY.

Original Poetry.

AN ELEGY.

AT winter's voice, while nature faints,
And ſullen clouds her grief conceal,
The gloomy ſcenes, that memory paints,
Delights unheeded now reveal.

While ſpring with joyous muſic wakes
The ſwooning plain and hill appall'd;
Their glee the penſive mind forſakes,
To times of former bliſs recall'd.

There mourning fancy flies to greet
The ſhades of joys, now brighteſt ſhown;
There life diſplays her charms complete,
And beauteous forms exult alone.

Fain memory loves the ſhining hours,
That gleam on life's bewilder'd way;
And ſtill relumes the gladden'd bowers,
When ſcenes of wo from ſight decay.

Yet ſhe, while fortune's gifts delight,
And friends belov'd rejoice around,
Forebodes theſe joys, by ſpeedy flight,
Will in her view alone be found.

The ſweeteſt raptures, while enjoy'd,
Are ſtill with bitter cares combin'd;
Who ſeeks for pleaſures unannoy'd,
Muſt oft ſeverer anguiſh find.

Gay hope, to diſtant realms of joy
Allures our ever willing view;
From good poſſeſs'd her wiles decoy,
And we her fleeting boon purſue.

Yet ſhould we e'en her gifts attain,
How ſoon, alas! they worthleſs ſeem;
Like former pleaſures, tranſient, vain;
Their brilliance, only fancy's dream!

Would ſhe but point beyond the bourn,
That life's dull, dreary maze ſurrounds;
No longer then might fancy mourn;
But revel, where true bliſs abounds.

This frowning world, with all its wo,
Might, then, to ſmiling calmneſs cheer;
The adverſe ſtorm might rudely blow,
And, yet, its venom'd pains endear.

NIL DESPERANDUM;

OR,

A SONG OF WO.

ON the billowy deep of diſtreſs,
A wild courſe I was doom'd to purſue;—
Still my reach the bold ſurges repreſs
From the ſhores, that rejoice within view.

To the mercileſs ſtorm I muſt bend;
But the combat will never reſign;
To the port yet in hope will I tend,
And with ſorrow no longer repine.

Though the wind with inclemency raves,
Yet, by turns, the keen malice expires;
Then a ſlumber alights on the waves,
And deſpair, with her ſhadow, retires.

Though affliction and toil are my doom,
Yet their weight I was form'd to ſuſtain;
I can grope through my path, though in gloom,—
Why then ſhould I ever complain?

P. Adams

EPISTOLARY VERSES;

To M. M. C.

AH! Friend, and muſt no hour betray?—
But that, which liſtening midnight brings?
What magic gives thy pencil play—
Thy Muſe to ride on ſtarry wings?
How loſt her ſons without her aid,
Slow move the tides of eloquence;
As though the unconſcious ſoul had fled,
Or ſlumbers barr'd each paſſive ſenſe.
But from her kindling torch revives
The harmleſs flame of mental fires;
Again the dying Poet lives
Whene'er the Parent Muſe inſpires.
Does night befriend her piercing eye,
And give to viſion keener ray?—
So lightening thwarts the darken'd ſky,
And pours a more majeſtic day.
Long may you drink the electric ſtream,
That nerves the ſoul for glory's age;—
The future hero ſwell thy theme,
And immortality thy page.
For late the charm of prophecy
To me reveal'd the Poet's power,—
To one, that lifts an humble eye,
Yet dares to watch the midnight hour.
Fancy ſuſpends the dewy wing,
In muſing rapture to behold
What theme for ſong thy muſe ſhall bring,
What theme, the Poets ne'er have told.
How varied ſmiles the freſh cropt bloom,
The ſtarlight tribute for thy brows;
Thence wider ſpreads the gay perfume,
Than ſolar luſtre can diffuſe.
Guardians of philoſophic power,
The pureſt incenſe give to riſe
From thoſe, that wing the midnight hour
To canopies of unknown ſkies.

CLEORA.

Selected Poetry.

THE miſerable condition of ſociety in Aſia is prettily intimated in this tender ſtrain of lamentation; and is well contraſted with the ſtate of thoſe countries, where Chriſtianity and rational liberty have eſtabliſhed their improving influence.

ASIA, AN ELEGY.

BY M. M. CLIFFORD.

(Written in Marmorice Bay, during the reſidence of Sir Ralph Abercrombie's army there, in February, 1801.)

AH! country, loſt to honour, loſt to love!
How vain the ſpicy gale, that fans thy coaſt;
How vain the myrtles, that enrich thy grove,
Or the warm roſes in thy valleys loſt.

Not here at eve the labouring hind retires,
To ſhare the pleaſures of his ſocial cot,
Nor ſmiling views, beſide his little fires,
The cheriſh'd partners of his humble lot.

The little tyrant of a fleeting hour
Here dwells in gloomy fear, and ſullen ſtate;
Here ſtarts, awaken'd from his dream of pow'r,
To kiſs the mandate that awards his fate.

Yes; though rude ſtorms o'erhang our Northern iſles,
Yet Nature wears in them a livelier green;
Pure honour there, and love's domeſtic ſmiles,
Congenial ſpring, to decorate the ſcene.

What though thy ivied walls, thy ruin'd towers,
Thy ſcatter'd hamlets, on the dreary plain,
Might lure young Pity from her claſſic bowers,
To mourn oppreſſion's ſolitary reign;

Yet here no gleam of worth adorns her ſong,
No virtue breathes beneath the ſlumbering clay;
No brighter name, diſtinguiſh'd from the throng,
Whoſe deeds of glory harmonize the lay.

The fierce defender of a tyrant's cauſe
Here, reſtleſs, ſeeks awhile a falſe renown,
Bids Nature huſh, and mocks her pureſt laws,
Then dies, the victim of his maſter's frown.

Yet not the awful form, the ſinewy frame,
That marks the natives of this Eaſtern ſky,
Was meant to cloke a boſom dead to ſhame,
Or ſink, abaſh'd, beneath a tyrant's eye.

Not thus the children of a bleaker clime,
Who feel, in ſmaller forms, a breaſt more pure,
Like the firm rock, that ſtands the lapſe of time,
More firm from tempeſts, from attacks more ſure.

Ah, happier climes! if erſt when honour calls,
Thy free born ſons rejoice awhile to roam,
With laurell'd worth they ſeek thy ſacred halls,
And add more luſtre to their parent home.

IN this little poem ſeveral blemiſhes may appear to the eye of ſullen criticiſm; but the ſpirit, by which it is animated, ſufficiently recommends it to thoſe, who are not inclined to ſeverity. The enthuſiaſm of a youthful bard, however devious from reaſon, can ſcarcely fail of giving *a harmleſs* pleaſure to all, whoſe hearts have ever been enlivened with poetical warmth.

To FANCY.

DEAR Fancy, welcome are thy tranſient dreams;
Oft in thy ſpells my willing ſpirit bind;
Pleas'd will I revel in thy gilded gleams,
And leave the dull, ſtale, weary world behind.

Av aunt, ye ſordid crew! nor think to tread,
Where, if *ye* came, each charm would quickly fly,
O'er her fair realms Bœotian miſts are ſpread
To guard them from your cold and ſenſeleſs eye.

Yes, ye may taunt our viſionary train,
Profane with jeſts the poet's gifted dreams;
But ſhall your mocks the winged ſoul reſtrain,
Which in the bard's expreſſive eye-ball beams?

And what can dull reality beſtow,
Beyond what Fancy's fairy wand can raiſe?
True, her wild pictures for a moment glow,
And often vaniſh, while we fondly gaze.

What has your idol world to boaſt of more?
What laſting prize your ſervile toils to pay?
What can it yield you from its wealthieſt ſtore,
One adverſe moment may not ſweep away?

Oh! see the bard, whom chilling want pursues,
Scaring with meagre form each timid friend;
Though the cool world each soothing aid refuse,
Fancy shall smiling at his couch attend.
Yes, to the last shall Fancy linger there,
And e'en when every earthward hope is fled,
Her hand shall chase away the mourner's tear,
Her brightest visions flit around his head.

THE lovers of poetic luxury have been lately invited to a *splendid entertainment* in DARWIN'S "TEMPLE OF NATURE," where, to diversify their enjoyments of *dulcet melody, delicious sweets, and richest odours, amid the dazzling glitter of gold and rubies*, they are sometimes led to prospects of hurly and tumult. Yet in these prospects, but few scenes are so fairly displayed, as this, which discovers the agitation and bustle of

FLORA,

ON THE APPROACH OF CUPID.

DELIGHTED Flora, gazing from afar,
Greets with mute homage the triumphal car;
On silvery slippers steps with bosom bare,
Bends her white knee, and bows her auburn hair;
Calls to her purple heaths, and blushing bowers,
Bursts her green gems, and opens all her flowers;
O'er the bright pair a shower of roses sheds,
And crowns with wreaths of hyacinth their heads.—
—Slow roll the silver wheels, with snow-drops deck'd,
And primrose-bands the cedar spokes connect;
Round the fine pole the twisting woodbine clings,
And knots of jasmine clasp the bending springs;
Bright daisy links the velvet harness chain,
And rings of violets join each silken rein;
Festoon'd behind, the snow-white lilies bend,
And tulip tassels on each side depend.
—Slow rolls the car,—the enamour'd flowers exhale
Their treasur'd sweets, and whisper to the gale;
Their ravelled buds, and wrinkled cups unfold,
Nod their green stems, and wave their bells of gold;
Breathe their soft sighs from each enchanted grove,
And hail the Deities of Sexual Love.

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Travels of four years and a half in the United States of America—during 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802 *: dedicated by permiſſion to T. Jefferſon, Eſq. Preſident of the United States. By* John Davis. *Briſtol.* 1803.

THIS work was not intended to acquire the author much celebrity, or yield the reader much inſtruction, if we may judge from its ſtyle or matter. The preface, it is true, does not expreſs this humility of hope, or deſign, but is as prodigal of promiſes, as a Lord, and as high in pretenſions, as a beauty. It aſſures us we ſhall not hear of his dangers at a ferry, the beds he ſlept in, or the bill of fare of his landlords. But alas! we are ſoon informed of the ſad death of three dozen chickens, which furniſhed a ſea pye as big as a turtle. We learn where the writer ſlept in a bed, where in a hammock, where on the floor, and where he and Dr. de Bow could not ſleep at all, owing to the barking of a maſtiff; while we are regularly ſhewn the larder of his hoſt in a hotel, or a loghouſe. Were the preface expunged, we ſhould cheerfully ſubmit to theſe *intereſting* details; becauſe we know it is natural to complain, and that one half of the world is employed in teaſing the other half with the important hiſtory of its vexations. But when an author pretends to ſo much magnanimity, as indifference and ſilence reſpecting the petty inconveniences of "life's dull way" ſuppoſes, we are ill-natured enough to remark, when he is as ſplenetic as Dr. Smellfungus, and as trifling in detail, as a country girl after her firſt viſit to town.

Let not theſe obſervations be conſidered as a condemnation of the work, but merely of the vanity and egotiſm of the preface. "The book is well enough for the age in which it was written." It diſcovers much vivacity and ſome taſte, and if it diſplays but little of the diſcrimination of a nice obſerver, it contains much of the deſcription of a man of fancy.

The "Travels in America" will be run over in a leiſure hour after dinner with ſome pleaſure, even by thoſe, who love a ſegar as well as they do an author. There appears ſo much

good humour in Mr. Davis, that none but a cynic will quarrel with him; and there is so much sensibility discovered by his friend George, that the man of feeling would willingly call him his brother. There are some happy effusions of the muses springing here and there in a long chapter, which, like flower gardens in a plantation, give variety and charms to what would otherwise be a series of monotonous pages. Besides, interesting stories and characteristic anecdotes are sometimes interwoven with the details of his journal. Just sentiments are often fitly introduced, and improve his cheerful garrulity. The biography of our neighbours, which he gives us, cannot but engage the attention of a people, whose national trait is curiosity. His account of the condition of society in some of the Southern States, is worth perusal, if it only led us to inquire whether it be just, and whether he is correct in tenanting a fairy land with *Calibans*.

It cannot be expected, that in so limited a work as ours, we should descend to detail: we therefore conclude this notice of "Travels in America," by recommending them as a substitute, for a few hours, for the wonders of romance and the billingsgate of party, with the hope that the ladies may for the time escape from their idle delusions, and politicians cool from their frothy fermentation. P. Adams

The Art of Singing; in three parts: viz. I. *The Musical Primer;* II. *The Christian Harmony;* III. *The Musical Magazine. By* Andrew Law. *Fourth Edition, with additions and improvements. Printed on a new plan. Published at Cambridge, by W. Hilliard.* 1803.

The Musical Primer; or the first part of the art of singing; containing the rules of Psalmody, newly revised and improved; together with a number of Practical Lessons and Plain Tunes; designed expressly for the use of Learners.

IN this last work, which is intended as an introduction to the former, the music is printed on a novel plan. The author uses four characters, which are placed between single bars, and made to mark the intervals and degrees of sound, without the assistance of lines, on which music is usually printed. These characters denote the four musical syllables, mi, faw, sol, law.

The excellence of this invention conſiſts in this, that the ſame character always poſſeſſes the ſame name. One may without difficulty learn, in a few minutes, to read the moſt complicated piece of muſic, which is printed on this plan. The old mode of printing muſic embarraſſes beginners: for the names of the notes depending on their poſition, the ſame character conſtantly varies its name, as well as its ſound; and for this cauſe, very few perfectly attain even the ſimple art of reading it. But by the mode invented by Mr. Law, it is true, as he obſerves, "that children will ſoon learn to read muſic, as eaſily as they read other books."

Some, from a haſty inſpection of this plan, may be apt to doubt, whether a ſcholar will readily diſtinguiſh the true ſituation of the character, and may therefore ſuſpect, that he will be liable to miſtake its ſound. But this doubt is not well founded: for the muſic is taught by the degrees of the keys, and the common chord, taken upon the key note; and if the finger attentively obſerves the relative ſituation of the character, he will know the true ſound.

The world of late has been ſo diſtracted by the pernicious effects of political innovations, that many look with ſuſpicion, and receive with reſerve inventions even in the arts. We hope however, that the preſent improvement will be conſidered on its real merits, and that no one will reject it for its novelty, or contemn it for its ſimplicity.

The author's "Introductory Treatiſe on Vocal Muſic," contains many valuable obſervations, which are expreſſed with propriety, and which merit the attention of all inſtructors of that ſcience. He condemns the uſual method of hurrying learners forward too rapidly. The conſequence of this haſty procedure is, that the pupil makes but little proficiency, and ſoon becomes diſcouraged. Mr. Law recommends, that the learner ſhould begin with the rules, which are the elements of the art. "From theſe he ought to aſcend gradually. From a mere melody, or ſucceſſion of ſounds, in their moſt ſimple ſtate, as the eight notes, he may venture to riſe a ſtep higher, to the plaineſt leſſons and tunes; and from thence to thoſe, that are leſs

plain. By proceeding in this way, he will eventually rise so high in his art, as to be able to sing the most intricate pieces at sight. But the eminence alluded to is highly exalted; and let no one imagine, that he shall reach its summit without taking the necessary steps."

Mr. Law proceeds to remark on the subject of "toning and tuning the voice." It must be confessed that the tones of our singers are generally harsh and dissonant. What is more truly disgusting, than the mode of singing, which is adopted by many of our parish choirs? Sacrificing the spirit of harmony, each endeavours to exceed his fellows in loudness of sound, and vainly attempts to supply in noise, what is wanting in melody. The hissing of the teeth, and the twang of the nose heighten the discord, and offend the ear, while they distract the mind. This mode of singing has tended to banish good compositions from our churches. The works of Handel have been sacrificed to the inartificial and contemptible strains of Billings, and of others, who were infected with his taste.

A long and critical attention to the business of musical instruction, aided by a good taste, has enabled Mr. Law to suggest, in a narrow space, many excellent observations on "articulation and pronunciation," on "the accent," the "swell," and on "softness and loudness" in musical performance. Negligence in attention to these parts, demonstrates equal want of taste and want of skill.

The collection of tunes is well calculated for beginners. They are simple in their kind. Among them are some of the productions of Handel, Madan, and Arnold, and of other eminent masters, ancient and modern. We observe with pleasure some old favourite pieces, which have been consecrated by time, and endeared by use.

On the whole, we recommend this short, elementary work to those, who would acquire a just taste in the science of music, and especially to those, who delight to sing "with the spirit and with the understanding," the praises of the Most High.

P. Thacher.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

FOR JANUARY, 1804.

NEW WORKS.

A TOPOGRAPHICAL and Statiſtical account of the Province of Louiſiana, containing a deſcription of its ſoil, climate, trade and produce, its diviſions, rivers, lakes, cities, towns, &c. laws, cuſtoms, habits and manners—civil, commercial, political and eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhments, numbers and purſuits of its inhabitants, together with new and intereſting particulars relative to the Indian tribes; to which is annexed a copious preface, and the recent conventions of the United States and the French Republic. Compiled by different individuals, poſſeſſed of the beſt information, and from the Documents communicated to Congreſs by the Preſident.—T. & W. BRADFORD—*Philadelphia.*

A ſhort Syſtem of Conveyancing, in a method entirely new. By COLLINSON READ, Eſq. 1 vol. 12mo.—J. Johnſon—*Philadelphia.*

The editor ſays, that "he flatters himſelf, this work will be found (by experience) to contain the moſt ſimple and eaſy introduction to the knowledge and practice of conveyancing of any thing hitherto publiſhed; the ſlighteſt attention being ſufficient to enable a perſon of the ſmalleſt capacity to form any common conveyance in the ſhorteſt poſſible time."

A Short Hiſtory of Bees, in two parts. 1. Directions for their management, an account of their enemies, &c. 2. An enigmatical account of a neighbouring nation—their queen, her palaces, attendants, &c.—J. JOHNSON—*Philadelphia.*

Zaida; or the Dethronement of Mahomed IV.; a Novel founded on hiſtoric facts, tranſlated from the German of Auguſtus Von Kotzebue, never before publiſhed in the Engliſh Language; to which is added an hiſtoric drama, called the *Beautiful Unknown*, by the ſame author.—BURNTON & DARLING—*N. York.*

The New American Clerk's Magazine, and Young Conveyancer's Pocket Companion; containing all the neceſſary forms of Articles of Agreement, Bonds, Bills, Recognizances, Leaſes and Releaſes, Letters and Powers of Attorney, Awards, Bills of Sale, Gifts, Grants, Aſſignments, Mortgages, Surrenders, Jointures,

Covenants, Copartnerſhips, Declarations, Letters of Licence, &c. with neceſſary directions for making Diſtreſſes for Rent, &c. as the law between Landlord and Tenant now ſtands. The whole made conformable to the Laws of the United States, and adapted more particularly to the State of Virginia.—R. & J. GRAY—*Alexandria.*

A ſhort Introduction to Latin Grammar, for the uſe of the Univerſity of Pennſylvania, by JAMES DAVIDSON, Profeſſor of the Greek and Latin Languages in the Univerſity of Pennſylvania.—J. BIOREN—*Philadelphia.*

Memoirs of Stephen Burroughs, 2d vol.—C. BINGHAM—*Boſton.*

"Thoſe who have been amuſed or inſtructed by peruſing the firſt volume of the hiſtory of this ſingular character, may find equal entertainment by reading this continuation."

The Pulpit Orator; being a new ſelection of elegant compoſitions, from the beſt works of Maſters in Oratory, compriſing rules for good writing and ſpeaking. Moſt of the pieces in this compilation are wanting in works of the kind.—J. NANCREDE—*Boſton.*

NEW EDITIONS.

The Satires of Decimus Junius Juvenalis. Tranſlated into Engliſh Verſe, by William Gifford, Eſq. With notes and illuſtrations. Embelliſhed with an elegant portrait of the tranſlator, engraved by Edwin.—S. F. BRADFORD—*Philadelphia.*

"This work is printed on a ſuperfine yellow wove hot preſſed royal paper, of American manufacture, and is, perhaps, as elegant a ſpecimen of American typography, as has appeared in this country."

The Farmer's Boy, a rural poem, by ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.—G. F. Hopkins—*New-York.*

This edition of the Farmer's Boy, which is copied from the ſixth and laſt, that has been publiſhed in London, is conſiderably improved and corrected, and exceeds in neatneſs all the former editions of this country.

A Houſe to be Sold; a muſical drama.—D. LONGWORTH—*New-York.*

The Nightingale; a collection of the moſt popular ancient and modern Songs, ſet to muſic.—E. M. BLUNT—*Newburyport.*

The great importance of a Religious Life conſidered; by the late WM. MELMOTH, Eſq. of Lincoln's Inn; from the

twenty-third London Edition ; with prefatory obſervations on the credibility of the Chriſtian Religion ; and a few conciſe obſervations on prayer.—A. MARCH—*Newburyport.*

The Practical Uſes of Chriſtian Baptiſm, by ANDREW FULLER, D. D.—MANNING & LORING—*Boſton.*

Medical Admonitions to Families, reſpecting the preſervation of health, and the treatment of the ſick : Alſo a table of ſymptoms ſerving to point out the degree of danger, and to diſtinguiſh one diſeaſe from another : with obſervations on the improper indulgence of children, &c. By JAMES PARKINSON, M. D. 1 vol. 8vo.—J. HUMPHREYS—*Philadelphia.*

The Letters of Junius, with notes and illuſtrations, hiſtorical, political, biographical and critical, by ROBERT HERON, Eſq.—S. F. BRADFORD—*Philadelphia.*

This edition of Junius, by its correctneſs and elegance, adds much to the honour of American typography.

Firſt Volume of The American Merchant's Law. 8vo.—H. CARRITAT—*New-York.*

Broad Grins ; compriſing, with new additional Tales in Verſe, thoſe formerly publiſhed under the title of My Night-Gown and Slippers, by GEORGE COLMAN, the younger.—B. & J. Homans—*Boſton.*

The Maid of Briſtol, a drama in three acts, by J. BOADEN.—J. Conrad & Co.—*Philadelphia.*

The Adventures of Don Quixote, tranſlated by SMOLLET.—J. Conrad & Co.—*Philadelphia.*

This is the firſt edition of that univerſally admired romance, which has ever been printed in America.

It is not pretended that the preceding catalogue is perfectly complete, or deſtitute of errors. Thoſe Bookſellers, who engage in the buſineſs of publiſhing, are earneſtly ſolicited to forward to the office of the Monthly Anthology an account of the form and manner, together with the title and date of their publications. By this mean it may be hoped, that we ſhall be enabled to continue our *Monthly Regiſter,* with a ſtronger confidence in its correctneſs.

Proprietors of New Books, who incline to have them reviewed, are likewiſe informed, that by ſending a copy according to the above direction, their orders ſhall be duly and faithfully performed.

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

"IT will intereſt both the American bookſellers and the public, to appriſe them, that late in November laſt, a third volume of the *Life and Writings of William Cowper, Eſq.* conſiſting of his Original Letters, edited by William Hayley, was preparing for the London preſs."

J. Bioren & T. L. Plowman, of Philadelphia, are about to publiſh by ſubſcription, *The Hiſtory of the Wars, which aroſe out of the French Revolution; to which is prefixed a Review of the Cauſes of that Event.* By Alexander Stevens, of the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple, Eſq.

"Mr. Thomas Dobſon, of Philadelphia, has in the preſs the *Abbe Clavigero's Hiſtory of Mexico.* This uſeful, accurate and elegant work, is derived both from Mexican and Spaniſh documents, and from the ancient hieroglyphics of the Indians. It is illuſtrated by Charts, and ornamented with engravings, and to the whole are appended critical diſſertations on the land, the animals and the inhabitants of Mexico.

"This work is to be elegantly printed, and the plates are to be engraved in a beautiful ſtyle, by Lawſon, an artiſt of celebrity."

Meſſrs. Birch & Small, of Philadelphia, are publiſhing by ſubſcription, *Gibbon's Hiſtory of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; together with Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Author.* This edition is to be elegantly printed from the laſt publiſhed in London, and will be compriſed in 8 volumes, 8vo. It will be enriched with two whole ſheet Maps—one of the Eaſtern, the other of the Weſtern part of the Roman Empire—A Map of the parts of Europe and Aſia adjacent to Conſtantinople, and an elegantly engraved Head of the Author.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

"MEN ought," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "to be ſerious over the grave." But long before the Doctor had uttered this grave doctrine, he, who could make himſelf merry among the Tombs, was generally accounted an odd fellow. Nevertheleſs, he muſt indeed be a very odd fellow, who could, either before, or ſince the report of the Doctor's Canon, read the enſuing Epitaph without indulging a "Broad Grin."

INSCRIPTION* ON THE TOMB OF THEOPHILUS CAVE.

[*In the Chancel of the Church of Barrow, on Soar.*]

"HERE in this GRAVE, there lies a CAVE:
We call a CAVE a GRAVE:
If CAVE be GRAVE, and GRAVE be CAVE,
Then, reader, judge I crave,
Whether doth CAVE here lie in GRAVE,
Or GRAVE here lie in CAVE.
If GRAVE in CAVE here bury'd lie,
Then, GRAVE, where is thy victory?
Go, reader, and report here lies a CAVE,
Who conquers death, and buries his own GRAVE."

THAT a muſeum, well furniſhed with natural curioſities, ſtatues and paintings, is a deſirable inſtitution in every metropolis, will be readily acknowledged by all, whoſe minds have been liberalized by learning, or humanized by taſte. Biography affords many inſtances, wherein artiſts of renown have had their dormant genius firſt kindled with emulation for rivalſhip and excellence, on their admiſſion to ſuch repoſitories. Beſide the advantages, that a young ſculptor, or painter may there derive from his opportunity of viewing a variety of models, the amateurs of the *curious* and *wonderful* in art and nature, may enjoy an innocent, if not an improving gratification. In a country, however, like this, it cannot be expected, that an extenſive variety of proper materials can be *ſpeedily* and *eaſily* collected, eſpecially by an individual. But the mere beginning of a laudable and well-deviſed plan, that requires only the genial aid of patronage for conducting it to perfection, is by no means unworthy of reſpect. Since it is conſiſtent with the primary deſign of this publication to cheriſh all ſuch attempts, as may tend to the improvement of taſte, and facilitate the advancement of the arts, we willingly inſert the ſubſequent communication from an obliging correſpondent. V. Adams

Sketch of the late and preſent COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, *Boſton.*

IN the year 1795, Mr. DANIEL BOWEN, with a ſpirit of enterpriſe and laudable intention, that reflects great honour on his character, *firſt* eſtabliſhed the COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, near the Mall. The brief collection with which it opened, was calculated to intereſt, and deſerve ſupport; and but few years had tranſpired, before its department of *Natural* Curioſities was increaſed to upwards of 100 of the moſt beautiful Birds, (preſerved natural as life) and its *menagerie*, with a great number of the moſt curious animals,

* Found in Nichols's Hiſtory of Leiceſterſhire.

that are found in Asia, Africa, Europe and America. Upwards of 50 of the best finished and accurate *Wax Figures* were also added; among which, were full length statues of Gen. Washington, Lady and Family, J. Adams, Franklin, Stiles, Trenck, the Boston, and other Beauties, and a great variety of Fanciful Figures. Its Historical, and other *Paintings*, were very numerous and superb; among these, were America, allegorical; Canute the great, Belisarius, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Hancock, Humphreys, Knox, Hamilton, Madison, Howe, Muhlenburg, &c.—the most interesting Scenes from Shakespeare, &c. at full length—(many of these *Paintings* were valued at from 500 to 1000 dolls.) and an extensive variety of other Likenesses, Views, &c. executed by the most eminent Asiatic, European and American masters. To these were also added a great and rich collection of *minerals* and *fossils*; philosophical and mechanical *apparatus*. In short, a highly valuable, extensive and interesting variety of most all the various *Productions* of *Nature*, *Science* and *Art*, were to be found, arranged with great care and system, in a large, and elegantly adapted Building, erected by the Proprietor for the accommodation and gratification of the public.

Such, in brief, was the COLUMBIAN MUSEUM—when, on the evening of the 15th Jan. 1803, it was destroyed by fire, occasioned by accident.

If the *death* of a private friend, or a public benefactor, calls forth our sorrow; if their worth was calculated to command our serious reflections, and to be held up monitory to society—then the *loss* of the late COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, in a connective view, called forth our grief, and our pity:—for not only as an important department of Arts and Sciences, but even as an interesting Political, Moral, and Religious arcana, did it exist. It was calculated to amuse, without disgusting; to please, without satiating; to correct the errors of ignorance and superstition, without offending; to obliterate malice and revenge, without insulting; to destroy vice and barbarism, without violent compulsion—to rear up the tender shoots of genius and talent with assiduity, care, and gentleness; to dignify and immortalize the conceptions and works of matured knowledge and ability. *It held forth a* UNIVERSAL MIRROR! *a miniature of the* WORKS *and* CONSEQUENCES *of* CREATION! We *looked*, and were *charmed* and *edified!*

What were our feelings, when we saw this "*work of merit and of years*," a prey to the tyrannic and destructive element, in one short hour wholly obliterated! Vanished, as by the hand of magic, "into air, thin air!" What were our ideas at that inglorious moment, when society lost one of the first resorts of rationality and improvement! and when Mr. BOWEN, at that trying time, rising superior to selfishness, forgot his own great misfortune in his wishes and exertions to save his neighbours from the destruction he had sustained!

From the *worth of the* MAN, and the *annihilation of his invaluable property*, a general grief was felt by all; universal was the hope, that he would not despair, and general were the efforts for affording him all the assistance, which friendship and esteem could bestow.

(To be continued.)

D. Bowen

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY;

OR

Magazine of Polite Literature.

Vol. I.] FEBRUARY, 1804. [No. IV.

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EDITED BY SYLVANUS PER-SE.

BOSTON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY *E. LINCOLN*, WATER-STREET.

1804.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have read the letter of R. F. *on the impropriety, which is practiſed by many of our Bookſellers, in their advertiſing literary works, which they* receive *from their American brethren and from foreign countries, as* juſt publiſhed *by themſelves. Of the rectitude of his intentions we can have no doubt; for this mode of their advertiſements is undeniably wrong. But he accuſes and cenſures rather too harſhly. A gentle hint, we hope, would be quite ſufficient for effecting the deſired reformation.*

LETTER 2. *from* STUDIOSUS, *and the* LOITERER NO. 2. *are deferred for our next publication.*

MEANDER'S "Ode on the cloſe of the year 1803," *might, if publiſhed, be amuſing to ſome, and puzzling to all its readers. We are willing, however, to gratify its author with a typographical impreſſion of the four firſt lines:*

"Lo! the rolling year expires,
And in frowning pomp retires.
Down time's abyſs forever gone!
The months on breezy wings have flown!"

We received, ſome time ago, an ELEGIAC EPISTLE, *which contains much poetical imagery expreſſed by proper and elegant language, together with ſeveral conſpicuous imperfections. We are unwilling to reject it; yet we chooſe to delay its publication, till it has undergone a critical reviſal of the writer.*

In reply to the adviſory letter of Q. R. S. *we here mention our deſign for allotting a department in the* MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY *of September next, and in the ſucceeding* NUMBERS, *for reviewing* PLAYS, *and for ſtrictures on* ACTING, *under the title of* THE DRAMATIC INQUISITOR.

ERRORS IN THE PRECEDING NUMBER.

Page 99, line 7, for *hiſtory* read *bigotry*. Page 102, line 3. from the bottom, for *influence*, read *inflame*. Page 103, line 4, for *bare*, read *baſe*.

Page 183, line 9, in the preſent number, for *damp*, read *lamp*.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1804.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

ANTONINUS AND ARISTIDES.

A DIALOGUE.

Mr. PER-SE,

IF the following tranſlation of a Greek Dialogue, written about A. D. 175, is deſerving of a place in the ANTHOLOGY, "give it room." It has coſt ſome pains, and, I hope, will afford ſome pleaſure.

PHILOSTRATES.

IT was my good fortune to accompany the emperor, in his campaign againſt Caſſius, as his Secretary. The heroiſm of this godlike man I have already recorded. But to me his virtues and philoſophy were as intereſting, as his courage. His reaſon was as irreſiſtible, as his arms; and he excelled the reſt of mankind as much in the vigour of his mind, as in the luſtre of his fortune. He derived the prerogative of majeſty from nature; and his pen was as powerful, as his ſword.

You may recollect my account of the emperor's reception of Ariſtides, the orator of Smyrna. His oration in praiſe of his country I alſo ſketched out to you, with the ſingularity of his conduct. Antoninus forgave eccentricity, when it was the concomitant of genius. In the evening of that day, which was devoted to the pleaſures of philoſophy, Ariſtides was emboldened by the emperor's complacency to inquire into the courſe of his life, and the nature of his literary purſuits.

In the current of converſation, Ariſtides expreſſed his aſtoniſhment at the power of Antoninus in following the muſes in the court and camp. "Inter arma ſilent" muſæ.

You wonder, ſaid the emperor, how I have mingled philoſophy with war and politics. But retirement into wilds and woods is not neceſſary to ſpeculation or virtue. The wiſe man re-

treats from noiſe and folly into his own breaſt, and enjoys the pleaſures of intellect and benevolence, in the contemplation of power and goodneſs, as exhibited by the gods, or in deviſing ſchemes for the happineſs of men.

I know, replied Ariſtides, this ſelf-command is poſſible to one, who adds to the empire of his paſſions the empire of the earth, and who defies the rage of men and the caprice of fortune. But to him, who feels the buffeting of a rude world, and out of the ten categories can boaſt but of time and place, there is no power of abſtraction. His wants ſubjugate his thoughts, and give him but a captive mind and a fettered frame.

I ſee, rejoined Antoninus, you are yet ignorant of your own powers and dignity, and are willing to let your appetites and paſſions hold divided empire with your mind. But what is this body, of which you make ſo great account, but a paltry machine of blood and bones; a piece of network of nerves and veins and arteries twiſted together? As for your paſſions and appetites, they are not characteriſtics of our nature, for the brutes boaſt as many and as ſtrong. If theſe then are but mere appendages, and drudges in the animal and ſocial economy, why will you inveſt them with the rights of majeſty, and ſanction this uſurpation by ſubmiſſion?

I have often contemplated, replied Ariſtides, the ſublimity of that philoſophy, which boaſts ſuperiority to time and chance. But it has generally appeared to me calculated to excite admiration, rather than regulate practice, or influence the mind. It ſeems to me a war upon our conſtitutions, as wild as that of the Titans againſt the gods. It is at beſt an enterpriſe of pride to eſcape from its humble ſphere. I feel a thouſand wants—I gratify them and find a pleaſure in the indulgence. I glow with a deſire of glory, and, under this impulſe, hazard the moſt hardy attempts. Thus conſtituted, can I be indifferent to *accidents*, and eſcape from poverty and diſgrace in aſpiring contemplations? Can I break from thoſe natural principles, which define my limited courſe, and neglect the claims of my diſpoſition, which teaches my duties, and is the oracle of my deſtiny?

A life of reflection on this ſubject, reſumed Antoninus, may privilege me as a philoſopher to give you ſentiments, to which

I do not claim acquiescence on the score of the prejudice of authority. To you perhaps they will not be novel. But the charms of truth are eternal, and amidst the tumults of a camp the voice of philosophy is sweet as the harp of Apollo.

Aristides expressed his thanks for the emperor's indulgence, and desired him to descend to minutiæ, and instruct him generally in those doctrines, which had influenced his life, and acquired him the love as well as the admiration of the world.

The emperor continued. The first truth that was impressed on my mind by Rusticus and Apollonius was this, that the world was under the providence and government of the gods, by whom it was created. From this truth I necessarily inferred the gods had formed me for happiness. After much reflection and inquiry I found the irresistible evidence of this position, The gods have given us all a capacity of avoiding real evils, *for nothing can compel us to do wrong, and violate justice.* If truth and goodness constitute the glory of Deity, must they not equally create the happiness of man? The consequence was inevitable. From this time I ceased to regard the *accidents* of life as *essential* to good or evil. I found, they happened to all alike, that sickness and health, riches and poverty, fame and disgrace were indiscriminately distributed among the virtuous and vicious, which would have been inconsistent with the justice of the gods, were these things really good or evil. I hence called them *indifferent.*

These principles were firmly impressed on my mind, when I first entered into active life. It was natural to inquire for the *summum bonum*, and I thus learned its nature. My sensual and spiritual natures contested for superiority, the one relying on the ardour of youth, and the other on the strength of truth. But I soon resolved my mind should not be a slave to my passions. I left the gardens of Epicurus to brutes, and adopted the rigid discipline of Zeno. With steady habits of temperance, I frankly put myself into the hands of fate, and let her spin out my fortune at her will. Yet with this temper and resignation I knew my title to happiness, and I resolved to improve the counsels of the deity within me. I soon discovered, that nothing was preferable to justice and truth, temperance and fortitude. I resolved therefore with Socrates to snatch myself from the

impreſſions and influence of ſenſe, ſubmit to the government of the gods, and be benevolent to mankind. I early perceived the influence of our thoughts and fancy on our actions and happineſs. Hence I laboured to diſcipline my mind. I repreſſed idle ſpeculations—I reſtrained my deſires, and diſpelled my fears. I lived up to nature, regarded opportunity, and ſtood boldly by truth. I thus kept my mind ſuperior to injury and diſgrace, to pleaſure and pain, and ſecured the happineſs I derived from virtue, by independence on imagination or opinion.

When I looked around me on mankind, I found all rational beings of kin to me, and conſidered general kindneſs and concern for the whole world but a principle of my nature. I regarded men as fellow citizens of the great capital, the earth, in relation to which all towns were but ſingle families, whoſe members were brethren of the ſame clan with myſelf. If Athens was the city beloved by Cecrops, the world I ranked as the favourite town of Jupiter. Hence in my intercourſe with mankind, I have toiled to reſemble the vine, which aſks no thanks for its cluſters. Like this, I have diſpenſed charity without parade, and only waited for the next ſeaſon to repeat my favours. To thoſe who have ſtudied and toiled to injure me, I have not been ſevere. I reſolved they ſhould not make me *guilty of wrong*. I have always conſidered them as acting unjuſtly through ignorance of the relation, they bore to me, and have pitied, rather than puniſhed their error.—I have toiled and prayed for the good of all. The Athenians clamorouſly implored Jupiter to rain upon their own fields. I have beſeeched the gods to bleſs my neighbours.

When I had learned my relations to men, when I contemplated my own faculties, when I beheld nature in her wide extent regular, active, and progreſſive, I reſolved to fill the petty ſpace of life with enterpriſe and induſtry. As a man and as a Roman I added energy to application, and performed my duty with all the dignity and advantage of circumſtance. The blandiſhments, or frowns of fortune did not check activity; for I felt my obligations to ſociety did not depend upon events, that ſubſiſt on change and owe their being to inſtability. I conſidered alſo the relation I bore to the gods, the part aſſigned me, and the brief

hour allowed me on the ſtage. I have ſtrove therefore that my tutelar genius ſhould have an honourable charge to preſide over, and to be in readineſs to quit the field, when nature ſounds the retreat.

The deſire of fame has had but little influence on my life. The emptineſs of applauſe, its precarious tenure, and the little judgment of thoſe, who beſtow it, rendered it contemptible in my view. The narrow limit of its extent was not out of my mind. I conſidered the globe but as a point; of this little, that but little was inhabited, and that in its populous clans the number or the quality of admirers gave but little worth to eulogy. Even theſe will ſoon be no more; in the next generation our glory muſt flag, and like a ball toſſed from hand to hand muſt fall at laſt. But grant that in the frequent breaks of ſucceſſion it is not dropped, what is panegyric to the deaf ear of the dead? It is uſeleſs as the ſun to the rotting ſeed. I conſidered that virtue is perfect of itſelf, and finiſhed in its own nature. The diamond beams with luſtre, though no tongue tells of its radiance, and the good are not better for commendation.

With ſuch ſentiments and ſuch conduct you can readily conceive my feelings on ſurveying the world and its varying ſcenes. I beheld matter in perpetual flux, and the preſent but the ſeed of ſucceſſion. I ſaw human life but a point—perception growing dull and weak—the body, ſlenderly compacted, rapidly falling into ruin—fortune and futurity out of the reach of conjecture, and fame not neceſſarily connected with deſert or judgment. In comparing hiſtory with obſervation, I found the ſame things repeated, and nature treading in a circle through the whole courſe of eternity. In tracing the annals of the world, I found the names of heroes grew obſolete with other words, and that men grew out of faſhion, as well as language. All theſe things impreſſed me with an idea of my mortality, and I ſtrove to act in the very rudiments of life like one who would ſoon be turned to a mummy or aſhes. Hence I have endeavoured to improve the only advantage which life affords, of endeavouring to aſſimilate myſelf to the gods, and being uſeful to my fellow men, of adoring thoſe above and aſſiſting thoſe below me. Death cannot come too ſoon, for it is the courſe of nature, and to be wiſe is to ſubmit.

I have briefly ſketched, continued Antoninus, the principles of my philoſophy—I have endeavoured my life ſhould reſemble the picture I have drawn; and where I have failed, I muſt impute it to the weakneſs of nature, rather than the error of my ſentiments.

You may imagine all my feelings at this diſcourſe. We knew Antoninus had given but a juſt likeneſs of himſelf, and I forward it to you that a knowledge of this godlike man may lead to a juſt veneration of his virtues. The hours of leiſure had paſt, and the ſetting ſtars invited us to repoſe.

W. D. Channing

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

HISTORY OF A COLLEGE RAKE.

Mr. PER-SE,

AS you have ſeen fit to publiſh my remarks on ſome abſurd notions prevailing at our Alma Mater, I ſend you the ſubſtance of two letters, the one from a Lawyer and the other from a Clergyman, in which their adoption of theſe dangerous ſentiments at the Univerſity is lamented in ſtrains of unaffected ſorrow. The names of my correſpondents I have not permiſſion to mention. But I am fully authorized to make public their confeſſions, with the fond hope, that ſome, who are not yet contaminated by ſimilar errors, may be perſuaded to learn wiſdom by the folly of others. Yours, &c. STUDIOSUS.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR STUDIOSUS,

BY this title permit me to addreſs you, though I have forfeited every claim to your friendſhip by unworthy conduct. When I was under your care at the Academy, you were unwearied in endeavours to inſpire me with juſt ſentiments and virtuous behaviour. Happily for me, as my morals were then, in a good meaſure, pure, I cautiouſly obſerved your directions.

When I was about to enter the Univerſity, I well remember with what anxiety you gave me your parting counſels. You were pleaſed to obſerve, that, with judicious application, my capacity would enable me to become a diſtinguiſhed ſcholar;

but with tears you added, that I ſhould be obliged to encounter every poſſible allurement to indolence and diſſipation.

You then faithfully laid before me my dangers and my duties. You entreated me to beware of thoſe early prejudices, which ſtudents are apt to contract againſt their faithful inſtructors. You repreſented to me in ſtrong terms the pernicious influence of bad companions. You were particularly ſolicitous, that I ſhould not be ambitious of becoming a College genius; as this is often ſuppoſed conſiſtent with extreme negligence and the utmoſt irregularity.

You adviſed me to maintain a noble indifference to the bawbling popularity. For this, you aſſured me, can ſeldom be acquired, or preſerved at the Univerſity, but by a total ſacrifice of independence, and by a ſervile deſire to pleaſe thoſe, who, while they are the moſt influential, are commonly the moſt diſſipated. You beſought me to reſpect my teachers, and to be attentive to my ſtudies, though it ſhould procure me the odious title of a "*fiſher*."

Accordingly, when I firſt entered College, I firmly reſolved to follow your counſels. I treated my inſtructors with filial affection and reſpect. I carefully obſerved the rules they preſcribed, and ſtudied the taſks they aſſigned. While many of my claſſmates were ranſacking the library with a view to other ſtudies, my higheſt ambition was to become a claſſical ſcholar. Several private propoſals to pilfer watermelons and to rob orchards I reſolutely withſtood. Nor would I club to go to a tavern for food and drink, while they were provided to my ſatisfaction at my regular meals. In fine, I commenced College life, by laying a foundation for virtuous morals and attentive ſtudy.

But I ſoon began to find, that I was remarked for my preciſeneſs. Hints were circulated, that I was "a dupe to government." My deportment was narrowly watched. Some on ſeeing me enter a tutor's room for leave of abſence, ſwore that I went to inform of the miſdemeanors of my fellow-ſtudents.

Hence violent prejudices were excited againſt me. Though I always recited well, it was imputed to exceſſively hard ſtudy. My ſuperiority in the languages, mathematics, and metaphyſics was never diſputed. But then it was alleged, that

——Such dry "roots are always found
To flouriſh beſt in barren ground."

These various aspersions I bore with considerable firmness, till I was charged with want of genius. This, as it was a novel accusation, and as I was conscious of its falsehood, I ought to have spurned with contempt. But, I confess, it produced the opposite effect. In endeavouring to refute the charge, I was insensibly led into those unhappy mistakes, which I had most resolutely determined to avoid.

To acquire a popularity, which I had unjustly forfeited, my first step was to adapt myself to the prejudices of my fellow-students. I allowed that the government had faults; and I loudly inveighed against the severity, with which some of my classmates were treated at the exhibition of their themes. I took but little pains with these exercises myself, lest I should appear to be anxious for "parts."

By degrees I was led to abjure mathematics; the languages soon followed; nor did I arrive at the summit of College favour, till I assumed the right of directing my own studies, and of treating with heedless neglect the stated exercises of my instructors. But what contributed most to this change in my sentiments and conduct, was the assignment of a part at Exhibition, which I with my flatterers were pleased to consider beneath my merit.

From that moment I swore revenge. On the evening of Exhibition I resorted to a tavern, and, with some rakes from Boston and a few College *bloods*, I got very drunk. When I had so far recovered, that I could stagger into College yard, I yelled, and swore, and broke windows, till I was tired, and than finished the night in gambling and carousing.

From this period I remissly attended recitations and prayers. I was several times fined. Once I was privately admonished, and I narrowly escaped a threatened suspension.

As a natural consequence of neglecting studies, I associated with unprincipled companions and contracted bad habits. I constantly strove by what arts I should oppose and perplex government. Profaneness, although I had been accustomed to consider it beneath a gentleman, I began to employ as my familiar language. As for lying, I thought it not only expedient, but commendable, when used to deceive my instructors.

But the worst effect I experienced was a love of strong liquors. At first I found them disgustful. I could drink only wine, and

that in moderate quantities. This ſoon became too weak to ſatisfy my raging appetite, till by degrees I contracted an inveterate habit of intemperance.

What promoted my diſſipation was admiſſion into the *Pig Club*. Here I found ample ſcope for irregular indulgence. I was one of the firſt to approve an abſurd motion, once made by a member, that it ſhould be an eſtabliſhed rule before parting for every one to get drunk. I alſo clamorouſly applauded a moſt impious bleſſing, which was on a certain occaſion aſked, and which threw the whole Club into a tumultuous ſhout of praiſe.*

It is true, I ſometimes felt rebukes of conſcience, when I recollected my early inſtructions and reſolutions, and when I accidentally met my virtuous friends. But I was in a great meaſure relieved from theſe momentary pangs by having the credit among my companions of an extraordinary genius. They took unwearied pains to proclaim it to the world. But for this purpoſe they uſed to mention not ſo much what I had done, as what I could do. They conſtantly maintained my great ſuperiority to all thoſe, who were obliged to earn their reputation with the government by hard ſtudy.

To preſerve as well as to gain renown from ſuch friends, I had recourſe to ſome of the methods, which you, my dear Studioſus, in a late communication ſo very juſtly expoſed. I particularly remember, that, when I was about to copy a poem, which had coſt me much time and exertion, I went to a claſſmate's room to borrow pen, ink, and paper, under the pretence, that I was deſtitute of theſe conveniences, and that I wiſhed to compoſe my taſk under a ſhady tree. In about three hours I returned with my poem completed, and written without blots. By this artifice I attracted general attention, and received indiſcriminate praiſe.

I had, indeed, ſenſe enough to feel my real inferiority to ſeveral others. But I took care to make myſelf more celebrated. Thus while my induſtrious fellow-ſtudents were poring over Locke, Euclid, and Conic Sections, I was curſorily reading Shakeſpeare's plays, and committing ſome of his moſt ſtriking

* I am happy to hear, that this Club has ſince aſſumed another name, and more decent manners.

paſſages to memory, that I might employ them, as occaſion ſhould require. While they were deeply immured in their ſtudies, I was often in company. In this way I acquired a confidence and volubility on popular topics, of which they were deſtitute. I took particular care to familiarize the anecdotes contained in Boſwell's life of Johnſon, and every other circumſtance relating to this truly great ſcholar. Hence, while my plodding claſſmates were endeavouring in vain to intereſt parties in their abſtruſe ſpeculations, I could entertain them whole evenings by agreeable ſtories reſpecting the celebrated Doctor.

But ſince I have received the honours of the Univerſity, I have had time for cool reflection. My crimes and my errors ſtare me in the face. For, though I reconciled myſelf to indolence at College by reſolving to ſtudy cloſely my future profeſſion; yet I find by experience, that my reſolutions were uſeleſs and vain. The habits of indolence contracted at the Univerſity I find it next to impoſſible to reform. My reputation for a great genius affords me no aſſiſtance. On the other hand, it excites general indignation, that ſuch talents ſhould have been ſo groſsly neglected and perverted. So accuſtomed have I been to bad company, that I find gratification in no other.

I am ſorry to add, that my habits of intemperance continue and increaſe. Once or twice I have begun to amend; but then my nerves trembled to ſuch a degree, that I was afraid, I ſhould loſe my health; and I again returned to my cups.

The conſequence is, my buſineſs is neglected. I am often tempted unjuſtly to retain in my own hands the money which belongs to my clients. My reputation is deſtroyed. My affairs are embarraſſed. My proſpects are truly diſtreſſing. My firmeſt reſolutions of amendment have ſo often failed, that I begin now to deſpair of ever returning to the paths of virtue.

In the anguiſh of my ſoul I have given you this ſhort hiſtory of my paſt life, and this melancholy deſcription of my condition and my proſpects. It will afford freſh confirmation of the doctrines you have always taught. That you may never have the mortification again to find your good inſtructions ſo ill requited is the ſincere wiſh of your affectionate, though ingrateful

O. X.

Rev. J. Price

For the Monthly Anthology.

Notices of Imitation and Plagiarism.

Mr. Per-se,

In reading the poets, I have generally obſerved a chronological order. One of my greateſt inducements to this courſe, was the pleaſure reſulting from tracing an idea or image from its firſt conception through all its different combinations, and its various degrees of expanſion and decoration, till it had reached its full growth, ſhowed its perfect beauty, and eſtabliſhed all its natural relations. It was my object to have given the world a collection of this kind of hiſtories of ſentiments and plagiaries, which would have been more curious, than the labours and paintings of the *virtuoſi*, who trace the progreſs of architecture from the rude hovel of the huntſman to the Corinthian column and the temple of Diana. In this occupation, and with this end, poetical reading afforded me a hiſtory of the progreſs of the human mind; and, as I am not a very ambitious pedant, I had reſolved to be content with what reputation I ſhould gain from communicating to the public my acquiſition of genealogical knowledge. But my manuſcripts have ſuffered the fate of Lord Mansfield's. A fire, which an ancient poet would have kindled by ſome malignant and envious fury, laid waſte my treaſure; and it was as rich a ſacrifice as Colly Cibber ever offered to dulneſs.

"*Ignis edax ſumma ad faſtidia vento Volvitur,*" and I can preſent hardly any "*Iliacis erepta ruinis.*" I have however found two ſcraps, which perhaps might have been as well conſumed, but which may afford ſome little pleaſure to the curious reader.

Every one, who has read Goldsmith's "Traveller," muſt have been charmed with theſe beautiful lines:

"But me, not deſtin'd ſuch delights to ſhare,
My prime of life in wandering ſpent and care,
Impell'd, with ſteps unceaſing to purſue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and ſkies,
Allures from far; yet as I follow, flies:
My fortune leads"————————

In the miſcellanies of John Norris, who wrote in the latter

part of the ſeventeenth century, there is a poem, called "THE INFIDEL," the two firſt ſtanzas of which bear ſuch an evident reſemblance, that it may be eaſily concluded, they furniſhed Dr. Goldſmith with the ideas in the preceding paſſage. They are theſe:

I.

Farewel, fruition, thou grand cruel cheat!
Which firſt our hopes doſt raiſe, and then defeat.
Farewel, thou midwife to abortive bliſs!
Thou myſtery of Fallacies!
Diſtance preſents the objects fair,
With charming features and a graceful air;
Yet when we come to ſeize th' inviting prey,
Like a ſhy ghoſt, it vaniſhes away.

II.

So to th' unthinking boy, the diſtant ſky
Seems on ſome mountain's ſurface to rely,
He with ambitious haſte climbs the aſcent,
Curious to touch the firmament;
But when with an unwearied pace
Arrived he is at the long-wiſhed for place,
With ſighs the ſad defeat he does deplore;
His heaven is ſtill as diſtant, as before.

Here is merely reſemblance. I proceed now to the expoſure of plagiariſm. In the popular poem of the Grave, there is every mark of imitation ſo ſtrong, that we cannot excuſe Blair for not giving credit, where he is ſo large a debtor.

"How ſhocking muſt thy ſummons be, O death,
To him that is at eaſe in his poſſeſſion!
Who, counting on long years of pleaſure here,
Is quite unfurniſhed for the world to come." BLAIR.

This may be conceived as an imitation of a ſtanza in an ode, which precedes the poem, that BLAIR has entirely incorporated with his own.

"Death can chooſe but be
To him a mighty miſery,
Who to the world was popularly known,
And dies a ſtranger to himſelf alone." NORRIS.

I now point out a more evident plagiarism.

" In that dread moment, how the frantic ſoul
Stares round the walls of her clay tenement."

.....

" Till forced, at laſt, to the tremendous verge,
At once ſhe ſinks to everlaſting ruin."

" Sure 'tis a ſerious thing to die! My ſoul
What a ſtrange moment muſt it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou haſt the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repaſs'd
To tell what's doing on the other ſide."

.....

.....

" Tell us, ye dead, will none of you, in pity
To thoſe you left behind, diſcloſe the ſecret?
Oh! that ſome courteous ghoſt would blab it out
What 'tis you are, and we muſt ſhortly be.
I've heard that ſouls departed have ſometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death—'twas kindly done
To knock and give the alarm—But what means
This ſtinted charity—'Tis but lame kindneſs,
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the ſtrict laws
Of your ſociety forbid your ſpeaking
Upon ſo nice a point?—I'll aſk no more.
Sullen, like lamps in ſepulchres, your ſhine
Enlightens but yourſelves.—Well, 'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd, as you are, and as cloſe."

Obſerve now the ſimilitude of the following poem by Norris.

THE MEDITATION.

" It muſt be done, my ſoul, but 'tis a ſtrange,
A diſmal and myſterious change,
When thou ſhalt leave this *tenement of clay*,
And to an unknown ſomewhere wing away;
When time ſhall be eternity, and thou
Shalt *be*—thou know'ſt not what; and *live*—thou know'ſt not how.

Amazing ſtate! no wonder, that we dread
To think of death, or view the dead!
Thou'rt all wrapt up in clouds, as if to thee
Our very knowledge had antipathy.
Death could not a more ſad retinue find,
Sickneſs and pain before, and darkneſs all behind.

Some courteous ghoſt, tell this great ſecrecy,
What 'tis you are and we muſt be—
You warn us of approaching death, and why
May we not know from you, what 'tis to die?
But you having ſhot the gulf delight to ſee
Succeeding ſouls plunge in, with like uncertainty.

When life's cloſe knot, by writ from deſtiny,
Diſeaſe ſhall cut, or age untie,
When, after ſome delays, ſome dying ſtrife,
The ſoul ſtands ſhivering on the ridge of life,
With what a dreadful curioſity,
Does ſhe launch out into the ſea of vaſt eternity!

Lo, when the ſpacious globe was delug'd o'er,
And lower holds could ſave no more,
On loftieſt boughs aſtoniſh'd ſinners ſtood,
And view'd the advances of the encroaching flood,
O'ertopp'd at length by th' element's increaſe,
With horror they reſign'd to the untry'd abyſs.

F. D. Channing

THE NATURAL STATE OF MAN.

AS every other animal is in its natural ſtate, when in the ſituation, which its inſtinct requires, ſo man, when his reaſon is cultivated, is then, and only then, in the ſtate proper to his nature. The life of the native ſavage, who feeds upon acorns, and ſleeps like a beaſt in his den, is commonly called the natural ſtate of man; but, if there be any propriety in this aſſertion, his rational faculties compoſe no part of his nature, and were given not to be uſed. If the ſavage, therefore, live in a ſtate, contrary to the appointment of nature, it muſt follow, that he is not ſo happy, as nature intended him to be.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

[Concluded from page 116.]

THIS perſon, who was ſoon found, was Thomas Taylor, Eſq. of Denbury, a gentleman to whom I have already been indebted for much liberal and friendly ſupport. He procured me the place of Bib. Lect. at Exeter College: and this, with ſuch occaſional aſſiſtance from the country, as Mr. Cookeſley undertook to provide, was thought ſufficient to enable me to live, at leaſt, till I had taken a degree.

During my attendance on Mr. Smerdon, I had written, as I obſerved before, ſeveral tuneful trifles, ſome as exerciſes, others voluntarily, (for poetry was now become my delight) and not a few at the deſire of my friends. When I became capable, however, of reading Latin and Greek with ſome degree of facility, that gentleman employed all my leiſure hours in tranſlations from the claſſics; and indeed I do not know a ſingle ſchool-book, of which I did not render ſome portion into Engliſh verſe. Among others, Juvenal engaged my attention, or rather my maſter's, and I tranſlated the tenth Satire for a holyday taſk. Mr. Smerdon was much pleaſed with this, (I was not undelighted with it myſelf;) and as I was now become fond of the author, he eaſily perſuaded me to proceed with him, and I tranſlated in ſucceſſion the third, the fourth, and twelfth, and I think the eighth Satires. As I had no end in view but that of giving a temporary ſatisfaction to my benefactors, I thought little more of theſe, than of many other things of the ſame nature, which I wrote from time to time, and of which I never copied a ſingle line.

On my removing to Exeter College, however, my friend, ever attentive to my concerns, adviſed me to copy my tranſlation of the tenth Satire, and preſent it, on my arrival, to the Rev. Dr. Stinton, (afterwards Rector) to whom Mr. Taylor had given me an introductory letter: I did ſo, and it was kindly received. Thus encouraged, I took up the firſt and ſecond Satires, (I mention them in the order they were tranſlated) when

my friend, who had ſeduouſly watched my progreſs, firſt ſtarted the idea of my going through the whole, and publiſhing it by ſubſcription, as a means of increaſing my means of ſubſiſtence. To this I readily acceded, and finiſhed the thirteenth, eleventh, and fifteenth Satires: the remainder were the work of a much later period.

When I had got thus far, we thought it a fit time to mention our deſign; it was very generally approved by my friends; and on the firſt of January, 1781, the ſubſcription was opened by Mr. Cookeſley at Aſhburton, and by myſelf at Exeter College.

So bold an undertaking ſo precipitately announced, will give the reader, I fear, a higher opinion of my conceit than of my talents: neither the one nor the other, however, had the ſmalleſt concern with the buſineſs, which originated ſolely in ignorance: I wrote verſes with great facility, and I was ſimple enough to imagine that little more was neceſſary for a tranſlator of Juvenal! I was not, indeed, unconſcious of my inaccuracies: I knew that they were numerous, and that I had need of ſome friendly eye to point them out, and ſome judicious hand to rectify or remove them; but for theſe, as well as for every thing elſe, I looked to Mr. Cookeſley, and that worthy man, with his uſual alacrity and kindneſs, undertook the laborious taſk of reviſing the whole tranſlation. My friend was no great Latiniſt, perhaps I was the better of the two; but he had taſte and judgment, which I wanted. What advantages might have been ultimately derived from them, there was unhappily no opportunity of aſcertaining, as it pleaſed the Almighty to call him to himſelf by a ſudden death, before we had quite finiſhed the firſt Satire. He died with a letter of mine unopened in his hands.

This event, which took place on the 15th of January, 1781, afflicted me beyond meaſure.* I was not only deprived of a moſt faithful and affectionate friend, but of a zealous and ever-active protector, on whom I confidently relied for ſupport: the ſums that were ſtill neceſſary for me, he always collected: and

* I began this unadorned narrative on the 15th of January, 1801: twenty years have therefore elapſed ſince I loſt my benefactor and my friend. In the interval I have wept a thouſand times at the recollection of his goodneſs: I yet cheriſh his memory with filial reſpect; and at this diſtant period, my heart ſinks within me at every repetition of his name.

it was to be feared that the assistance, which was not solicited with warmth, would insensibly cease to be afforded.

In many instances this was actually the case : the desertion however, was not general : and I was encouraged to hope, by the unexpected friendship of Servington Savery, a gentleman who voluntarily stood forth as my patron, and watched over my interests with kindness and attention.

Some time before Mr. Cookesley's death, we had agreed that it would be proper to deliver out with the terms of subscription, a specimen of the manner in which the translation was executed :* to obviate any idea of selection, a sheet was accordingly taken from the beginning of the first Satire. My friend died while it was in the press.

After a few melancholy weeks, I resumed the translation ; but found myself utterly incapable of proceeding. I had been so accustomed to connect Mr. Cookesley's name with every part of it, and I laboured with such delight in the hope of giving him pleasure, that now, when he appeared to have left me in the midst of my enterprise, and I was abandoned to my own efforts, I seemed to be engaged in a hopeless struggle, without motive or end : and his idea, which was perpetually recurring to me, brought such bitter anguish with it, that I shut up the work with feelings bordering on distraction.

To relieve my mind, I had recourse to other pursuits. I endeavoured to become more intimately acquainted with the classics, and to acquire some of the modern languages ; by permission too, or rather recommendation, of the Rector and Fellows, I also undertook the care of a few pupils : this removed much of my anxiety respecting my future means of support. I have a heart-felt pleasure in mentioning this indulgence of my college ; it could arise from nothing but the liberal desire inherent, I think, in the members of both our Universities, to encourage

* Many of these papers were distributed; the terms, which I extract from one of them, were these: "The work shall be printed in quarto, (without notes) and be delivered to the Subscribers in the month of December next.

"The price will be sixteen shillings in boards, half to be paid at the time of subscribing, the remainder on delivery of the book."

every thing, that bears the moſt diſtant reſemblance to talents: for I had no claims on them from any particular exertions.

The lapſe of many months had now ſoothed, and tranquillized my mind, and I once more returned to the tranſlation, to which a wiſh to ſerve a young man ſurrounded with difficulties, had induced a number of reſpectable characters to ſet their names: but alas, what a mortification! I now diſcovered, for the firſt time, that my own experience, and the advice of my too, too partial friend had engaged me in a work, for the due execution of which, my literary attainments were by no means ſufficient. Errors and miſconceptions appeared in every page. I had, indeed, caught ſomething of the ſpirit of Juvenal, but his meaning had frequently eſcaped me, and I ſaw the neceſſity of a long and painful reviſion, which would carry me far beyond the period fixed for the appearance of the work. Alarmed at the proſpect, I inſtantly reſolved (if not wiſely, yet I truſt honeſtly) to renounce the publication for the preſent.

In purſuance of this reſolution, I wrote to my friend in the country, (the Rev. Servington Savery) requeſting him to return the ſubſcription money in his hands, to the ſubſcribers. He did not approve my plan; nevertheleſs he promiſed, in a letter which now lies before me, to comply with it; and, in a ſubſequent one, added that he had already begun to do ſo.

For myſelf, I alſo made ſeveral repayments; and truſted a ſum of money to make others, with a fellow collegian, who, not long after, fell by his own hands in the preſence of his father. But there were ſtill ſome, whoſe abode could not be diſcovered, and others, on whom to preſs the taking back of eight ſhillings would neither be decent nor reſpectful: even from theſe I ventured to flatter myſelf that I ſhould find pardon, when on ſome future day I preſented them with the work, (which I was ſtill ſecretly determined to complete) rendered more worthy of patronage, and increaſed, by notes, which I now perceived to be abſolutely neceſſary, to more than double its propoſed ſize.

In the leiſure of a country reſidence, I fancied this might be done in two years; perhaps I was not too ſanguine: the experiment, however, was not made, for about this time a circumſtance happened which changed my views, and indeed my whole ſyſtem of life.

I had contracted an acquaintance with a perſon of the name of ———, recommended to my particular notice by a gentleman of Devonſhire, whom I was proud of an opportunity to oblige. This perſon's reſidence at Oxford was not long, and when he returned to town, I maintained a correſpondence with him by letters. At his particular requeſt, theſe were encloſed in a cover and ſent to Lord Groſvenor: one day I inadvertently omitted the direction, and his Lordſhip, neceſſarily ſuppoſing it to be meant for himſelf, opened and read it. There was ſomething in it which attracted his notice; and when he gave the letter to my friend, he had the curioſity to inquire about his correſpondent at Oxford; and, upon the anſwer he received, had the kindneſs to deſire he might be brought to ſee him on his coming to town: to this circumſtance, purely accidental on all ſides, and to this alone, I owe my introduction to this nobleman.

On my firſt viſit, he aſked me what friends I had, and what were my proſpects in life; and I told him that I had no friends, and no proſpects of any kind. He ſaid no more; but when I called to take leave, previous to returning to college, I found that this ſimple expoſure of my circumſtances had ſunk deep into his mind. At parting, he informed me that he charged himſelf with my preſent ſupport and future eſtabliſhment; and that till this laſt could be effected to my wiſh, I ſhould come and reſide with him. Theſe were not words of courſe: they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go, and reſide with him; and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, a kind and affectionate eſteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption, from that hour to this, a period of twenty years!

In his Lordſhip's houſe I proceeded with Juvenal, till I was called upon to accompany his ſon (one of the moſt amiable and accompliſhed young noblemen that this country, fertile in ſuch characters, could ever boaſt) to the continent. With him, in two ſucceſſive tours, I ſpent many years: years of which the remembrance will always be dear to me, from the recollection, that a friendſhip was then contracted, which time, and a more intimate knowledge of each other, have mellowed into a regard, that forms at once the pride and happineſs of my life."

Such is the intereſting hiſtory of himſelf, which Mr. Gifford, with unexampled candour, has given to the public.

Who that has perused the BAVIAD and the MÆVIAD, with a judgment capable of appreciating the merits, and a taste sufficiently refined to enjoy the beauties of those poems, can read this memoir without exclaiming, "Was such the origin of Gifford!—Was such the theatre in which his first ideas were formed, his first impressions stamped!"

It is, indeed, almost impossible to conceive a station, among civilized men, more remote from every thing allied to intellectual sense, to polished manners and cultivated taste, than the birth of a cabin-boy in a coaster: nor can the shop of a presbyterian shoemaker be considered as a sphere of existence much more elevated. In this latter situation, however, Mr. Gifford passed several years of that critical period of youth, when in general those habits are acquired, and those propensities are imbibed, which characterize the man. How then has it happened, that light and shade are not more opposite to each other, than is the character of Mr. Gifford to that, which a similar destination in life would have formed in almost every subject? To the properties of GENIUS alone can such a preservation of mind be attributed. That rare ingredient among the gifts of Nature to her children was mingled in the lot of Gifford. It was the consciousness of GENIUS which made him spurn the labours of the plough: and afterwards, when chilled by poverty and depressed by sorrow, he *sullenly* and *silently* submitted to be bound apprentice, is it not discernible, from his own pathetic description of that act, that it is the captivity of GENIUS which is recorded! The apathy, the temporary annihilation of mind, which was the consequence of this mental bondage, will be easily accounted for on the same grounds by the most superficial inquirer. In a clime so uncongenial, genius became torpid. Gifford still had eyes and ears, but they beheld no object, they imbibed no sound capable of conveying to such a mind any impression of sufficient force to rouse its energies, or even to excite its attention.

Happily, for the honour of our age, the lethargic influence of such an atmosphere was not permitted to be permanent. We have seen that the discrimination and benevolence of a Cookesley released imprisoned genius, and we have seen, with gratitude to Cookesley, its subsequent career. And though the distance is immense between the eminence of the author of the Baviad and

the obſcurity of the cabin-boy of the *Two-Brothers*, yet we ſhall ceaſe to be ſurpriſed at the achievement, when we reflect, that it is not more natural, that the eagle, liberated from a priſon ſtake, ſhould dart on daring wings to meet the ſun, than that genius, freed from miſery, poverty, and care, ſhould ſoar towards the ſummit of diſtinction.

The Baviad, to which we have ſo often alluded, though Mr. Gifford does not once mention it in his own memoir, is unqueſtionably the beſt ſatire that has iſſued from the preſs ſince the Roſciad of Churchill. The epidemic malady of *Della Cruſcan* poetry, which gave riſe to the Baviad, muſt be in the recollection of moſt of our readers.* A fitter ſubject for ſatire never

* For the information of thoſe readers, who are yet ſtrangers to this admirable ſatire, we abridge the preface to the firſt edition.

"In 1785, (Mr. Gifford ſays) a few Engliſh of both ſexes, whom chance had jumbled together at Florence, took a fancy to while away their time in ſcribbling high panegyrics on themſelves, and complimentary canzonettas on two or three Italians, who underſtood too little of the language to be diſguſted with them. In this there was not much harm; but as folly is progreſſive, they ſoon wrought themſelves into an opinion that they really deſerved the fine things which were mutually ſaid and ſung of each other. About the ſame period, a daily paper called the World was in faſhion, and much read. This paper was equally laviſh of its praiſe and abuſe, and its conductors took upon themſelves to direct the taſte of the town, by prefixing a ſhort panegyric to every trifle that appeared in their own columns. The firſt cargo of *Della Cruſcan* poetry was given to the public through the medium of this paper. There was a ſpecious brilliancy in theſe exotics, which dazzled the native grubs, who had ſcarce ever ventured beyond a ſheep and a crook, and a roſe-tree grove, with an oſtentatious diſplay of "blue hills," and "craſhing torrents," and "petrifying ſuns." From admiration to imitation is but a ſtep. Honeſt Yenda tried his hand at a deſcriptive ode, and ſucceeded beyond his hopes; Anna Matilda followed; in a word,

———contagio labem
Hanc dedit in plures, ſicut grex totus in agris
Unius ſcabie cadit, et porrigine porci.

While the epidemic malady was ſpreading from fool to fool, Della Cruſca came over, and immediately announced himſelf by a ſonnet to love. Anna Matilda anſwered it, and the "two great luminaries of the age," as Mr. Bell calls them, fell deſperately in love with each other. From that period not a day paſſed without an amatory epiſtle fraught with thunder, lightning, *et quicquid habent telorum armamentaria cœli.*—The fever turned to

preſented itſelf to the poet's laſh; and we are almoſt heathens enough to ſay, that Apollo, through the agency of the generous Cookeſley, ſingled out Gifford as the champion of his cauſe againſt the mad rebels, who threatened to overturn his empire upon earth, or at leaſt in Britain. Be this as it may, we will aſſert that the poet's connexion with the god is diſtinguiſhable in every line; and that the defeat of the *Cruſcan* phalanx could not have been more complete had the muſes and their maſter fought in perſon. And though Mr. Gifford himſelf obſerves in a note to the Mæviad, that "the conteſt was without danger, and the victory without glory," from the impotence of theſe Aſkaparts, we muſt diſſent from this obſervation. It ſurely required no ſlender degree of ſkill or courage to attack a hoſt, however puny in themſelves, who had the current of popular applauſe for their intrenchment, and columns behind columns of proſtituted and venal journals ready to repel the attack. Accordingly the champion of ſenſe and poetry was in his turn aſſailed, by the "angry ebullitions of folly unmaſked and vanity mortified." In the approbation and applauſe of the good and wiſe, however, Mr. Gifford found ſolid cauſe of ſelf-congratulation, while the imbecile attacks of fools or knaves paſſed by him like "the idle wind."

The Mæviad appeared in the year 1795, and may be deemed a ſecond part of the Baviad. The ſatire of the former was particularly reſtricted to the *ſonnetteers* and *ode-mongers* of the Cruſcan ſchool; but the latter embraced *Cruſcan* and *Harlequin* dramatiſts. As there has exiſted but one opinion upon the merits of theſe poems, our criticiſm would be uſeleſs. They are of a nature to perpetuate the memory of their author; and the tranſ-

frenzy: Laura-Maria, Carlos, Orlando, Adelaide, and a thouſand other nameleſs names, caught the infection, and from one end of the kingdom to another, all was nonſenſe and Della Cruſca. Even then I waited with a patience, which I can better account for than excuſe, for ſome one (abler than myſelf) to ſtep forth to correct this depravity of the public taſte, and check the inundation of abſurdity that was burſting upon us from a thouſand ſprings. As no one appeared, and as the evil grew every day more alarming, (for now bed-ridden old women, and girls at their ſampler, began to rave) I determined, without much confidence of ſucceſs, to try what could be effected by my feeble powers; and accordingly wrote the following poem."

lation of Juvenal, which Mr. Gifford has recently given to the world, would have conſecrated his name to the homage of remote poſterity, even had no other production ſerved as its precurſor to fame. The ſatires of Juvenal are juſtly ranked among the beſt productions of the ancient poets, and, "taken for all in all," are not inferior to any. Yet it was not until the beginning of the ſeventeenth century that a complete tranſlation of Juvenal was attempted; and even then the verſions of Sir Robert Stapylton and Barten Holyday were the only means by which an unlearned reader could obtain a glimpſe of the literary treaſures of the Roman ſatiriſt, for a period of nearly an hundred years, when Dryden's tranſlation appeared. With the character of this tranſlation every reader muſt be ſufficiently acquainted. Dr. Johnſon has ſaid of it, "that it preſerves the wit, but wants the dignity of Juvenal!" Without inquiring whether the Doctor *meant* to convey praiſe or cenſure by this character, we are clearly of opinion that a want of Juvenal's dignity, cannot be atoned for by any other merit in his tranſlator. But it is not neceſſary to diſcuſs the merits of former tranſlations for a deduction of the *neceſſity* of Mr. Gifford's, as we have ſeen that other motives than the *public ſervice* firſt urged him to the taſk, ſtimulated its progreſs, and decided its publication. It might be deemed arrogant in us to pronounce judgment on a performance ſo lately in the hands of the public; we will therefore reſtrain thoſe expreſſions of admiration and applauſe which would flow "*trippingly from our tongue*," ſenſible that the judgment of poſterity will do ample juſtice to the "*Juvenal* of OUR age."

Since this article was begun to be written, the nobleman to whom Mr. Gifford perſonally, and on his account the Britiſh public generally, owe boundleſs obligations, has left our world. We could wiſh it were engraven on his tomb——"HERE LIES THE PATRON OF WILLIAM GIFFORD." Alas! how few among our degenerated and degenerating nobles can claim ſo proud an epitaph! ONE however remains, of whom the poet himſelf has thus ſung:

> "Yet one remains, ONE NAME forever dear,
> With whom, converſing many a happy year,
> I mark'd with ſecret joy the opening bloom
> Of virtue, preſcient of the fruits to come,
> Truth—honour—rectitude—"

It is needleſs to add, that the nobleman alluded to was Lord Belgrave, now the Earl of Groſvenor.

Bleſſed with ſuch a friend, the ſubject of theſe memoirs is ſafely ſheltered from the ſtorms of life, in an harbour which affords him competence, tranquillity, and reſpect. In the ſociety of the firſt characters in this country for rank, talents, and taſte, does the *ci-devant* cabin-boy of the Two Brothers mingle, as in a ſphere for which nature evidently deſigned him. Contraſting, therefore, the origin of William Gifford with his preſent eminence in ſociety, we may deſcribe the emancipation of his genius in the ſame words as Pope deſcribes the liberation of the ſoul by death, and ſay,

> "As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
> And ſep'rate from their kindred dregs below,
> So flew the ſoul to its CONGENIAL PLACE."

For the Monthly Anthology.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF POCAHONTAS.

In the wildeſt ſcenes of nature have been found her moſt engaging beauties. The deſert ſmiles with roſes, and ſavage ſociety ſometimes exhibits the graces of humanity.

Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, with the colour and the charms of Eve, at the age of fifteen, when nature acts with all her powers, and fancy begins to wander, had a heart, that palpitated with warm affections. At this time, Captain Smith, one of the firſt ſettlers of Virginia, was brought a captive to her father's kingdom. Smith was by nature endowed with perſonal graces, that intereſt the female mind. He mingled feeling with heroiſm, and his countenance was an index of his ſoul. Pocahontas had never before beheld ſuch a human being, and her heart yielded homage to the empire of love. In the firſt interview ſhe looked all ſhe felt, and like Dido, hung entranced on the face and lips of the gallant man.

An intereſting occurrence ſoon afforded an opportunity of exhibiting her affections. Powhatan and his council of Sachems

had reſolved on the death of Smith. A huge ſtone was rolled before the aſſembled chiefs. Smith was produced, and the executioners with knotty clubs ſurrounded him. The moment of his fate had arrived; his head was laid upon the rock, and the arms of cruelty were raiſed! At this moment Pocahontas darted through the band of warriors; ſhe placed her cheek on Smith's, and the ſame blow would have decided both their deſtinies. The heart of an Indian is not made of coarſer materials than ours. Powhatan caught the feelings of his daughter, and ſympathy with Pocahontas procured a pardon for his priſoner. Charmed with her ſucceſs ſhe hung wildly on the neck of the reprieved victim, while exceſs of joy checked the utterance of her affections.

Smith indulged all the ſentiments of gratitude. He had not a heart for love. With a ſpirit of enterpriſe, he aſpired to great and laudable achievements. The pleaſure of ſofter paſſions he relinquiſhed to the imbecility of gentler natures. He coldly thought of the advantages to be derived from the ardent affection of Pocahontas, and grounded his pretences of mutual love on the calculations of intereſt.

After ſeven weeks' captivity, Smith returned to Jameſtown, his ſettlement in Virginia. By his Indian guides he ſent preſents to Pocahontas, which the hopes of love regarded as the teſtimonial of returned affection. The conſtructions of the heart are governed by its wiſhes, and fancy is ready with its eloquence to gain faith to all the dreams of deluding fondneſs.

At the return of Smith to his colony, he found them in want and deſpair. He encouraged them by engaging deſcriptions of the country, and diſconcerted a ſcheme for abandoning the wilds of Virginia. An intereſting event ſtrengthened the reſolution he had inſpired. Pocahontas appeared in the fort with the richeſt preſents of benevolence. With all the charms of nature and the beſt fruits of the earth, ſhe reſembled the Goddeſs of Plenty with her *cornucopiæ*. Even Smith indulged, for a while, his ſofter feelings; and, in the romantic receſſes of uncultured walks, liſtened to the warm effuſions of his Indian maid. She ſighed, and ſhe wept; and found ſolace in his tears of tenderneſs, which ſeemed to her the flow of love.

Soon after, Pocahontas gave a ſtronger proof of her affection. Powhatan had made war upon the coloniſts, and had laid his warriors in ambuſh, ſo artfully, that Smith and his party muſt have been deſtroyed. To ſave the man ſhe loved, in a night of ſtorm and thunder, Pocahontas wandered through the wilds and woods to the camp of Smith, and apprized him of his danger. Love ſeems the ſupreme arbiter of human conduct, and, like Hortenſia, forgets the brother, and the father, when oppoſed to the fortunes of her favourite.

A dangerous wound, which Captain Smith accidentally received, rendered his return to England neceſſary. He felt the pangs his abſence would inflict on the heart of his Indian maid, and concerted a ſcheme for impreſſing her with full belief of his death. The next time Pocahontas viſited the camp, ſhe was led to the pretended grave of Smith, and deluded with the dying profeſſions of her lover. Imagination will picture the ſorrows of ſo fond a heart. Untutored nature knows none of the ſhackles of refinement, and violence of paſſion finds expreſſion.

The grave of Smith was the favourite haunt of Pocahontas. Here ſhe lingered away the hours, here ſhe told her love, and ſcattered her favourite flowers. One evening, as ſhe was reclining in melancholy on the turf, that covered her lover, ſhe was ſurpriſed at the preſence of a man. Rolfe had ſeen and gazed upon the charming nymph, and indulged for her all that ardour of romantic paſſion, which Smith had excited in her breaſt. He was penſively bewailing his hopeleſs love, when Pacahontas ſtole away in ſhade and ſilence to perform her duties to the dead. Surpriſe, terror, and ſorrow ſuſpended in her the powers of life, and ſhe ſunk lifeleſs into the arms of the fortunate admirer. Could he forbear a warm embrace to one he loved ſo well, or was eloquence wanted to charm away her bluſhes at the return of life? Affection had too often repeated her leſſons to the woods and wilds to be dumb at ſuch a criſis. Pocahontas liſtened with ſympathy—he wiped away the tear, that ſwelled in her eye. Deſpair yielded to enlivened hopes, and ſhe indulged him in the ardent careſſes of contagious love. They talked down the moon, and the ſong of the mocking-bird became faint, before Pacahontas could eſcape from the vows and arms of her lover to the cabin of her companions.

Powhatan had none of the partiality of his daughter for the Engliſh; and a ſtratagem was formed to ſeize Pocahontas in order to induce her father to adopt an equitable mode of conduct. Rolfe did not regret the ſucceſs of this ungenerous ſcheme. Through wilds and woods, and at the hazard of his life, he had ventured to ſee her. He now enjoyed her ſmiles in ſafety, and received new confidence from being choſen by her, as her protector. He continued however always as reſpectful, as affectionate, and while he ſoothed her into tranquillity, gave but new proofs of fidelity. His heart was as pure, as hers was fond.

At length Netanquas arrived at the fort with proviſions to ranſom his ſiſter. He had ſaved the life of Rolfe in one of his excurſions to meet Pocahontas; and to him the lover applied in the preſence of his Indian maid, to gain Powhatan's conſent to his union with his daughter. Pocahontas melted into ſoftneſs at this declaration of the accompliſhed Engliſhman, and her bluſhing acquieſcence was ſanctioned by the approbation of her father. Their marriage ſoon followed—Happy inſtance of the perſeverance of virtuous affection! The prejudices of education yielded to the honeſt impulſes of the heart. The raven treſſes and the tawny cheek of Pocahontas were no diſparagements to the dignity of her ſoul or the generoſity of her nature. Through this veil Rolfe diſcovered a thouſand virtues, and his love was rewarded with their poſſeſſion.

For years Rolfe reſided in the wilds of nature, and in ſociety with his Indian princeſs. Fond of ſolitude, ſhe became the dear companion of his retirement. In the moments of leiſure he initiated her in the wonders of ſcience, and the myſteries of religion. In return ſhe reſpected him for his talents and his virtues; and added gratitude for improvement to *love for love*. A ſon was the ſole fruit of their union, from whom deſcends the nobility of Virginia, the Randolphs and Bowlings.

In 1616, Rolfe arrived in England with Pocahontas. At London, ſhe was introduced to James I. The king rebuked her for deſcending from the dignity of royalty ſo far as to marry a plebeian. But the ladies of the court and the nobility of the kingdom regarded her with reſpect and affection; and ſought to render her happy, by all the blandiſhments of refinement. She ſoon learned the manners of the great, and in her

demeanor exhibited all the dignity and purity of her character, mingled with the tenderneſs of her heart.

Captain Smith called on Pocahontas ſoon after her arrival. Her aſtoniſhment was at firſt ſucceeded by contempt. But the reſentment of wounded pride ſoon yielded to tender ſentiments. In a private interview ſhe heard his intereſting explanation, and ever after careſſed him with the fondneſs of a ſiſter.

After remaining ſome time in England and travelling with Pocahontas through the country, he had ſo often deſcribed, Rolfe reſolved to reviſit America. But alas! Pocahontas had quitted her native wilds forever. She was taken ſick at Graveſend, and after a ſhort illneſs, died. Religion cheered her through the hours of declining life, and her laſt faltering accents whiſpered praiſe to her Creator.

When we reflect that ſo much virtue, heroiſm, intellect and piety adorned ſo young a native of our country, we cannot but regard America as the natural clime of greatneſs, and conſider Pocahontas, as exhibiting proof of the powers and capacity of ſavage nature, rather than as an exception to common degeneracy.

W. E. Channing, Jr.

REMARKS

On the Merits and Defects of Dr. Johnson, as a Critic.

[*From Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum.*]

'DR. JOHNSON, whoſe Lives of the Poets are extremely valuable, from the knowledge of life they diſplay, from their morality, and from that acuteneſs of inveſtigation and vigour of expreſſion, which his aſtoniſhing powers of intellect threw on every ſubject, in which he engaged, has yet contributed to authorize a degraded taſte. For candour ought to confeſs, that a feeling for the higher kinds of poetry was not among his excellencies. Is it poſſible for thoſe to doubt it, who recollect the opinion he has expreſſed of Milton's Lycidas, and of the Odes of Gray? who remember that he has ſcarce mentioned the Fables of Dryden, and that he has hardly conferred even a cold extorted praiſe on the Ode to the Paſſions by Collins? who muſt

admit, that among the modern poets, who have pretenſions to excellence in their art, there are but two, except his favourite Pope, to whoſe merits he has done any tolerable juſtice? Theſe are Thomſon and Young.*

'Dr. Johnſon, born no doubt with violent paſſions, yet with the organs of his ſenſes, through which the fancy is ſtored, if not imperfect, ſurely far from acute, had from a very early age moſt cultivated his powers of ratiocination, till by degrees he grew to eſteem lightly every other ſpecies of excellence: and carrying theſe ideas into poetry, he was too much inclined to think, that to reaſon in verſe, when the harmony of numbers, and eſpecially if ſomething of the ornament of poetical language was added to the force of truth, was to attain the higheſt praiſe of the art. The pleaſure of pure deſcription or ſentiment, of what was calculated merely to exerciſe the imagination or the heart, he ſeems ſcarcely ever to have felt.

'But if Johnſon has failed, there is no wonder why ordinary critics do not even apprehend wherein true genius conſiſts. The firſt qualification is that extreme ſenſibility through which images are ſtrongly and originally impreſſed upon the mind by the objects themſelves, and whence all thoſe feelings of admiration and tenderneſs which they cauſe, riſe ſpontaneouſly without being forced by the hot-bed of books or the aid of ſlow reflection. Whoever has felt the charms of nature, or the paſſions common to mankind, with ſuch force, and cultivated language with ſuch ſucceſs, as to be able to arreſt and tranſcribe his own immediate ſenſations, poſſeſſes the powers of a poet.'

* The ſlight ſhown to Ld. Lyttelton's "Monody," is another proof of unpoetic feeling in our great critic; and ſuch may be deemed his treaſured ſarcaſm on Dyer's "Fleece." Dr. Johnſon too frequently ſaid a witty thing in preference to a wiſe one; an infirmity, which doth 'moſt eaſily beſet' a temper unchaſtiſed. *Review.*

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

LOOSE PARAGRAPHS.

THERE are but few authors in the world. In general we only publiſh the ſentiments of others, and all the merit we can claim is that of tailors, who contrive new clothes for old perſons.

IT is neceſſary to learn rules that we may be able to act without them, and to ſucceed in diſregarding them. *He who has been* inſtructed in arithmetic, can calculate without adhering to its rules. *The graceful dancer* may occaſionally neglect thoſe ſteps by which he acquired his gracefulneſs; and *the beſt muſician* will often violate thoſe laws by which he acquired his art. Expreſſion in muſic, taſte in the fine arts, and excellence in the meaneſt trades, do not conſiſt in adherence to rules, but ſpring from a judgment originally formed by rules, and hence enabled to reach its end without regarding them. Perhaps the higheſt proof of ſkill is to know *when* and *how* to neglect eſtabliſhed rules.

THE moſt enviable power is that which is exerciſed over the minds of men. He, who enforces conviction, bends the will and commands the affections, has reſiſtleſs power; he is a deſpot; he raiſes his throne in the heart; he wears a crown, which no revolutions of empires can pluck from his brow. The reverence, paid to ſuch a ſovereign, is worth more than all the mockery of homage, which was ever offered to an eaſtern monarch. It is reverence of the heart, paid not to a name or a glittering ſceptre, but to qualities of the ſoul, acquired by honourable exertion, and permanent as the mind, which poſſeſſes them.

NOTHING is more difficult than the acquiſition of truth. Born in weakneſs and ignorance, we neceſſarily depend on others for ſupport and direction. The expanſion of our minds, as well

as of our bodies, is entruſted to the care of our parents. Nature puts us, pliant as oſier, ſuſceptible as wax, into the hands of others. *They* mould us, they influence our minds, they preſcribe our principles, they infuſe into us their own prejudices. The very air we breathe is infected. Before we begin to reaſon, we are nurſed in error, and wedded to deluſion. Our ſight is obſcured. Our powers are cramped. The ſpirit of inveſtigation is loſt in blind attachment to prevailing opinions. We think as we were taught. We cling to the leading ſtrings when we are old enough to walk alone. Ancient ſyſtems grow into us, incorporate themſelves with our minds, and become a part of us; and it is as painful to renounce them, as to hew the limbs from our bodies. It requires ſtrength and courage greater than heroes have exerted, to caſt away our ſhackles, to riſe above the clouds of prejudice, to open our eyes wide to the light, to ſilence our attachments and averſions, and to hear the ſolemn voice of truth.

THERE is often in works of taſte and eloquence, a uniform tedious elegance, more diſguſting than coarſeneſs and barbarity. An eaſy, unbalanced, unlaboured ſtyle ſhould form the ground of compoſition. This will give relief and prominence to the moſt important parts, and produce an agreeable variety. We love to travel through plains, and the eye naturally repoſes now on the verdure of the fields, and now on the ſoft blue of heaven. Dazzling objects ſoon fatigue and overpower us. In the ſame manner, ſimple truth, in a plain perſpicuous ſtyle, with familiar illuſtrations, ſhould form the ſubſtance of a diſcourſe, and all that is melting, magnificent, and ſolemnizing, ſhould be introduced by natural tranſition from this eaſy courſe. Compoſition ſhould indeed be always rich in thought. By ſimple truth we mean not ſtale repetition and barrenneſs of ſentiment. There is nothing to gratify us in a deſert level of ſand, but we delight in the fertile well-watered plain.

Eloquent compoſition ſhould reſemble nature. Here ſhould be rugged force, there flowing melody, here ſolemn gloom, there cheerful ſunſhine, in one part the wildneſs of the ſtorm and of the uncultivated waſte, in another the charms of order, and the mildneſs of the evening ſky.

W. E. Channing

For the Monthly Anthology.

EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.—*No. II.*

THE corrupt manners of the world have always been a subject of much declamation; and, though sometimes they have been drawn perhaps with too bold a pencil, an attentive and candid observer will yet find much to deplore and to correct. I proposed, in these essays, to make some observations on the manner of occupying our social interviews, the amusements, to which we have recourse to fill up our evening hours, and the purposes, to which we ought to devote them. In this number I shall consider the tendency and effects of levity and impure wit.

The advantages of society are great and estimable. Society will make us better men, and better Christians. But much of our intercourse with the world and our friends can produce no happy influence on the minds of others, nor our own. That *busy* levity, that engrosses most of the leisure hours, which we appropriate to the entertainment of each other, in the best point of view, can only store the mind with trifles. By habituating our minds to idle topics of discourse we progressively disrelish subjects of a more important nature. A vacant hour, which might be agreeably occupied by the studious, thoughtful and sedate, becomes a burden. We are happy only, when in circles of gaiety, wit and humour. Important investigations can never engage a mind without disgust, which has been devoted to useless exercises. As the mind has been floating on the surface of the world, and drawn pleasure only from the sallies and folly of a wild imagination, objects of a higher nature lose their importance. In persons, who are devoted to gay and humourous company, there is most commonly discoverable a want of useful reflection; for the object of such is not to be instructed, but diverted.

The disposition to levity prevails in most of our associations. It is seldom we meet or hear any thing instructive and interesting. Even in most of improved societies we find little to enrich our hearts or understandings. It is a circumstance to be regretted, that such favourable opportunities are so frequently pervert-

ed. I have been aſtoniſhed to ſee ſenſible people paſs away their evenings very agreeably in a relation of the trifling incidents of the day. The moſt we find for entertainment is adventures from a toilet to a ball-room, the feats and ribaldry of a buffoon, or the mimic arts of a monkey. Levity on every occaſion is a departure from dignity of character. It is rarely aſſociated with great minds and ſteady virtues. It is commonly the fruit of weakneſs and ignorance.

To occaſional freedom from ſerious exerciſes we do not refer. But levity, when indulged beyond a certain degree, cannot fail to preclude important concerns. No one after having imbibed a taſte for ſuch kind of relaxation, as intereſts the imagination only, will receive culture and enjoyment from religious and uſeful ſubjects. His ſentiments will aſſume the colouring of the prevailing paſſion; looſe habits of thinking are contracted, and attention can never be confined to inſtructive and ſubſtantial reflections.

Our minds are not leſs improved, and our hearts ſtill more corrupted by the manner, in which we convey corrupt thoughts. It is commonly imagined, that witticiſms are indicative of brilliant talents and ſuperior knowledge. There are occaſions, when a perſon with talents for theſe will ingratiate himſelf, when there is no other feature in his character to render him engaging. But wit is ſeldom profitably employed. Its general tendency is to corrupt the heart inſtead of improving it. If judiciouſly directed, it may ſubſerve a uſeful purpoſe; and in many circumſtances it is the moſt ſucceſsful method of aſſailing vice, and defeating its eſpouſers. But, where it is employed in impure ſentiments, moral feeling receives not even a remote gratification, and the tendency is only to eradicate chaſte and virtuous affections, and give a pleaſing aſpect to vice. It places immodeſty in an engaging attitude, and when the reſiſtance to this is overcome, virtue loſes its greateſt barrier. In wit there is ſomething ſo ſubtle and inſinuating, that we are apt to feel ourſelves ſecure, when we are in imminent danger; for if the imagination can be diverted, poiſon is imperceptibly conveyed to the heart.

There is a groſs ſpecies of wit, which, though always diſguſting to the refined part of mankind, has effect among a particular claſs of men. Its object is to excite only impure and unwarrantable affections. It deſcends to the moſt indecent vulgarities. But there is a refined kind of wit, which has a more extenſive influence. It is ſlower in deſtroying our moral feelings, but equally certain. This is decked out in the beauties of language and art, that it may give leſs offence to a nice ſenſibility. This prevails moſtly among the higher circles, but it diminiſhes the beauties of refinement. It may in ſome proceed from a wiſh to be thought ſenſible and witty; but it is reproachable in any view, and diſtempers purity of heart. It gradually throws off a modeſt reſerve, and hides the deformities of vice under the cloak of innocence.

Vice can never be repreſented in too odious colours. It is what we ought to diſclaim in every form. It is inſidious, treacherous and deſtructive. The more it is concealed, the greater is its progreſs. Where it is calculated to excite a pleaſing emotion, inſtead of our abhorrence, it imperceptibly gains upon our affections. If we be diſpoſed to amuſe others with humourous thoughts, let them be founded on ſubjects, that cannot wound the heart.

To a refined and pious ſenſibility there is much in the intercourſe between men to bring regret and ſorrow. To mingle in moſt of our ſocial circles, more is loſt in principle and affection, than is acquired by information and amuſement. The taſte is not in general ſo depraved as to renounce a profeſſion of religious principle, but we have little to do but preſerve a few decorums and virtues to render ourſelves engaging and worthy.

It requires little diſcernment to be convinced, where the prejudices, feelings and deſires of men would end; much circumſpection and fortitude to acquire and retain, what is amiable and uſeful. Few have ſo weak a ſenſe of propriety as not to feel injured by groſs errors, but theſe in general have not that radical and extenſive effect, which ariſes from more ſecret and indirect operations. What in the firſt caſe reaſon and ſenſibility would diſcard, in the latter would be pleaſing and often aſſume the aſpect of innocence.

P. Adams.

THE ANTHOLOGY.

Original Poetry.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF

DAVID TAPPAN, D. D.

Late Profeſſor of Theology in Harvard College.

BE gone, ye guileful lurements of the world!
And leave one melancholy hour to grief;
When hope is blighted, and the heart is ſad,
To muſe and weep is privileg'd relief.

While Heaven's illum'd with ever-living light,
The earth is ſhrouded and its pomp withdrawn;
'Tis ſolemn now to gaze upon the ſky,
And mark where late a ſainted ſhade has gone.

Celeſtial ſpirit! thou art welcome there;
Protecting angels claim'd thee to be bleſt!
Pilgrim on earth, thy thoughts were plac'd in heaven—
And there alone thy ſpirit ſought its reſt.

Tho' thou art happy in a better world,
Still thou art gone, and tears are nature's debt.
Then let theſe flowings of a wounded heart
Expreſs thy merit and its own regret.

In vain the grave conceals the mouldering duſt;
I ſtill thy living form and mien recall.
Still can I ſee thy face with goodneſs beam,
And think I hear thy pious accents fall.

Legate of heaven! how didſt thou feel thy truſt!
How did thy boſom beat with holy zeal!
Touch'd by the pathos of thy prayer, the heart,
Tho' paralyzed by ſin, was made to feel.

So humbly didſt thou bear the proudeſt rank,
That modeſt youth thy converſe ſweet would ſeek;
So fair thy mind, ſhone in thy open mien,
Thy look expreſs'd it, ere thy tongue could ſpeak.

Thrice happy they, who form'd thy tender care,
And in thy life ſaw thy religion prov'd;
How muſt they love that influence divine,
Which cheriſh'd and inſpir'd the man they lov'd.
And, bleſſed ſpirit, ſtill the grateful heart
Follows thy flight to yon celeſtial ſphere;
It ſees thee join the kindred choir of ſaints,
In hymning ſongs while liſt'ning angels hear. A. B.

A TALE:

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

WHAT feats are acted in the ſkies
Are preſent to the muſe's eyes:
So Homer ſings, whoſe muſe made known
What paſt at Cloud-compeller's throne.
Tho' mine, a baſhful ſlut, aſſumes
No birth ſo near the parlour rooms,
Like Helen, at her weaving ſits,
Or ſings her ſorrows, while ſhe knits;
Yet, lately fill'd with courage equal,
She wrought her ſampler with the ſequel.
When laſt was ſwept the ſtar-pav'd floor,—
(And in the moon dropt many more,—)
Our earth *this*, like a meteor, ſought,
And left her to be ſcolded for't.

The Graces, when too young to feel
Diſgrace at being ungenteel;
Ere madam Venus took upon her
To uſe them for her maids of honour;
And ſimple, as a turtle dove,
That feeds on flies, ſplit-peas and love;
Came down, where ſat my muſe a ſtitching,
And rais'd a riot in the kitchen.
Fatigu'd with romping, (what the harm
About the hearth to chat and warm—
The fire with tongs and ſhovel punch,
Or try the tricks of mother Bunch.)

How pointed every falling brand,
How crowd the ſparks on either hand,
On whom the ſtarry volume roll'd,
They watch as ſigns, that fate unfold.
But ah, they ne'er believed it true,
Who plays with fire will quarrel too!
And now eſſaying to diſcover
For whom ſhould ſigh the firſt fond lover,
By lamp unbroke, green cheſnuts ſtrewing
Upon the hearth with embers glowing
They ſee, ah cauſe of dire miſhap,
They ſee, alone in Thalia's lap
Whole crowds of ſmoking kernels ſhot—
(Unfailing ſign of luckieſt lot.)
Terpſecorne now looking round
Some meaning for the omen found,
For Mars, than any red-coat bolder,
Was peeping over Thalia's ſhoulder,
Juſt like the devil when he's ſpoke on
With all the lover's pining look on.
Now was the time, alas, ye muſes,
Could heavenly minds bear ſuch abuſes!
That Envy, ragged imp of ſpite,
And twinborn with the fiend of night,
At whoſe vile birth the Gorgons ſcream'd
And eaſt winds blew and lightning ſtream'd—
That Envy down the chimney broke
And round them bruſh'd the blinding ſmoke.
His eyes of microſcopic ſight
On ſudden cauſe of miſchief light,
To kindle which he calls his fellows
To bring his ſtrife-inflaming bellows.
Quickly his eyes, with jaundice ſpeckled,
Obſerve that Thalia's cheek was freckled,
And further down ſucceſsful ſtole,
Diſcloſing on her neck a mole.
With gladneſs reddening, like a bliſter,
He whiſper'd Phroſy and her ſiſter,

And of the contraſt made a handle,
To make them learn and love to ſcandal.
Of painted faces then they hinted,
Of borrow'd ſhapes and looks that ſquinted.
Miſs Thalia, nettled by ſuch joking,
Declared 'twas ſhameful, rude, provoking,
And prinking up her head and ſtomach,
Vow'd, ſhe their meaning could not come at.
Although unus'd to vaunt her own,
She wiſh'd her merit fully known,
And hence appeal'd to better judges
For the award, that Envy grudges.
The action brought—no matter how—
At Venus' court—obſerve them now
Before the umpire ſtanding fearleſs,
Give tokens each of beauty peerleſs.
One often laugh'd, her teeth to ſhew,
In ruby ſet a pearly row;
And all the charms of dimples prove,
Thoſe very hiding holes of love.
Another's ſighs and liſpings tell,
She has a heart ſuſceptible—
While this ſo leer'd and danc'd ſo wild,
As every limb and feature ſpoil'd;
That ſcowling ſat, as if ſhe ſtrove
To terrify them into love.
The queen, at length impatient grown,
Veil'd all her beauties in a frown,
And vex'd, they ſo miſtook their natures,
Upſtarting cri'd,—" out, out, you creatures—
Think ye ſuch ſtudied airs delight us,
Such tricks of monkies—out, you fright us!
And come, when next you aim to pleaſe,
'Ray'd in ſimplicity and eaſe.
Diſmiſs dull art, that painted ſavage,
So watchful beauty's form to ravage;
Nor be the moral hint deſpis'd
Within this accident compris'd.

For Envy 'twas, that firſt began
To diſarrange fair nature's plan;
Eſſayed by more diſtinct grimace
To rival e'en celeſtial grace;
And ſpurious ornaments invented
To make the vain be diſcontented.
Hence Folly wears her cap and bells,
And Faſhion all the rout impels;
While ſcarcely Virtue dares to linger,
When Grandeur becks with gilded finger.
By no relenting ſoftneſs check'd
From poiſoning, while he can infect,
The ſlippery fiend delights to glide
Unſeen within the weaker ſide.
Surpriſing thus the heart of youth,
Ere principle attains its growth.
From that original were ſent,
Falſe wit and falſe accompliſhment,
With fabrications that diſplace
Both native ſenſe and native grace.

CINDELERUS.

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Peaſant's Fate: a Rural Poem; with Miſcellaneous Poems, by WILLIAM HOLLOWAY.—*Publiſhed in London*, 1802; *in Boſton*, 1802; *and in Philadelphia*, 1804.

THE aim of the "Peaſant's Fate" is a lamentation for the modern changes in the life and manners of the populace in England. The author implies in this poem, that avarice, or the ſpirit of monopolizing, has there gained ſuch general and powerful influence, that benevolence and ſocial virtue ſeem to be almoſt totally ſuppreſſed. The engroſſing of ſmall farms, by compelling the hereditary tenants to a military or a maritime occupation, or by forcing them to ſervitude in the very places, that were formerly their own domains, is here repreſented, as the chief cauſe of the inquietude and ſufferings of the peaſantry. Refinement and luxury, though they obviouſly promote trade

and commerce, are held forth as greatly injurious to the inferior grades of ſociety, and as wholly inadequate for indemnifying the nation in their inattention to agricultural improvements.

But whether the changes, which Mr. Holloway attempts to deplore, have actually happened; or whether his complaints are in any reſpect reaſonable, we ſhall not here pretend to decide. Our purpoſe is merely to point out and conſider a few ſpecimens of his poetry.

In the "Peaſant's Fate," we perceive a miſcellaneous ſeries of narratives, reflections, and deſcriptions of ſcenes and manners, which are, in all ages, more or leſs obſervable in the country. Theſe ſubjects, fortuitouſly arranged and looſely combined, are ſeparated into two books; but the reaſon of this diviſion is not eaſily diſcerned, unleſs the author deſigned it as a convenient place for the wearied reader's repoſe.—He begins the *languiſhing ſtrain* by invoking his muſe, with the appellation of——

——"Bleſt companion of my happieſt hours!
Divine directreſs of my infant powers!"

and immediately attempts thus to celebrate her attributes:

"Whoſe preſence charm'd me in the wood-land ſhade,
When autumn's ſhivering leaf began to fade,
Or ſpring profuſely, from her roſeate horn,
Diſpens'd the flowers *that ſcent the humid morn.*"

But here, it will be readily obſerved, he ſoon forgets his object, and wantonly forſakes the control of common ſenſe. At length, recollecting his intention for ſupplicating a *muſe*, he thus exclaims:

"Muſe of my native valley! *haſte along!*"

Any one may conclude from the "haſte along," that even he himſelf believed the muſe to be at an incommodious diſtance, and the concluſion will be ſtrengthened by this immediate application to another agent:

"Awake, remembrance, and inſpire the ſong;
Let fond attachment dwell on pleaſures paſt,
By abſence weakened, nor by time effac'd."

But in this petition he quickly gives an unlucky affront to grammar, and then peaceably retires to his "*woodland ſhades*," and "*autumn's ſhivering leaves*," in theſe halting ſteps of proſe:

"But while I mark the changes that appear
In country manners, O, forgive the tear!"

Having thus ſtepped forth with his addreſs, he undertakes a deſcription of former proſpects, in which it appears, that he had

gained but little assistance from the *muse*, and that remembrance had presented her images under a dark and confusing veil.

> " Where yonder *thymy down* expanded lies,
> And spreads its purple bosom to the skies,
> There many a shepherd-boy was wont to keep
> His father's scanty *flock of scatter'd* sheep :"

These lines may pass without animadversion : but the incongruity of these which follow, is intolerable from any one, who pretends to genius and correct taste.

> " I've seen them oft their narrow track pursue,
> And wind *adown those knolls* to pastures new,
> Or, group'd beneath *the solitary thorn*,
> That lends new fragrance to the breath of morn,
> Lie panting—*sheltered from the pestering fly*,
> *The smothering dust, and day's refulgent eye.*"

They, who have seen many a *scanty flock of scattered sheep on a thymy down, winding adown those knolls, or grouped beneath the solitary thorn, that lends new fragrance to the breath of morn*, and that *shelters them from the pestering fly, the smothering dust and day's refulgent eye*, can alone defend Mr. Holloway's poetical vision.—He now proceeds to complete his picture of former times.

> " Young Ralph's domain to yonder maple hedge
> Extended—Edmund's to the common's edge—
> The common, *clad with vegetative gold*,
> *Whose well-dried stones allay the wintry cold;*
> Whence ev'ry family its portion *claims*
> To fence the hovel, or recruit the flames—
> *From path to path*, that winds along the plain,
> The cheerful Stephen held his rustic reign;
> While, still observant of his due commands,
> *In act to start* the faithful keeper stands.
> Numbers beside, there led their bleating charge,
> Enjoyed their pastimes gay, and rov'd at large."

Such is the dim, uninteresting scene, presented to this poet by remembrance ;

> " O, memory, thou fond deceiver !
> Still importunate and vain,
> To former joys recurring ever,
> And turning all the past to"———confusion and nonsense !

He next attempts a contrast between those times and the present, the first line of which, we think, is very appositely introduced :

> " But now no more these rural scenes invite."

We believe this is a truth, that will be pretty generally acknowledged.—He then continues :

> " Far different objects meet the aching sight ;
> In all the pomp of sanguinary war,
> I see the military bands, afar,
> Extend their glittering lines, or, wheeling wide,

In parallel divide and ſubdivide,
While, through the opening ranks, loud martial ſtrains
Progreſſive, roll along the duſty plains."

When the reader's curioſity and attention have in this manner been called to the "military bands," that ſcene is ſuddenly cloſed for the exhibition of this vexatious ſpecimen of bathos.

"Which yield no paſture to the fleecy kind,
That diſtant range their juicy meal to find."

Again the proſpect opens, and we here ſee for what purpoſe the armies were ſo pompouſly diſplayed on the field.

"Scar'd from her haunts the twitt'ring linnet flies,
The quivering lark aſcends the ſmould'ring ſkies,
And finches, that on downy thiſtles feed,
Spread their gilt wings and ſeek the ſilent mead."

If Mr. Holloway had made himſelf acquainted with the precept of Horace;

"*Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus*;"

in its full meaning, he might have avoided the trouble of raiſing the bands of ſanguinary war merely for the idle taſk of ſcaring away a few harmleſs birds.

Thus far have we particularly noticed the former part of this poem, and think it is now time to deſiſt from any farther quotation. In peruſing it to the concluſion, we find it generally a dull, unanimated performance, without method, without elegance of diction, diſtinctneſs of imagery, or harmony of numbers. If we muſt acknowledge, that there are glimmerings of genius ſometimes diſcernible, even candour will allow, that they are,

"Like angel viſits, few and far between."

The Miſcellaneous Poems may juſtly hold the rank of mediocrity among modern compoſitions of the kind. That entitled, "Radipole" has given us no ſmall pleaſure in its peruſal; its two firſt ſtanzas deſerve the praiſe of poetical merit.

Obi; or the Hiſtory of Threefingered Jack: in a ſeries of Letters from a Reſident in Jamaica to his Friend in England. 1 *vol.* 12*mo. Publiſhed in London*, 1800—*in Boſton, by* B. & J. Homans, 1804.

IN this lively and intereſting little hiſtory are related the exploits of that wonderful adventurer, "who," as the writer obſerves, "had he been ſituated in a higher rank of life, would have proved as bright a luminary, as ever graced the Roman annals, or ever boldly aſſerted the rights of a Briton." For the gratification of thoſe readers, who are unacquainted with the ſto-

ry of Threefingered Jack, we give this abſtract, on the authority of Dr. Moſely.*

In 1780, this terror of Jamaica, who was by nature reſtiff to bondage, and deſirous of ſacrificing his life for the emancipation of his fellow ſlaves, had fled to Mount Lebanus for the purpoſe of carrying on a perpetual war againſt the unnatural *men of prey*. His Obi and horn, two guns and a keen ſabre were all his armament; with which and his courage in deſcending into the plains, and plundering to ſupply his wants, and his ſkill in retreating into difficult faſtneſſes, where none dared to follow him, he terrified the inhabitants, and ſet the civil power and the neighbouring militia of that iſland at defiance, for nearly two years. He had neither accomplice, nor aſſociate. There were a few run away negroes, in the woods near the mountain; but he had croſſed their foreheads with ſome of the magic in his horn, and they could not betray him. But he truſted no one. He ſcorned aſſiſtance. He aſcended above Spartacus. He robbed alone, fought all his battles alone, and always killed his purſuers. By his magic he was not only the dread of the negroes; but there were many white people, who believed he poſſeſſed ſome ſupernatural power. Allured by the rewards offered by Governor Dalling, in proclamations, dated the 12th of December, 1780, and 13th of January, 1781; and by a reſolution of the houſe of Aſſembly, which followed the firſt proclamation; two negroes, named Quaſhee and Sam with a party of their townſmen went in ſearch of him. Quaſhee, before he ſet out on the expedition, was chriſtened and changed his name to James Reeder. The expedition commenced; and the whole party had been creeping about in the woods, for three weeks, to blockade the deepeſt receſſes of the moſt inacceſſible part of the Iſland, where Jack, far remote from all human ſociety, reſided; but their undertaking was all in vain. Reeder and Sam, tired with this mode of war, reſolved on proceeding in ſearch of his retreat, and taking him by ſtorming it, or periſhing in the attempt. They took with them a little boy, a proper ſpirit, and a good ſhot, and left the reſt of the party. Theſe three had not been long ſeparated from their companions, before their cunning eyes diſcovered by impreſſions among the weeds and buſhes, that ſome perſon muſt have lately been that way. They ſoftly followed theſe impreſſions, and preſently they ſaw a ſmoke. They prepared for war; and came upon Jack, before he perceived them. He was roaſting plantains by a little fire on the ground, at the mouth of his cave. This was a ſcene: not where ordinary actors had a common part to play. Jack's looks were fierce and terrible. He told them he would kill them. Reeder, inſtead of ſhooting, replied that his Obi had no power to hurt him; for he was chriſtened and his name was no longer Quaſhee. Jack knew Reeder, and, as if paralyzed, he let his two guns remain on the ground, and took up his cutlaſs. Theſe two had a ſevere engagement, ſeveral years before, in the woods; in which conflict Jack loſt his two fingers, which was the origin of his preſent name; but Jack then beat Reeder, and almoſt killed him with ſeveral others, that aſſiſted him. To do Threefingered Jack juſtice, he would now have killed both Reeder and Sam; for at firſt ſight they were frightened at the ſight of him, and the dreadful tone of his voice—and well they might: They had no retreat, and were to grapple with the ſtrongeſt and braveſt man in the world. But Jack was cowed; for he had propheſied, that *white* Obi would get the better of him; and from experience he knew, that the charm would loſe none of its ſtrength in the hands of Reeder. Without farther parley, Jack with his cutlaſs in his hand threw himſelf down a precipice at the back of his cave. Reeder's gun miſſed fire; but Sam ſhot him in the ſhoulder. Reeder, like a bull-dog, never

* See his Treatise on Sugar.

looked; but with his cutlaſs plunged headlong down after Jack. The deſcent was about ninety feet, and almoſt perpendicular. Both of them had preſerved their cutlaſſes in the fall. Here was the ſtage, on which two of the ſtouteſt hearts, that were ever hooped with ribs, began their bloody ſtruggle. The little boy, who was ordered to keep back, now reached the top of the precipice, and, during the fight, ſhot Jack in the belly. Sam was crafty, and coolly took a round-about way to come to the field of action. When he arrived at the ſpot, where it began, Jack and Reeder had cloſed and tumbled together down another precipice, in which fall they both loſt their weapons. Sam deſcended after them. Though without weapons, they were not idle; and luckily for Reeder, Jack's wounds were deep and deſperate, and he was in great agony. Sam came up juſt in time to ſave Reeder; for Jack had caught him by the throat with his giant's graſp. Reeder was then with his right hand almoſt cut off, and Jack, ſtreaming with blood from his ſhoulder and belly; both were covered with gore and gaſhes. In this ſtate Sam was umpire, and decided the fate of the battle. He knocked Jack down with a piece of rock. When the lion fell, the two tygers got upon him, and beat his brains out with ſtones. The little boy ſoon after found his way to them. He had a cutlaſs, with which they cut off Jack's head and three-fingered hand, and took them in triumph to Morant Bay. There they put their trophies into a pail of rum; and, followed by a vaſt concourſe of negroes, now no longer afraid of Jack's Obi, blowing their ſhells and horns, and firing guns in their rude method, they carried them to Kingſton and Spaniſh Town, and claimed the rewards offered by the king's proclamation and houſe of aſſembly.

The volume, now under conſideration, circumſtantially relates theſe facts, together with preceding adventures. Though written in epiſtles, it has much of the form and manner of a drama. The ſtory of Makro and Amri, the parents of Jack, is told with ſingular felicity; and repreſents for indignation and odium the abominable cruelty, which is practiſed by the ſlave-merchant in Africa. There are a few poetical pieces interſperſed, which however are not the beſt part of the work. But the intereſting method of the narrative, the vigorous ſpirit, that enlivens it, and the humane ſentiments, that abundantly enrich it, cannot fail, we think, of giving a high degree of pleaſure to readers of almoſt every deſcription.

The Beauties of Church Muſic; and the Sure Guide to the Art of Singing, &c.—*By* WILLIAM COOPER.—*Publiſhed by* MANNING *and* LORING, *Boſton*, 1804.

FOR ſeveral years paſt, numerous works of this kind have been introduced to the public, each of which, containing nearly the ſame materials of the others, has brought no claim to preference by any intereſting improvement. The principal merit, that each compiler can reaſonably pretend, conſiſts in his inſerting a ſmall number of new tunes, and in arranging and varying, *or mutilating* others, which have long before been publiſhed in

many different collections; and likewise in his invention of a specious title, graced with a new motto from Dr. Watts or the Bible.

This compilation of Mr. Cooper is, however, in our opinion, very worthily entitled "The Beauties of Church Music." The tunes in general are well selected, and some of them are corrected with a judicious taste. Among these, we perceive eleven original pieces, which justly deserve insertion in a book of this title; and the whole are printed with extraordinary accuracy.

The brevity of the introduction, a fault common to all these works, is, we presume, a subject of regret to the untutored learner. We would recommend to Mr. Cooper an amplification of this in his next edition. An illustration of the DIATONIC and CHROMATIC SCALES with their CHORDS would also enhance the value of this book, by facilitating the acquisition of the principles of Music.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE
OF
New Publications in the United States, for February, 1804.

NEW WORKS.

A brief Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century, part first, in two vols. containing a sketch of the revolutions and improvements in science, arts, and literature, during that period, by SAMUEL MILLER, A. M. one of the Ministers of the United Presbyterian Churches in the city of New-York.—T. & J. Swords—*New-York.*

This Author in the opinion of Dr. Priestly,* is one of the most promising characters of this country; he has been generally known as a very elegant and accomplished preacher.

The present work shews a fund of erudition, gives equal credit to his industry and genius; and is a most *useful* publication. Such a work is mentioned as a *desideratum* in Europe. It is an excellent book for social libraries.

An analytical review of this Retrospect we hope we shall soon be able to offer to the readers of the *Monthly Anthology.*

Vol. 1. *Part* 2. *of New-York Term Reports, of Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Judicature of that State.*—H. CARRITAT—*New-York.*

Debates in the House of Representatives, on the Bills for carrying into effect the Louisiana Treaty.—J. Conrad & Co.—*Philad.*

NEW EDITIONS.

Johnson's Dictionary in Miniature, printed on a fine paper, with a beautiful pearl type—W. P. & L. Blake—*Boston.*

The Peasant's Fate; a Rural Poem, with Miscellaneous Poems, by WILLIAM HALLOWAY.—Bonsal & Niles—*Philadelphia.*

Plutarch's Lives, translated by Dr. LANGHORN, 6 vols. 12mo. —J. Hoff, and others, *Philadelphia.*

* See his Letters to Linn.

The Temple of Nature; or, the Origin of Society; a Poem, with Philosophical Notes, by ERASMUS DARWIN, M. D. F. R. S. M. & J. Conrad, and others—*Philadelphia.*

Chain of the Heart, or, The Slave by Choice; an historical musical drama; by PRINCE HOAR, Esq.—D. Longworth—*N. York.*

A Pocket Conspectus of the London and Edinburgh Pharmacopoeias; by ROBERT GRAVES, M. D.—J. Humphreys—*Philadelphia.*

LITERARY ADVERTISEMEMTS.

MR. CALEB BINGHAM, of Boston, has now in the press, and will shortly publish an edition of LOGAN'S SERMONS.

This Author is much celebrated in North Britain. His poems are among the sweetest strains of the Scottish bards. In his lectures and sermons he unites the beauties of composition with the purest fervor of devotion. We rarely see in the same writer such glowing imagery and rational views of religion; such pious effusions mingled with the best moral sentiments, as we find in these useful and interesting discourses. There has been a rapid sale of *four editions* printed in Europe. We learn this is the first American impression

Messrs. B. J. and R. Johnson, of Philadelphia, propose to publish by subscription a BEAUTIFUL EDITION of select BRITISH POETS from the text of the best editors, with the biographical and critical prefaces of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and the didactic essays, or preliminary criticism of Dr. John Aikin.—They intend, that this edition shall be printed, as nearly as practicable, in volumes of about 216 pages, 18mo. on superfine wove medium paper. The type shall be new, and handsome, and the typography by the best printers in Philadelphia. Each volume shall have an elegant engraving, executed by the first artists in the United States. They compute that the poetry, which may be thought worthy a place in this edition, will make about one hundred volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

COLUMBIAN MUSEUM. (Continued from Page 144.)

ONLY about eight months have elapsed, since the COLUMBIAN MUSEUM has been RE-ESTABLISHED, (in *Milk-Street.*)—The building is of brick, spacious, and well adapted:—The *new* collection, though not equal to the *old*, bids fair in time to rival it. We are thus happy to behold *the Phenix, rising from the ashes of its mother, refreshed and invigorated!*

Among the elegant *Paintings, Wax Figures. Natural Curiosities, Statuary,* &c. now exhibited in the Museum, we notice the following:—

Elegant Paintings.—The battles of Alexander the Great, copied from the celebrated *Le Brun*; a full length painting of the late Gen. Washington, copied from one of Stuart's originals; two Flemish pieces; Hurricane; Architecture; Bacchanalian Party; Shipwreck; the Five Senses; Hunting Piece; a variety of elegant landscapes and portraits; St. Anthony; St. John; Holy Family; Travelling Musicians; Merry Hollanders; Travelling Pedlar; Musical Family; Meeting of Mark Anthony and Cleopatra; Marriage of do.; view of Hyde-Park, London; Venus and Cupid; the Young Naturalists; Children at play; Colouring and Invention; a Tiger; fifteen elegant Views of the East-Indies, painted from Nature; Emperor and Empress of China; ancient Free-Masons; Lion, Lioness and Whelps; large and elegant View of the natural Bridge in Virginia; the last Family interview of the late King of France; Death of Lord Chatham, &c.

(To be continued.)

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY;

OR

Magazine of Polite Literature.

Vol. I.] MARCH, 1804. [No. V.

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" E VARIIS LECTI FLORES."

EDITED BY SYLVANUS PERSE.

BOSTON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY *E. LINCOLN*, WATER-STREET.

1804.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A NATIONAL MAN," *though a ſtranger, is admitted and welcomed. We hope, that we ſhall never be able to liken him to the gueſt in an old Ballad, when*

> *"He came, he ſpoke, he warmly pleaſed;*
> *Then fled,—and ne'er was heard of more!"*

"AN IRREGULAR ODE," *by* Z. *is received, and ſhall appear in our next* NUMBER. "*May this firſt favour never prove the laſt.*"

The REQUEST *of a diſtant friend concerning an Extract, arrived too late for preſent attention; but it will gain a willing compliance on the firſt apportunity.*

The POEM, *extracted by* C. *will appear in our next; he diſcovers not only ſuperior ſkill in penmanſhip; but a correct taſte in genuine ſentimental humour.*

We lately received a paper, thickly ſprinkled with deſultory thoughts, together with a requeſt that we would entitle them. We muſt inform the writer, that we cannot receive his work; but if he perſiſts in giving it to the public, we will recommend the title of THE FLY-TRAP.

ERRATA IN THIS NUMBER.

Page 202, line 9 from the bottom, eraſe the comma after *who*.
In the ſame page, line 6 from the bottom, for *trifling* r. *ſliſling*.
In page 203, line 6 from the top, for
But when *the* leaden-footed power,
Read, But when *night*, leaden-footed power,
In line 11 of the ſame page, for
That love, at laſt, of inſect breed,
Read, The Fays, that love the inſect breed,

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

MARCH, 1804.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THE LOITERER.—*No. II.*

"I fear no mood, ſtamp'd in a private brow,
When I am pleas'd to unmaſk a public vice.
.....
So bold and common are theſe ragged follies,
That drunken cuſtom would not ſhame, were he
By ſcorn purſu'd, who dares not rifely tax them."

FASHIONABLE prejudice, though it may ſometimes aſſume the mien of innocence and virtue, not only bewilders the ſearch of improvement, but often leads into errors, that are accompanied with miſchief and ruin. Even in ſocieties, where reaſon in lovely ſimplicity beckons for addreſs, and learning offers her brighteſt treaſures for the eaſy return of acceptance, this prejudice will be frequently found to derive its origin and power from preſumptuous ignorance. In ſpite of the ridicule, or ſevere reproof, which it always incurs, in ſpite of its own aſinary vanity, or fiend-like deformity, which are ever open to the eye of reflection, it ſtill triumphantly prevails. Faſhion has given it influence; and the inability of faſhion to maintain any abſurdity, implies the depoſition of folly from her throne.

They, who entruſt the decoration of their perſons to a taylor, very ſeldom trouble him, or themſelves, by examining his judgment in real convenience and ornament. His ſkill in the neweſt modes of cutting and ſeaming, is the great, and only object of their ſolicitude. He, at one time, thinks on leſſening his labour and preſerving the cuſtomary price; at another time, he is inclined to diſplay more work, for the reputation of his *magniloquent* bill. He proceeds however according to his prevalent caprice, and thus forms that fantaſtic deity of dreſs,

who, inveſted merely with the attribute of novelty, attracts the devout gaze of more admirers, than all the beauties of nature. This unquiet Proteus, though begotten by the whim of a taylor, is endowed with the wonderful art of conciliating the affections of reverence and love, in the very act of inflicting tribulation. With that quick obedience, which is prompted only by the higheſt regard, the enfeebled victim of time urges his aching gouty limbs into his narrow ſuit; the gewgaw beau, pranked with cramping tightneſs, freely exchanges the agility of youth, for the clumſy hobble of age; the fair, as well as the foul female, in a ſhadowy attire encounters the rough addreſſes of the wind, though it be often armed in ſecret with the arrows of death; it is the dictate of faſhion, and they all ſubmiſſively endure the affliction.

To a ſource, not far different, too often may be traced the devious current of popular opinion. In a country, where the ſplendour of mental embelliſhment can be totally eclipſed by the daub of a houſe, the varniſh of a carriage, or the poliſh of buttons; where the ſtupid cant of a gilded dunce has charms more enamouring, than all the melody of an Orphean lyre, falſe and ſhallow notions will eaſily become public and influential. If, according to the Spaniſh proverb, fools can gain wealth,—and that they can, all needy authors cry aloud in all their works,—they can likewiſe gain an adequate power in ſociety, while wealth continues to be more reſpected than wiſdom. Opinion, it is well known, is moſt implicitly received from authorities, which call forth the moſt earneſt attention and reverence. As long, then, as folly can find an extended umbrage, the crude ſentiment of an unenlightened dolt may often obtain common and undiſputed credit among the multitude, who ſeldom think ſeriouſly, and when they do, think with the thoughts of their leaders. But an abſurd prejudice, however ſtrong may be its prevalence and credit, muſt, we well know, be offenſive to reaſon and truth; and though the faſhion of it may protect individuals from ridicule, it can never prevent thoſe evils, which muſt through neceſſity enſue.

Theſe reflections are deſigned as preliminary to ſome thoughts on the injury ariſing from the preſent heedleſs clamour

againſt the reading of novels. I have lately received a letter from a fair correſpondent, in which ſhe fairly deſcribes, and pathetically laments the progreſs of inſipid dulneſs among her ſex, in conſequence of this witleſs and unqualified ſatire. It is too long for inſertion in this paper; but it ſhall compoſe the next; and as ſubſequent to her letter, I ſhall offer my remarks on the evils in her ſtatement.

P. Adams

For the Monthly Anthology.

REFLECTIONS ON THE ANCIENT DRUIDS.

THERE is, in common apprehenſion, a peculiar ſtigma of reproach attached to the memory of the ancient druids. They not only ſuſtain their portion of the contempt, caſt upon heathen prieſts in general, but they ſeem to have united in their character both odium and terror. Men, on hearing the word druids, figure to themſelves a tribe of ſavages, deſpicable for their ignorance, their fanaticiſm and their extortion, and abominable for their murderous ſacrifices. We read of them, when firſt invaded by the Roman legions, terrifying, by their frantic geſtures and their horrid yells, thoſe veterans, whom the carnage of battle could notdiſmay. They are repreſented, as flying in every direction before their invaders, accompanied by women in hideous dreſs, brandiſhing torches over their heads, and filling the air with imprecations. We view them rearing their altars on which they immolate their priſoners, and on which they become themſelves, in retaliation, the deſerved victims. But while we recoil from the druids, there is ſtill ſomething in them myſterious, ſomething, which excites admiration, and forbids our degrading them below other ancient prieſts.

To the primitive inhabitants of Europe, there has been aſcribed one common origin. As this has been traced to one of the original patriarchs, it is probable, Europe received by deſcent ſome rational principles of religion. The policy of deſigning prieſts, or the gradual tendency of rude minds to ſuperſtition, introduced that wild religion of nature, polytheiſm. The

ſuſceptible imaginations of Britons ſoon became fired by that zeal, which has in ſucceſſive ages diſtinguiſhed the politics, as well as religion of England. There the druids were firſt diſtinguiſhed for their knowledge in ſacred myſteries, for the independence of their rank, and the veneration, with which they impreſſed the people. In thoſe dark ages, and in that benighted region, where the effulgence of Grecian genius had not darted one ray, it is grateful to ſee one order of men riſe above the proſtrate maſs, and cultivate philoſophy and letters. Then were the people ignorant of that leiſure of thought, which ariſes from abundance; and ſociety wanted thoſe numerous gradations, which afford opportunity to the humbleſt individual of riſing. There was no object, upon which the human mind could extend itſelf. Yet then did the druids invoke in native ſtrains the ſpirits of departed worthies. While the people could not cultivate the ſoil under their feet, the druids were meaſuring the diſtance of the ſtars.

The heathen prieſthood are generally repreſented not ſo ſuperſtitious, as wicked. It is imagined that the druids had ſecret tenets, which acknowledged the unity of God and the immortality of man; but it was their intereſt to encourage abſurd opinions and expenſive ceremonies. Thus they occaſionally collected followers, and with them retired to diſmal caves in the receſſes of their groves, where at midnight they would repeat the verſes, which contained the myſteries of their creed. Though there were druideſſes, they were precluded from theſe ſecrets, as it was deemed improper to entruſt ſo dangerous truths to the unguarded garrulity of women.

There are ſome obſervances, which exalt the ſuperſtition of the druids above that of other prieſts. What are called their temples may be called buildings erected by the Deity. They were receſſes in groves of venerable oaks. They were encloſed by a wall to prevent the intruſion of the profane, and in the centre, a plain ſtone altar announced the ground to be conſecrated. They deemed it unworthy to exclude the view of heaven, while they directed their eyes in worſhip there. As they conſidered the ſun and moon to be primary deities, they wiſhed them to ſhine upon their heads with uninterrupted radiance, as a token of their indulgence. Thus when the ſun reached the meridian

was the time, when they performed their daily rites. Then they believed the God was looking upon them, and by various contortions of body, by ſacrifices and hymns of praiſe, they ſought to conciliate his favour, or avert his anger. But midnight was their favourite ſeaſon of devotion. The thickneſs of their groves caſt a deeper ſhade over the darkneſs of the night. All conſpired to ſolemnize the ſcene, and to add reverence to the rites of their religion. To what exceſſes in fanaticiſm would the people be wrought by ceremonies ſo impreſſive. View them at midnight marching with ſolemn pace under their ancient oaks, whoſe thick branches obſcured the "dim religious" light, which the moon afforded. Follow them to the centre of their groves, and view the prieſts ſtanding on an eminence, dictating the duties of their religion. Arrayed in his ſurplice, he now aſcends the loftieſt oak, and with his golden knife crops the miſtletoe from its boughs. This is a token of the indulgence of the gods. The populace, who before ſtood wrapt in devotion and ſilence, now burſt forth in anthems of praiſe, while the receſſes of the woods reſound the melody.

Is it not remarkable, that ſuperſtition has uniformly inſpired zeal, while true religion, unleſs invigorated by perſecution, has been doomed to languiſh? Is it not a melancholy truth, that in the worſt cauſes we find the moſt ſtrenuous agents, and in the abſurdeſt religions, the moſt fervent devotees?

I. R. T.

Mr. Editor,

THE pleaſure I received from the dialogue of Antoninus and Ariſtides in your laſt, as well as my veneration for Marcus, the royal Philoſopher, emboldens me to requeſt you to inſert in the next number of the Anthology, Monteſquieu's comprehenſive view

OF THE SECT OF THE STOICS.

THE ſeveral ſects of philoſophy amongſt the ancients, were a ſpecies of religion. Never were any principles more worthy of human nature, and more proper to form the good man, than thoſe of the Stoics: and if I could for a moment ceaſe to think that I am a Chriſtian, I ſhould not be able to hinder myſelf from ranking the deſtruction of the ſect of Zeno among the miſfortunes that have befallen the human race.

It carried to excefs only thofe things in which there is true greatnefs, the contempt of pleafure and of pain.

It was this fect alone, that made citizens; this alone, that made great men; this alone, great emperors.

Laying afide for a moment revealed truths, let us fearch through all nature, and we fhall not find a nobler object than the Antonini: even Julian himfelf, Julian, (a commendation thus wrefted from me, will not render me an accomplice of his apoftacy) no, there has not been a prince fince his reign more worthy to govern mankind.

While the Stoics looked upon riches, human grandeur, grief, difquietudes, and pleafure, as vanity; they were entirely employed in labouring for the happinefs of mankind, and in exercifing the duties of fociety. It feems as if they regarded that facred fpirit, which they believed to dwell within them, as a kind of favourable providence watchful over the human race.

Born for fociety, they all believed that it was their deftiny to labour for it; with fo much the lefs fatigue, as their rewards were all within themfelves. Happy by their philofophy alone, it feemed as if only the happinefs of others could increafe theirs.

For the Monthly Anthology.

APPEAL TO PUERILE HUMANITY.

Mr. Perse,

ALTHOUGH it is not yet the feafon for bird catching and neft robbing, the mufe having lately obferved a folitary ftraggler on the fpray, was reminded of the various perils, to which the feathered race is fubject. And always willing to adopt fuch prejudices and even fuperftitions as contain a warning againft inhumanity or furnifh a motive for beneficence and gentle demeanor, fhe has availed herfelf of thofe of childhood to inculcate her admonitions on this occafion. If therefore, before the mifchief is begun, the fubfequent caution is calculated to diminifh thofe perils, or when nature fhall have made every preparation for the delight and happinefs of her favourites, it may prevail upon human kind to leave them as undifturbed as they are innocent, to live out all the few days of their rejoicing, undoubtedly you will publifh it for the fake of its good intent, if not for its poetical worth.

O ftay, O ftay, nor rafhly climb,
Unfeeling boy, that bowery limb!
If you its charge of neftlings fteal,
Short be the tranfport that you feel!

May ſpeedy anguiſh rack his ſenſe,
Who orphaniſes innocence!
How will their mother be diſtreſt,
Returning to a pilfer'd neſt,
How faſt her bleeding heart will beat,
Its choaking throbs how thick repeat;
Too weak to call them, or relief,
How dizzy flutter, craz'd with grief!
And when her voice return'd, ſhe'd go
Aroufl on yonder leafleſs bough;
The woodland dirge there pour forlorn,
"Ah, where's my darling Redbreaſt gone!
Tell me, ah tell me where he's lain!"
While echo mocks, "he's ſlain, he's ſlain!"
Ah, ſhould ſhe ſee you with her young,
And, with articulating tongue,
Could ſhe then ſpeak her feeling true,
She'd melt to pity, even you.
Then while you paus'd from your intent,
Diverted by the ſtrange event,
She'd ſeize the moment to retain
Your thoughts by an inſtructive ſtrain.
Yes, then her artful ſong would tell,
What loftier hopes the boſom ſwell,
Which milk of human kindneſs warms,
In childhood's days, when paſtime charms;
Sing of the ſoul ſuſceptible,
The eye, that others' ſorrows fill;
With pearls juſt penſile to the lid,
Which dropping wakes the bluſh of pride,
Sing of prevenient courteſy,
The glow of ſoft humanity;
All the rebounding joys, that riſe
From all the liberal charities:
For themes not ſeldom ſuch as theſe,
Float vagrant on the vernal breeze,
In tones, the foreſt minſtrels ſcan,
Though loſt unto the ear of man.

Then if, (reſum'd th' intreating ſtrain,)
She beg again, and beg again,
Her callow loves, and plead and mourn,
That lonely life is life forlorn;
Or, (indicating thus how great
The robb'ry, ſhe would deprecate)
Declare, that pleaſure pours its courſe,
Alone deriv'd from ſocial ſource;
While ſuch, as love and are belov'd,
Have Eden's choiceſt tranſports prov'd,
And ſuch, as know like home-bred peace,
From life muſt ceaſe, when that ſhall ceaſe.
By means of which, ſhould once a thought
Of your own home in you be wrought,
With ſympathy you'd ſurely melt,
Till then for animals unfelt.
How joyleſs, games of ſanguine hue,
Compar'd with gentler ſportings, ſhew,
You felt e'erwhile; for on yon rock,
Sitting, to eye below the brook,
How greater pleaſure took you then,
Feeding the minnow fry therein
With crumbles, in your pocket found,
And tracing all their gambols round,
Than when, with pin hook'd in their throat,
Writhing in pangs, you twitch'd them out.
You, that the Swallow's death abhorr'd,
For fear your meal of milk outpour'd,
Soon as you blew your cool breath o'er,
Would caudle into purple gore;
Expect you long to go unhurt,
Who, thus in torturing Robins ſport?
Remember you the cruel day,
A bee-hive fell your luckleſs prey,
When, taught by heartleſs ruſtics, you
With trifling ſmoke its inmates ſlew:
Not unreveng'd theſe inſects prove,
For, whilom loſt in yonder grove,
When you on merge of ſtreamlet lay,
All tir'd and wiſtleſs of your way;

No wild bee's lulling horn humm'd near,
To tranquilize decideleſs care;
No glooſſy flies t' amuſe your gaze,
Thrid o'er its face th' illuſive maze.
But when the leaden-footed power
Lagg'd ſurlily the landſcape o'er;
Afar, the glow-worm lit up bright
The ſemblance of a cottage light,
The while, as its long levell'd ray
You trac'd, you wander'd more aſtray—
That love, at laſt, of inſect breed,
Thus puniſhed your hard-hearted deed.

CINDERILLUS.

J. Knapp.

MEMOIRS
OF
WILLIAM COLLINS;
WITH OBSERVATIONS ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS.

(Continued from page 128.)

ODE
ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

Procul! O! procul eſte profani!

THIS ode is ſo infinitely abſtracted and replete with high enthuſiaſm, that it will find few readers capable of entering into the ſpirit of it, or of reliſhing its beauties. There is a ſtyle of ſentiment as utterly unintelligible to common capacities, as if the ſubject were treated in an unknown language; and it is on the ſame account, that abſtracted poetry will never have many admirers. The authors of ſuch poems muſt be content with the approbation of thoſe heaven-favoured geniuſes, who, by a ſimilarity of taſte and ſentiment, are enabled to penetrate the high myſteries of inſpired fancy, and to purſue the loftieſt flights of enthuſiaſtic imagination. Nevertheleſs, the praiſe of the diſtinguiſhed few is certainly preferable to the applauſe of the undiſcerning million; for all praiſe is valuable in proportion to the judgment of thoſe who confer it.

As the ſubject of this ode is uncommon, ſo are the ſtyle and expreſſion highly metaphorical and abſtracted. Thus the ſun is called "the rich-hair'd youth of morn," the ideas are termed "the ſhadowy tribes of mind," &c. We are ſtruck with the propriety of this mode of expreſſion here, and it affords us new proofs of the analogy, that ſubſiſts between language and ſentiment.

Nothing can be more loftily imagined, than the creation of the *Ceſtus* of Fancy in this ode. The allegorical imagery is rich and ſublime; and the obſervation, that the dangerous paſſions kept aloof, during the operation, is founded on the ſtricteſt philoſophical truth; for poetical fancy can exiſt only in minds, that are perfectly ſerene, and in ſome meaſure abſtracted from the influences of ſenſe.

The ſcene of Milton's "inſpiring hour" is perfectly in character, and deſcribed with all thoſe wild-wood appearances, of which the great poet was ſo enthuſiaſtically fond:

"I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which, as Milton lay, his evening ear,
Nigh ſpher'd in heaven, its native ſtrains could hear.

ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLVI.

* * *

ODE TO MERCY.

THE ode written in 1746, and the ode to Mercy, ſeem to have been written on the ſame occaſion, viz. the late rebellion; the former in memory of thoſe heroes who fell in the defence of their country, the latter to excite ſentiments of compaſſion in favour of thoſe unhappy aud deluded wretches, who became a ſacrifice to public juſtice.

The language and imagery of both are very beautiful; but the ſcene and figures deſcribed in the ſtrophe of the ode to Mercy are exquiſitely ſtriking, and would afford a painter one of the fineſt ſubjects in the world.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

THE ancient ſtates of Greece, perhaps the only ones in which a perfect model of liberty ever exiſted, are naturally brought to view in the opening of the poem.

"Who ſhall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in ſolemn ſounds to life,
The youths whoſe locks divinely ſpreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in ſullen hue."

There is ſomething extremely bold in this imagery of the locks of the Spartan youths, and greatly ſuperior to that deſcription Jocaſta gives us of the hair of Polynices:

Βοςρυχωντε κυανοχρωτα χαιτας
Πλοκαμον.———

"What new Alcæus, fancy-bleſt,
Shall ſing the ſword, in myrtles dreſt, &c."

This alludes to a fragment of Alcæus ſtill remaining, in which the poet celebrates Harmodius and Ariſtogiton, who ſlew the tyrant Hipparchus, and thereby reſtored the liberty of Athens.

The fall of Rome is here moſt nervouſly deſcribed in one line:

"With heavieſt ſound, a giant-ſtatue fell."

The thought ſeems altogether new, and the imitative harmony in the ſtructure of the verſe is admirable.

After bewailing the ruin of ancient liberty, the poet conſiders the influence it has retained, or ſtill retains among the moderns; and here the free republics of Italy naturally engage his attention—Florence, indeed, only to be lamented on the account of loſing its liberty under thoſe patrons of letters, the Medicean family; the *jealous* Piſa, juſtly ſo called in reſpect to its long impatience and regret under the ſame yoke; and the ſmall Marino, which, however unreſpectable with regard to power or extent of territory, has, at leaſt, this diſtinction to boaſt, that it has preſerved its liberty longer than any other ſtate, ancient or modern, having, without any revolution, retained its preſent mode of government near 1400 years. Moreover, the patron ſaint who founded it, and from whom it takes its name, deſerves this poetical record, as he is, perhaps, the only ſaint that ever contributed to the eſtabliſhment of freedom.

"Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To ſad Liguria's bleeding ſtate."

In theſe lines the poet alludes to thoſe ravages in the ſtate of Genoa, occaſioned by the unhappy diviſions of the Guelphs and Gibelines.

"——When the favour'd of the choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice."

For an account of the celebrated event referred to in theſe verſes, ſee Voltaire's Epiſtle to the King of Pruſſia.

"Thoſe whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whoſe crown a Britiſh queen refus'd."

The Flemings were ſo dreadfully oppreſſed by this ſanguinary general of Philip the ſecond, that they offered their ſovereignty to Elizabeth, but, happily for her ſubjects, ſhe had policy and magnanimity enough to refuſe it. *Deſormeaux*, in his *Abregé Chronologique de l'Hiſtoire d'Eſpagne*, thus deſcribes the ſufferings of the Flemings. "Le Duc d'Albe achevoit de réduire les Flamands au déſeſpoir. Après avoir inondé les echafauts du ſang le plus noble et le plus précieux, il faiſoit conſtruire des citadelles en divers endroits, et vouloit établir *l'Alcavala*, ce tribute onéreux qui avoit été longtems en uſage parmi les Eſpagnols." Abreg. Chron. Tom. IV.

"————Mona,
Where thouſand Elfin ſhapes abide."

Mona is properly the Roman name of the Iſle of Angleſey, anciently ſo famous for its Druids; but ſometimes, as in this place, it is given to the Iſle of Man. Both thoſe iſles ſtill retain much of the genius of ſuperſtition, and are now the only places, where there is the leaſt chance of finding a fairy.

ODE,

TO A LADY, ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL CHARLES ROSS, IN THE ACTION AT FONTENOY. WRITTEN MAY, MDCCXLV.

THE iambic kind of numbers, in which this ode is conceived, ſeems as well calculated for tender and plaintive ſubjects as for thoſe where ſtrength or rapidity is required—This, perhaps, is owing to the repetition of the ſtrain in the ſame ſtanza; for ſorrow rejects variety, and affects an uniformity of complaint. It is needleſs to obſerve, that this ode is replete with harmony, ſpirit, and pathos; and there ſurely appears no reaſon why the ſeventh and eighth ſtanzas ſhould be omitted in that copy printed in Dodſley's collection of poems.

ODE TO EVENING.

THE blank ode has for ſome time ſolicited admiſſion into the Engliſh poetry; but its efforts, hitherto, ſeem to have been vain,

at leaſt its reception has been no more than partial. It remains a queſtion, then, whether there is not ſomething in the nature of blank verſe leſs adapted to the lyric, than to the heroic meaſure, ſince, though it has been generally received in the latter, it is yet unadopted in the former. In order to diſcover this, we are to conſider the different modes of theſe different ſpecies of poetry. That of the heroic is uniform; that of the lyric is various; and in theſe circumſtances of uniformity and variety, probably, lies the cauſe why blank verſe has been ſucceſsful in the one, and unacceptable in the other. While it preſented itſelf only in one form, it was familiarized to the ear by cuſtom; but where it was obliged to aſſume the different ſhapes of the lyric muſe, it ſeemed ſtill a ſtranger of uncouth figure, was received rather with curioſity than pleaſure, and entertained without that eaſe, or ſatisfaction, which acquaintance and familiarity produce. Moreover, the heroic blank verſe obtained a ſanction of infinite importance to its general reception, when it was adopted by one of the greateſt poets the world ever produced, and was made the vehicle of the nobleſt poem that ever was written. When this poem at length extorted that applauſe which ignorance and prejudice had united to withhold, the verſification ſoon found its imitators, and became more generally ſucceſsful than even in thoſe countries from whence it was imported. But lyric blank verſe has met with no ſuch advantages; for Mr. Collins, whoſe genius and judgment in harmony might have given it ſo powerful an effect, has left us but one ſpecimen of it in the Ode to Evening.

In the choice of his meaſure he ſeems to have had in his eye Horace's ode to Pyrrha; for this ode bears the neareſt reſemblance to that mixt kind of the aſclepiad and pherecratic verſe; and that reſemblance in ſome degree reconciles us to the want of rhyme, while it reminds us of thoſe great maſters of antiquity, whoſe works had no need of this whimſical jingle of ſounds.

From the following paſſage one might be induced to think, that the poet had it in view to render his ſubject and his verſification ſuitable to each other on this occaſion, and that, when he addreſſed himſelf to the ſober power of evening, he had thought proper to lay aſide the foppery of rhyme;

"Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some *ſoften'd* ſtrain,
Whoſe numbers ſtealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not unſeemly with its *ſtillneſs* ſuit;
As, muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial, lov'd return!"

But whatever were the numbers, or the verſification of this ode, the imagery and enthuſiaſm it contains could not fail of rendering it delightful. No other of Mr. Collins's odes is more generally characteriſtic of his genius. In one place we diſcover his paſſion for viſionary beings:

"For when thy folding ſtar ariſing ſhews
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves,
Who ſlept in buds the day,
And many a nymph, who wreathes her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſhening dew, and, lovelier ſtill,
The penſive pleaſures ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car."

In another we behold his ſtrong bias to melancholy:

"Then let me rove ſome wild and heathy ſcene,
Or find ſome ruin 'midſt its dreary dells,
Whoſe walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams."

Then appears his taſte for what is wildly grand and magnificent in nature; when, prevented by ſtorms from enjoying his evening walk, he wiſhes for a ſituation,

"That from the mountain's ſide,
Views wilds and ſwelling floods;

and, through the world, his invariable attachment to the expreſſion of painting:

———and marks o'er all
The dewy fingers draw
The gradual, duſky veil."

It might be a ſufficient encomium on this beautiful ode to obſerve, that it has been particularly admired, by a lady to whom nature has given the moſt perfect principles of taſte. She has not even complained of the want of rhyme in it, a circumſtance by no means unfavourable to the cauſe of lyric blank verſe; for ſurely, if a fair reader can endure an ode without bells and chimes, the maſculine genius may diſpenſe with them.

(To be continued.)

For the Monthly Anthology.

HISTORY OF A REFORMED COLLEGE RAKE.

LETTER II.—To Studiosus.

DEAR CLASSMATE,

I RECEIVED your letter of a recent date, in which you appear anxious to know the preſent ſtate of my mind. You juſtly remark, that my conduct at the Univerſity was totally inconſiſtent with the ſacred profeſſion I have choſen.

I am fully ſenſible of the truth of your obſervation, and reflect with ſhame and ſelf-reproach on the part I then acted. Like a faithful monitor, you entreated me to forſake my fooliſh and vicious courſes. You reminded me of my profeſſed reſolutions to preach. But I was too much devoted to idleneſs, or pleaſure to regard your prudent admonitions. They ſeemed to me rather the dictates of a phlegmatic mind, than the wiſe counſels of a ſincere friend.

I acknowledge, that I entered the Univerſity with the deſign of becoming a goſpel miniſter. But I ſoon forgat my errand. Too eaſily was I perſuaded to ſwim down the current of popular errors and vices. Some of them were ſuch, as I bluſh to mention. I cannot deny, that profaneneſs was of the number. Nor will I conceal my groſs neglect of prayers, recitations, and lectures, my indifference to public worſhip, and my total diſregard of ſelf-examination and private devotion.

I will leave you to conjecture the reſt, when I confeſs, that I often ſpent unſeaſonable hours at the Capital, aſſumed fictitious names, and aſſociated with thoſe, who had nothing to recommend them, but an eager purſuit of the ſame licentious pleaſures with myſelf.

Among your frequent reproofs I ſhall never forget one, which you adminiſtered with great zeal and plainneſs, after I had conſumed the principal part of the night in the exceſs of riot. You conjured me by a combined regard to health, reputation, literary and moral improvement, to enter on a new courſe of life. You aſſured me, what ſad experience has ſince verified, that I ſhould ſooner or later repent my raſhneſs and folly.

The firſt effect of your faithful admonition was to throw me into a violent paſſion. I could not endure, that an equal ſhould aſſume ſuch dictatorial authority. I adviſed you to look at home, and not boaſt of ſuperior virtue, becauſe nature had endued you with apathy of ſoul.

But I ſoon had recourſe to another method to ſilence you. I endeavoured to allure you by degrees into the vices, to which I had become addicted. For this purpoſe I frequently beſet you with ſome of my moſt intereſting companions. In your preſence we enlarged upon our numerous pleaſures. We hoped in ſome ſportive moments to gain acceſs to your heart. We watched every favourable opportunity to converſe upon topics of love, knowing that, if we could by any means inflame your breaſt with an unhallowed paſſion, we ſhould ſecure more than half of our object.

But to your credit be it acknowledged, our moſt ingenious devices proved fruitleſs. You perſiſted in your integrity, and left us to curſe your obſtinacy.

So much was my time occupied by frivolous and vicious purſuits, that my ſtudies were groſsly neglected. The ſolid ſciences I deſpiſed. Nor could I read with pleaſure any thing but the lighteſt novels. Ah! little did I conſider the ſacred employment, upon which I was about to enter! Elſe I could not have devoted to balls, theatrical exhibitions, and thoughtleſs diſſipation thoſe precious moments, which ought to have been conſecrated to diligent ſtudy.

When I obſerved ſome of my cotemporaries making rapid improvements in ſcience, and gaining reputation with the government and the reſpectable part of their fellow-ſtudents, I will not deny, that I felt emotions of ſhame. But habit ſoon triumphed over occaſional contrition. The next aſſociation with my comrades diſpelled all ſcruples. With one conſent we imputed the cloſe application of others to a mean deſire of college honours, and their refuſal to join in our ſports to a fear of cenſure. As for ourſelves, we felt above ſuch grovelling views. We were not deterred from ſocial joys by the dread of loſing appointments; nor were we prevented from "a high go" by the danger of "raiſing a tutor."

Such was then our inconſiderate reaſoning. But I own to you, my dear friend, that my ſentiments have ſince undergone an entire alteration.

The very day after I commenced a bachelor of arts, the miſt, which had for a long time obſcured my mental viſion, began to vaniſh. I ſaw my own character in a juſter light, than ever. I was mortified, that my performance at commencement was not equal to what my friends expected. To tell the truth, I had hired a claſſmate to write it; and he, not feeling the ſame reſponſibility, as if it were his own, had written it indifferently.

But what moſt diſtreſſed me was the conſciouſneſs, that I had laid no foundation for the profeſſion I contemplated.

My firſt reſolution was to inſtruct a ſchool. But I had the mortification to find, that thoſe ſteady claſſmates, whom I uſed to ridicule and deſpiſe, had the earlieſt and beſt applications. Beſides, I did not chooſe to reſide near the Univerſity or my native town, leſt the report of my collegial character ſhould deſtroy my reputation with my employers, and injure my authority with my pupils. I was hence induced to accept a moderate offer in an obſcure town, where I hoped to lie concealed, till I ſhould gain a character, which would not dread examination.

In this ſecluded place I found but few books. The clergyman of the pariſh was ſo much of a farmer, as to be able to afford me but little inſtruction. I had conſequently the more time for reflection. The more I reflected, the more did I condemn and reſolve to renounce the follies of my paſt life.

By degrees I abſtained from ſociety. My ſoul became involved in all the horrors of melancholy. I ſometimes meditated the laſt ſad act of deſperation, as my only relief from remorſe and dread.

But, God's mercy be praiſed, I was "as a firebrand plucked out of the burning." Inſtead of abandoning myſelf to deſpair, I had recourſe to fervent devotion and attentive peruſal of the ſacred Scriptures. Having by me ſome elementary authors in Greek, I applied myſelf to the ſtudy of this neglected language, and found great aſſiſtance in underſtanding and retaining the ſenſe of difficult texts. In the family, where I

boarded, was one volume of an old commentator. Thus was my attention gradually turned toward a critical examination of the Bible.

In this ſituation I continued a year. Almoſt every day freſh light and comfort ruſhed upon my mind, till I had ſatisfactory evidence, that I was a ſincere penitent.

I will not particularly relate to you the various exerciſes of my mind during this critical period. Suffice it to ſay, that I was emboldened to make a Chriſtian profeſſion, and have ever ſince lived in ſome good meaſure agreeably to its ſolemn obligations.

I will not conceal from you my mingled emotions, the firſt commencement I attended after my remarkable reformation. The old companions of my vicious purſuits welcomed me with profane and noiſy tranſports. But how ſoon were they ſtricken dumb, when informed of the alteration in my character, and when I avoided them for more congenial ſociety.

Meeting my more ſerious fellow-ſtudents, they at firſt ſhunned me, as an intruder. They imagined, that I muſt have aſſumed the garb, without the heart, of a Chriſtian miniſter. How great was their joy, when certified of my amendment! I can truly declare, that the enjoyments of that day exceeded in ſolid worth all the pleaſures, I had ever experienced in vicious courſes.

As ſoon as I could gain approbation, I began to preach. But often was I wounded to the quick, on hearing it inſultingly aſked by ſome, though honeſtly by others, "Is Saul alſo among the prophets?" Is it poſſible, that he, who was formerly ſo diſſipated, can be ſincere in his religious profeſſions? Such circumſtances have ſerved to harrow my ſoul; though I hope they have given riſe to profitable ſelf-examination.

When I was ordained, it was my ſincere wiſh, that my paſt errors might be forgotten, or, at leaſt, that they might never be reported within the bounds of my pariſh. This was not becauſe I wiſhed to act the odious part of a hypocrite; but becauſe I knew, that ſuch rumours would anſwer no valuable purpoſe among my pariſhioners; and they might do much harm. Yet how vain are all ſuch precautions! Let none preſume to commit unworthy actions with the hope of concealment, either

from companions in guilt, or from remoteneſs of ſituation. "A bird of the air ſhall carry the voice, and that which hath wings, ſhall tell the matter." I ſoon found, that my youthful foibles and vices were not concealed from my people. My friends often alluded to them to ſhow the imperfection of man, and my enemies to palliate their own miſconduct.

It is a moſt painful conſideration, that I have thus given "occaſion to the enemies of the Lord to blaſpheme." When I preach againſt certain vices of the times, I can eaſily trace in the countenances of my young auditors, that ſo far from taking my obſervations to themſelves, they invariably apply them to the preacher.

That my paſt life affords ſuch grounds of cenſure, I find to be a very ſerious inconvenience in my profeſſion. It leſſens my influence over offenders, both as they plead my former example in their defence, and as it checks my freedom of reproof.

It is now my ſincere wiſh to guard the young, eſpecially thoſe deſigned for the miniſtry, againſt the unhappy miſtakes, which I have committed. Early caution will ſave them many a pang. They ſhould abſtain from the very appearance of evil, as well as from poſitive vice, if they would preſerve that conſiſtency of character, which becomes a herald of evangelical purity. Like Ceſar's wife, they muſt be free not only from guilt, but even from ſuſpicion.

I can honeſtly declare, that I have had no fruit in thoſe things, of which I am now aſhamed. I regret my former ill choſen connexions, indolent habits, and vicious practices. I particularly lament the uncharitable judgments I uſed to form reſpecting ſeveral diſtinguiſhed divines. I now find, that I ſhall in vain hope to equal thoſe, whom I once heard with contempt.

I have been thus particular in my reply to your favour, that you may be aſſured of my reformation, and that you may caution all whom it may concern, within the circle of your acquaintance, againſt the like neceſſity.

With ſincere friendſhip I am yours,

M. Y.

Rev. J. Deane

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

REVERIE IN AN EVENING WALK.

"An undevout aſtronomer is mad."

"GREAT and marvellous are thy works, Lord, God Almighty; juſt and true are all thy ways, thou King of ſaints." Such is the warm and elevated language of inſpiration. Such are the ſentiments of piety and love.

The exiſtence of a Being infinitely good, wiſe and powerful, is ſo ſtrikingly diſplayed on all the works of creation, that to doubt it ſhows ingratitude, to deny it, impiety. "Every thing giveth proof of God; every thing, that proveth it, giveth cauſe of adoration." Let the bold infidel attentively examine the beauty and grandeur of the univerſe; and conſider the conſtitution of his own nature, fearfully and wonderfully made. Let him reflect on the revolutions of the ſeaſons, and the charming diverſity, they afford. Let him contemplate the lively bloom of ſpring, the rich ſplendour of ſummer, the ripe luxuriance of autumn, and the hoary face of winter;

"Or look abroad through nature to the range
Of planets, ſuns, and adamantine ſpheres,
Wheeling unſhaken through the void immenſe."

Will not the ſurvey of ſcenes, ſo beautiful, ſo wonderful, ſo magnificent and ſublime, teach him to confeſs the exiſtence, admire the wiſdom, adore the goodneſs, and revere the majeſty of the Moſt High? Will it not diſſipate the horrid gloom of his thoughts, and diffuſe the holy light of religion over his mind? He, who will not be convinced by truths, ſo manifeſt and impreſſive,

"Is loſt to virtue, loſt to manly thought,
Loſt to the noble ſallies of the ſoul."

He has perverted the gifts of nature, and degraded the dignity of humanity. He is unworthy to participate the bleſſings of ſocial intercourſe, or to enjoy the eſteem of his fellow-creatures. He ſhould be conſidered as an alien to ſociety, an enemy to man, and an object of contempt.

Although a clear evidence of divine perfection may be derived from examining the wonderful ſtructure of the body, and the noble faculties of the ſoul, yet contemplating the lower or-

ders of creation, and the delightful varieties of the earth; yet when we raiſe our view, and ſurvey "the ſpacious firmament on high," where

"Orbs wheel in orbs, round centres, centres roll;"

our belief is ſtrengthened, and our admiration is increaſed. We cannot but exclaim with the Pſalmiſt, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament ſheweth his handy work." He, who can behold theſe ſplendid objects of almighty power with indifference, muſt either poſſeſs the coldneſs of infidelity, or, in the forcible language of our motto, muſt be mad.

In contemplating the heavens, there is a pleaſure, which, to a pious and reflecting mind, is far more pure and ſublime, than any other employment can afford. It is a pleaſure, derived from the ſweeteſt and moſt refined affections of the heart; from the affections of love, gratitude and devotion.

At the ſolemn hour of night, when every breath is peace, and not a cloud obſcures the ſerenity of the heavens, who can behold the "blue ethereal ſky," ſpangled with innumerable ſtars,

"Forever ſinging as they ſhine,
The hand that made us is divine,"

without glowing with admiration for wonders, ſo magnificent, without feeling adoration for their great Creator?

"There is a noble pathos in the ſkies,
Which warms our paſſions, proſelytes our hearts."

The mind is exalted by their majeſty and enlightened by their ſplendour. Imagination is awakened; and while our eyes are elevated above the earth, we ſeem to approach nearer to the preſence of that almighty Being, "who hath meaſured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with a ſpan, and comprehended the duſt of the earth in a meaſure, and weighed the mountains in ſcales, and the hills in a balance."

ALCANDER.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

CHURCH MUSIC.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is nothing more diſcordant to my feelings, than moſt of the muſic, with which our temples are at preſent profaned.

Moſt of our modern pieces would better ſuit the fiddlers of a ball-room, than the choir of our churches. They are compoſed, in general, by boors as ignorant of the principles of muſic, as the rules of propriety, and unfortunately are ſelected by inſtructors, who have not more correct perceptions. I have long wiſhed for ſome interference on the part of the good and pious. But they ſleep, and they ſuffer. I wiſh the following extract (from T. Collyer) would awaken them to ſome regard to the ſubject, and that we may no longer be diſturbed in our devotions by the hurried and jigging meaſures of tunes, which are as improper, as inharmonious.

"One word on Church Muſic, and I have done. The end of Church Muſic is to relieve the wearineſs of a long attention; to make the mind more cheerful and compoſed; and to endear the offices of religion. It ſhould therefore imitate the perfume of the Jewiſh Tabernacle, and have as little of the compoſition of common uſe as is poſſible. There muſt be no voluntary maggots, no military tattoos, no light and galliardizing notes; nothing that may make the fancy trifling, or raiſe an improper thought: this would be to profane the ſervice, and bring the play-houſe into the Church. Religious harmony muſt be moving, but noble withal; grave, ſolemn, and ſeraphic: fit for a martyr to play, and an angel to hear. It ſhould be contrived ſo as to warm the beſt blood within us, and take hold of the fineſt part of the affections; to tranſport us with the beauty of holineſs; to raiſe us above the ſatisfactions of life, and make us ambitious of the glories of heaven."

ANECDOTE.

CALISTO, an Athenian harlot, had the impudence to tell Socrates, that her profeſſion was better than his; there was more force and perſuaſion in it, ſhe ſaid; for he could not draw away one of her gueſts, while it was in her power to thin his ſchool, and leave him nothing but the walls to talk to. Socrates gravely replied, that all ſhe ſaid might well be; for philoſophy was like tugging up the hill, and went ſomewhat *againſt the grain;* but lewdneſs was rolling downwards, and the motion might be pleaſant at firſt, though a man broke his bones at the bottom of the fall. GATAKER.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

PROPOSAL OF A GENERAL NAME FOR THE UNITED STATES.

MR. PERSE,

IN caſting my eye over the new edition of Dr. MORSE's *American Gazetteer*, I obſerve by his preface, that he has introduced the word FREDONIA, as a general name by which to deſignate our country. With a deſign, he ſays, merely to bring the ſubject fairly before the public, he has given an example in the Appendix to his work, to ſhow the convenience of ſuch a name. The author appears to prefer this name to *America* or *Columbia*, only becauſe it "runs more happily through all the variations, important in a generic name." This, I admit, is a weighty conſideration in a *national name;* but an additional one of ſome importance may be derived from the *etymology* of the word.

In an ingenious publication on this ſubject, in the newſpapers ſome time ſince, aſcribed to Dr. MITCHILL of New-York, in which it was propoſed to call our country FREDON, or FREDONIA, the author ſays the word "may mean, a *free-gift;* or any *thing done freely*, or the land of *free privileges and doings*." But in looking into the *Achaiological Gloſſary* of that learned Engliſh law antiquary, Sir HENRY SPELMAN, I found the words *Freda*, *Fredum*, *Fredus*, the explanations of which were ſo curious, and, at the ſame time, ſo conſonant to the above ſubject, and to our national denominations, that I have thought it proper to tranſlate the paſſage, and to ſend it to you, with ſome remarks, for publication in your uſeful periodical work. The three words, abovementioned, expreſs preciſely the ſame meaning in the feminine, neuter and maſculine genders. In ancient charters and laws, theſe words ſignified the *fine* or *mulct*, or rather *compoſition money*, or *redemption money*, which an offender paid either to the treaſury, or to the magiſtrate, for the purpoſe of making up the breach, and obtaining his peace.

The fine alſo, which was paid by a delinquent to the king, as a ſatisfaction, or atonement for having violated his peace, was called his *fredum*. As the radical Saxon word *fride* ſignifies "*peace*," the fine paid in all theſe caſes, might be called his *peace-offering*.

This *fredum, mulct*, or *peace-money*, was demanded, as well in cases of breach of the peace, without force, as with it. For every violation of the king's rule or law was said to be a breach of his peace. Hence a *fredum* was exacted, both from a plaintiff, who brought a frivolous, or tortuous action, *pro falso clamore;* and from a convict, because of the wrong, which he had perpetrated. And this was his peace-offering, which procured his reconcilement with his sovereign. This word, my author observes, was never current in England, and became obsolete on the continent after the age of the Emperor Frederic II. Now the application of these terms of feudal law, as employed in the courts of the middle ages of Europe, to the United States, is obvious and natural.

As an individual of old, who had incurred the displeasure of his lord or sovereign, paid his *fredum*, and was restored to peace again; so our nation in the late revolution, not indeed for any fault of theirs, having fallen under the frowns and hostile operations of Great Britain, actually paid a large *fredum* of blood and treasure, and was afterwards by an honourable treaty in 1783, restored to peace and independence.

From *rebels* and *traitors* against their sovereign, (epithets as undeserved, as they are reproachful,) our valiant and heroic countrymen, with their swords, and by their treasure, paid the price of peace, and were thus transformed into a nation of *Fredes*, or to speak more rhetorically, into a nation of *Fredonians*, whose country, of course, should be called *Fredonia*. Let any one, who objects to this name for his country, suggest a better.

A NATIONAL MAN.

For the Monthly Anthology.

MEMOIR OF MRS. INCHBALD.*

BIOGRAPHERS have frequently remarked, that the lives of literary characters are seldom attended with extraordinary incidents: or, if their peculiar adventures be ever so noble and difficult, they are beyond the comprehension and observance of the common multitude, and will therefore, in vain, demand

* It will be perceived, that much of this memoir it taken *verbatim* from that in a work entitled "Public Characters."

attention from any but the fond admirers of their works. But the ſubject of the preſent memoir, who has been long known both here, and in her native country, as an ingenious Dramatiſt, an engaging Noveliſt, and a conciliating advocate of pure morality, may be adduced in oppoſition to the preceding remark. The heroines of fiction, whoſe actions are reſtrained within the limits of probability, can rarely enter a more wonderful career of life, than that of Mrs. Inchbald. A circumſtantial detail however cannot be here pretended. Nothing more will be offered than a brief epitome of thoſe anecdotes and narratives, which have, at ſeveral times, been publiſhed by her profeſſed acquaintances.—Should the fair reader frown at the recital of theſe romantic adventures, ſhe is entreated to direct her attention chiefly to their happy events ; but if ſhe liſten with an approving ſmile, ſhe is likewiſe requeſted to conſider, that thoſe wild and whimſical attempts, which depend almoſt entirely on the aid of miracles for honourable ſucceſs, muſt not be viewed for imitation. The principal deſign in collecting this curſory account is to gratify the inquiſitive with a hiſtory of a ſingular perſonage, who by madly daring to ſeek, has fortunately attained her object ; and who by greatly reſolving and perſevering with fortitude, has at length become a conſpicuous ornament to her ſex.

Mrs. Inchbald, whoſe maiden name was Elizabeth Simpſon, was born in the year 1756, near Bury St. Edmund's,* in the county of Suffolk. Her father, a reputable farmer in that place, died while ſhe was an infant ; but her mother, a diſcreet and intelligent woman, continued to occupy the farm, and managed her family with reſpectable decency. Her children, who were conſiderably numerous, were all remarkably handſome, but Elizabeth was diſtinguiſhed as eminently beautiful. Nature however ſtill leaves her beſt works unfiniſhed : Miſs Simpſon had ſo great an impediment in her ſpeech, that all ſhe attempted to utter was unintelligible to thoſe, who had not been accuſtomed to hear her. This misfortune ſo much intimidated her before ſtrangers, and preyed ſo eagerly on her ſpirits, that in her earlieſt days ſhe became averſe to ſociety and ſought the deepeſt ſecluſion, where "melancholy marked her for her own."

* Or St. Edmundſbury.

Under this affliction, books became her chief companions, and she particularly delighted in such, as contained descriptions of life directly opposite to her own. Thus it generally happens, that they, who are in the immediate enjoyment of solitude, are captivated by the ideal pleasures of active society; while those, who are buffeting the rude gales of life in the acquisition of fortune or dignity, sigh for the felicities of retirement.—Reading, however, awakened her curiosity, which at length became so active, that she, at the age of thirteen, was heard to declare; "she would rather die, than live any longer without seeing the world." Desirous of seeing those manners and fashions, of which she had often read in newspapers and magazines, and, above all, of visiting the metropolis, of which young minds commonly retain the most romantic conceptions, she proposed many plans for accomplishing her purpose; but these were always rejected by her friends, and she was peremptorily forbidden to indulge a thought so dangerous to her own safety and to the peace of the family.

But this desire increased with her years, and she resolved to effect by stratagem the design which she could not execute by permission. She was now sixteen years old, and was become still more beautiful: her hair was of that bright golden colour, so much celebrated by poets and painters; her complexion was the glow of loveliness itself; her eyes were dark, and her teeth perfectly white; she was tall, and the symmetry of her person was elegant and correspondent to every description of perfect drawing.—Such was our heroine, when in the year 1772, about the end of February, at an early hour in the morning, she stole away unperceived by any of the family, furnished only with a few necessaries, which she had previously packed up in a bandbox, and ran about two miles across some fields to the London road, where with an indescribable perturbation she waited for the coming of the stage coach, which soon conveyed her to "that spot of glory and that world of wo," the metropolis.

Elopements usually excite romantic ideas; though, that a love-sick girl should risk every thing for the man she loves, is surely not very wonderful; but, that a young and beautiful female, without communicating her intention to any one, destitute not only of a lover, but even of a confidant, should

"Wander forth to ſee the world alone,"

is an incident far more congenial to the page of fiction, than to that of ſober hiſtory. But the moſt romantic projects of youth are ſeldom formed without a reference to the accompliſhment of ſome rational purpoſe, or to the attainment of ſome particular pleaſure. Curioſity after every thing worthy of curioſity, and that knowledge of the world, which is ſo frequently extolled as the moſt deſirable acquirement, induced this fair adventurer to adopt a conduct, which, at firſt view, appears to be ſingular indiſcretion. She did not, however, leave her home without ſome ſettled plan. She had often heard her family mention the wife of a tradeſman, who was a diſtant relation. This relation ſhe determined to viſit, imagining that, after having made herſelf known, ſhe ſhould be permitted to remain under her care, till ſhe had gratified that curioſity, which had prompted her to this extraordinary undertaking, and for which ſhe intended to ſolicit her mother's pardon by writing to her from this aſylum. But, alas, no aſylum was open! On arriving at the houſe, ſhe had the inconceivable mortification to find, that it was no longer occupied by perſons related to her.—They had retired from buſineſs, and had taken a reſidence in Wales.

It was near ten at night, when Miſs Simpſon received theſe diſmal tidings. The ſurpriſe and anxiety, diſcovered in her countenance, drew the attention of thoſe, to whom ſhe was ſpeaking. She appeared before them haraſſed, alarmed, and evidently without a place of ſhelter. She confeſſed her ſituation, and requeſted they would permit her to ſtay, till ſhe could conſider whither to go, for the remainder of the night. Touched with pity, the people of the houſe complied with her requeſt. This civility, more than her ſituation, filling her eyes with tears, her hoſpitable entertainers then invited her to continue with them through the night. They likewiſe deſired her to make herſelf eaſy with ſo much good-nature and kindneſs, as to raiſe in her mind ſuſpicions more alarming, than any that ſhe had yet conceived on finding herſelf in London without a friend to protect her.

As her knowledge of the world had been chiefly derived from the peruſal of novels, ſhe had read too many ſtories of the various arts of ſeduction to attribute ſuch particular civilities to any

other motive than ſeducing artifice. Her ſuſpicion of their evil deſign was confirmed on recollecting that ſhe heard the people in the ſhop whiſper, as ſhe paſſed through it,—"how beautiful!" and that the coachman, on receiving his fare and leaving her to their protection, ſignificantly bade them "make the moſt of her."—What more fully convinced her was the entrance of an elderly, corpulent woman ſo exactly anſwerable to the common deſcriptions, in novels, of a procureſs, that our heroine immediately ſaw her ſafety dependent on another elopement. Seizing her band-box, ſhe ſilently and ſuddenly ruſhed out of the houſe, leaving the good people, in the midſt of their tenderneſs and compaſſion, to ſtare on each other, and to reprove their ill-timed pity.

Fatigued at length in her hurried flight, ſhe ſtopped a moment to reſt her box on a poſt in the ſtreet. The horrors of her ſituation now preſented themſelves in colours more dreadful than ever. To procure a lodging for the remainder of the night without expoſing herſelf to the arts and impoſitions of licentious men, or of mercenary women, ſhe thought would be impracticable without recourſe to ſtratagem; for the unexperienced are too apt to conclude, that deceit and artifice can be counteracted only by their own inſtruments. After ruminating ſome time, the thought was ſuggeſted, that could ſhe conceal the circumſtance of her being a *country* girl, ſhe would have nothing to dread from thoſe, whom ſhe conſidered as the unprincipled and inhuman deſtroyers of female innocence. Without reflecting how ſhe might be queſtioned under any aſſumed character, ſhe ſpiritedly entered the firſt houſe, which ſhe ſaw exhibit—"*Lodgings to let*," pretending that ſhe was "a milliner's apprentice, accuſtomed to London, and wanted lodgings only for a night or two, becauſe her miſtreſs, having unexpectedly a number of viſitors from the country, was obliged to give up all her beds." The people, to whom ſhe addreſſed this tale, expreſſed their doubts of its veracity; and while ſhe was ſtrongly aſſerting its truth, ſhe turned her head and beheld the ſame tradeſman, from whoſe houſe ſhe had juſt eſcaped, an attentive auditor to her new ſtory. He had followed his uncommon viſitor, and, confronting her with the

relation she had given him of her being just arrived from the country, gave her a sense of shame, which had hitherto been an utter stranger to her bosom.

In this dilemma, the unfortunate wanderer sharply cast her eye on the band-box and meditated another elopement. She was stopped in her attempt, and the door was locked. As a detected impostor, she was now obliged to endure the harsh menaces of those around her, who threatened her with imprisonment, unless she discovered her abettors and the end proposed by her imposition. Reduced to this extremity, she again had recourse to sincerity, and, in tears, once more candidly confessed who and what she was; protesting that her own preservation, rather than the wrong of another, induced her to use the falsehoods, of which she was guilty. But truth was now of little avail: her hearers treated it as another instance of prevarication; and the woman of the house, with a savage love of honesty, was on the point of ordering a constable, when a sudden exclamation withdrew the attention of all to another object. A boy, about twelve years old, with a heart as tender as his years, pitying the distress, and moved by the supplications of the lovely wanderer, cried on seeing her cry, and declared to his mother, that he would never go to school again, if she would not let the young lady go without her sending for a constable. This oratory proved irresistible, and the outrageous justice of the woman subsided. Our poor adventurer, after being insultingly advised to *repent*, was turned out of doors near midnight, and was left alone to wander in the streets of London.

Exposed to those insults, which females usually encounter, when they walk unprotected in the streets at that hour, Miss Simpson roamed, where chance directed, till the clock struck two. At this time she found herself at Holborn bridge, and saw a stage coach setting off for York; hearing, at the same time, the coachman tell a person, who asked for a place, that there was none to be spared, it immediately occurred to her to ask the same question; and on receiving the same answer, she applied for lodging at the inn, as a disappointed passenger. This scheme happily succeeded; but not without evident suspicions of her character on the part of her host and hostess.

Theſe ſuſpicions however afforded her the conſolation of an aſſurance, that ſhe had nothing to apprehend in this houſe, where her youth and beauty ſeemed the only bar to a kind reception. The landlady took the precaution even to lock the door of the wretched chamber, where ſhe was permitted to ſleep, and, like a careful duenna, wiſely put the key in her pocket.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

MR. EDITOR,

OBSERVING in ſome late numbers of your publication ſeveral detached articles entitled *Selections*, *Scraps*, and *Looſe Paragraphs*, and knowing that ſuch ſhort articles are often preferred by many readers to longer and more elaborate eſſays, I feel an inclination to offer you a few monthly portions of my own *manuale*. In theſe, if you accept them, you will probably find, that whatever is beſt, is mine no otherwiſe than by choice. When I comment on what is ſelected, it is not done with a pretenſion, that others cannot ſpeak, on the ſame occaſion, with more intelligence, more wit, or more gravity. The paragraphs, which I inſert, as entirely my own, you may preſerve, or obliterate, according to your opinion of their deſert. P. S.

THE COLLECTANEA;

OR MAGAZINE IN MINIATURE.—*No. I.*

DOES KNOWLEDGE PROMOTE HAPPINESS?

ACTUAL doubts reſpecting the true worth of knowledge are, perhaps, the moſt obvious feature of human imbecility. But it cannot be ſuppoſed, that ſuch doubts are ever ſincerely profeſſed by thoſe, who have liberally taſted its ſoul-enriching ſtream. Yet, as every bleſſing, allotted to man, is more or leſs expoſed to abuſe, knowledge has ſometimes become the ſport of ſhallow ſatire, and preſumptuous wit. Theſe have often emboldened the conceited witling to argue, that ignorance is the beſt nurſe of inſenſibility, and inſenſibility is the ſureſt protector from miſery.—Nay, ingenuous minds have ſometimes bewailed the enlargement of the ſcenes of deformity and evil by the illumination of ſcience.—Prior, whoſe mind was much enlightened by learning and genius, and who was naturally inclined to cheer-

fulneſs, in a darkling moment once freely expreſſed this beguiling and poiſonous ſentiment:

"If we ſee right, we ſee our woes;
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows;
The only wretched are the wiſe!"

We may, however, ſafely conclude, that, after exploring the whole world of literature, we ſhould ſtill be unable to find any one, who has employed ſound reaſoning in defence of ignorance. They, who willingly plead her cauſe, muſt be thoſe, and thoſe alone, who ſeldom digreſs from her idle and barren paths. Ignorance and inſenſibility, it is true, blind us to innumerable evils, the ſight or experience of which we never ſhould ſuffer, were they not unveiled by the light of knowledge. But is it not the univerſal conſent of mankind, that good and evil are found in this world to be generally mingled in equal proportions? If knowledge amplifies our experience of evil, does ſhe not then in an equal, if not in an exceeding degree, increaſe our enjoyment of good? Beſide increaſing our ſenſibility to her additional good, knowledge equally ſtrengthens our averſion and power for reſiſting or avoiding evil. She teaches us the right paths of life, and the beſt method of ſhunning or enduring the miſeries that are neceſſarily incident. The ways of knowledge, therefore, are the ways that lead to the ſureſt happineſs, and they who walk therein may

——————"with God himſelf
Hold converſe; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions; act upon his plan;
And form to his the reliſh of their ſouls."

THE ANCIENT CLASSICS.

THE benefits, that reſult from ſtudying the ancient claſſics, are great and manifold. It is univerſally granted by all, who know them, that the Greek and Roman languages exhibit the moſt ingenious and perfect grammar, which has ever yet been exerciſed, or invented by man. The uſeful employment, which the learning of theſe languages affords to the mind of the ſtu-

dent, and the rich reward for the labour in their acquiſition, are ſo ably pointed out by Dr. Barrow, in his late and excellent eſſay on education, that the paſſage, which is here tranſcribed, ought to be known and accepted with gratitude by every youth, who aſpires to literary diſtinction. *Legat, qui nunquam legit; quique legit, bis, terque relegat.*

"The ſtudy of the claſſics, from the firſt application to the tenſes and declenſions of their language, to the laſt peruſal of their ſublimeſt poetry, is admirably calculated to employ, to enlarge, and to improve all the faculties of the human mind. The habits of application, indeed, which theſe ſtudies require, are valuable in every point of view. They equally prepare the youth for the immediate acquiſition of ſcience, and the future tranſactions of life; for the purſuit of wiſdom, and the practice of virtue.

"That the memory is continually ſtrengthened by exerciſe is univerſally admitted; and that it is in a great degree formed and created by it, has ſometimes been plauſibly maintained. The *repetitions* of the ſchool-boy, therefore, are intended, not merely to aſſiſt him in the acquiſition of a language, by fixing a given number of its words in his mind; but to augment and improve the faculty, on which his future knowledge muſt depend.

"The imagination is perhaps originally formed, and it is certainly enriched, by the accumulation of ideas in the mind; and claſſical literature not only furniſhes many, which cannot elſewhere be found; but, while it enlarges the number, corrects and regulates the ſtores which it ſupplies. Of all our faculties, indeed, our taſte appears to derive from this ſource the greateſt improvement. By employing ſo much time and attention upon the poliſhed models of compoſition, left us by the ſcholars of antiquity, the moſt elaborate and the moſt elegant works, which human ingenuity is known to have produced, the mind acquires a ſtandard of judgment, an intuitive perception of beauties and defects, which can by no other means be obtained; and which, when once poſſeſſed, cannot afterwards be loſt. Upon this, indeed, depends, in a great degree, our ſenſibility to literary excellence; much of the pleaſure, with which we are

afterwards to read; and not a little of the ability, with which we are to write.

"The ſtudy of the claſſics muſt naturally be the beſt foundation for the ſtudy of languages in general. The knowledge of one grammar will always facilitate the acquiſition of another; and the languages in queſtion not only poſſeſs the greateſt regularity and preciſion in their grammatical ſtructure, but have the additional advantage of being no longer ſubject to fluctuation or corruption. Securely depoſited in the monuments, which the ſages of antiquity have erected, the reward of the benefits to be derived from them to all future ages will be the immortality they have deſerved. What theory would teach us to expect, is found by experience to be true, that he who is already acquainted with the Greek and Roman tongues, attains thoſe of the modern nations of Europe, with an eaſe and rapidity, which other ſtudents have in vain attempted to rival."

SENSIBILITY,

WHEN it proceeds from right principles of taſte, and is happily tempered by reaſon, is ſurely one of the moſt amiable and delighting qualities of the heart. There is yet another kind of ſenſibility, which, though at firſt view, it may bear a reſemblance to the former, cannot fail of ſoon yielding its nauſeous effects, by its ſilly and untimely operations. In the following lines, extracted from a work* attributed to the Reverend P. Smyth of Oxford, this mockery of taſte and ſentiment is very juſtly expoſed to ridicule and contempt.

"Hence, Senſibility! fantaſtic maid,
Of joy and ſorrow equally afraid;
Why com'ſt thou thus to brave a life of ſtorm?
So thin thy veſture, and ſo frail thy form!
Say, doſt thou love by Cinthia's dubious light
Near ſome lone tomb to ſit a wo-worn ſprite;
Charm'd the ſad ſonnet's melody to hear,
And ſmile and ſhudder at the midnight air!
Doſt thou delight o'er nature's vivid ſcene
To caſt the yellow tints of ſickly ſpleen!

* A volume entitled Rhyme and Reaſon.

Go, impotent of body and of mind,
Thy aching temples with the night-ſhade bind;
Haſte to the hermit's and the friar's cell,
There on your ſelf-taught woes in rapture dwell;
There uſeleſs to a world you thus deplore,
Join in his ſighs, and add one blockhead more:
There, for yourſelf, pour forth this pray'r to heav'n—
That ſins of diſcontent may be forgiv'n."

THOU ART A CRITIC!

KNOWEST thou more than he, whoſe merits thou attempteſt to decide? Haſt thou genius more improved, or taſte more refined than he, whom thou calleſt dull and inſipid? Will a plan of thy own deviſing be more efficacious? will truth more amiably, or impreſſively come from thy pen, or can thy imagination more plauſibly theorize? Canſt thou, in any way, amend the work of him, whom thou reproveſt? If thou canſt not conſcientiouſly affirm theſe interrogations; who made thee a judge of what thou knoweſt not, and of what thou canſt not perform—thou hypocrite of the firſt magnitude!

SEE YONDER SOLEMN FOP!

HE and you were once in the ſame condition; and there, by his conduct, he confeſſed you to be his equal. Speak to him, and aſk why he ſtalks thus haughtily before you? He, with a look of diſdain, ſays he is above you; he has more money, better apparel, and a higher parentage than you poſſeſs. He alſo ſwears, that he is handſomer than you, and is more beloved by certain frail mortals, whom he calls ladies. He farther inſiſts, that he oftener gets drunk, talks more fooliſhly, and blaſphemes more genteelly than you ever did, or ever can do. He damns your learning and your virtue, and then ſtruts on. A ſtorm frolics, and his ſhips are ſunken. A fire ſports, and his treaſure is diſſipated. A wind blows, and his fields are blighted. All his proſpects are withered! Where are his friends? Alas, what is he now!

THE ANTHOLOGY.

Original Poetry.

ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

IN oblivion's quiet reign,
Night has now with leaden chain
Bound the angry fiends of toil;
While round ſhe caſts a pitying frown,
Sweet peace regains her lovely crown,
And fretful cares recoil.

Come at this thy wonted hour,
Genial ſleep, oft dreaded power!
Deathlike! thee I hail with joy.
With ſpells arreſt the fright'ning train,
That follow life's wild race of pain,
And ſoothing charms employ.

Oft thou ſhunn'ſt the timid breaſt,
Or in deepen'd horror dreſt,
Com'ſt where guilt, of gorgon mien,
Is, with her countleſs Elfin ſwarm,
That vainly change their hideous form,
By quicken'd conſcience ſeen.

Yet, while adverſe thunders dart
Livid terrors to the heart,
Thine approach is ever dear,
Where'er, by fortitude ſuſtain'd,
The ſeraph, virtue, rule has gain'd,
Though death be in thy rear.

Under thy expanded veil
Tent me from life's chilling gale;
Strengthen'd I again will ſteer

Along this flinty, desert road,
While innocence relieves my load,
Estrang'd to shame and fear.

Ph. Adams ESPER.

PURITY OF THOUGHT,

THE CONSUMMATION OF PUREST PLEASURES.

WILL Flora shed her lively bloom,
Or zephyr breathe its rich perfume,
When winter clothes the earth with snow,
And bids the northern tempest blow?

Will cherub peace her charms impart,
Or smiling pleasure cheer the heart,
When guilty thoughts infest the soul,
That owns not virtue's mild control?

Beneath the heat of vernal skies,
The flow'ret's charms are taught to rise;
Within the tranquil pious breast
Alone will guiltless pleasure rest.

Vainly our fleeting hours we waste
In search of joys, we ne'er can taste,
Unless we lean on virtue's side,
And follow where her counsels guide.

In dissipation's giddy round,
No pure enjoyment e'er is found;
There vice with syren voice beguiles,
And lures to ruin with her smiles.

But sweet the pleasures of the mind,
To purity of thought inclin'd;
Its living lustre ne'er will fade,
Though fortune frown, or age invade.

For when misfortune spreads her gloom,
Beneath the shade, its charms will bloom;

When time has crown'd the head with ſnow,
Within the cheering flame will glow.

Then ſhould we ſtrive with watchful art
To quell each rebel of the heart;
To wiſdom's rule our wills incline;—
Her ways with peace and pleaſure ſhine.

Thus may we here that bliſs enjoy,
Which time nor fate can e'er deſtroy,
And taſte thoſe heavenly ſtreams above,
Whoſe fountain is eternal love.

ALCANDER.

ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

AH death, couldſt thou no worthleſs victim find,
Nor one, whoſe wintry locks proclaim'd his years,
That thou didſt ſeize the youth of generous mind,
Whoſe modeſt worth his memory endears?

Might not the caſtle, tottering in the air,
Have been o'erthrown thy fury to aſſuage?
Why need the fabric newly built and fair,
Be ſwept away by thy impetuous rage?

Behold yon noxious weeds, that ſmile around,
And by a waſte of dews and ſun-beams ſhine!
Might not thy ſcythe have cut them to the ground,
And ſpar'd the garden's pride, the healthful vine?

I know thee well, thou tyrant of the grave!
Full many a time I've mark'd thy paſſing bier;
Nor youth nor virtue from thy graſp can ſave,
Both fall before thee in thy mad career.

"My mad career?" (I heard the monſter cry,
While ſtill my lips were murm'ring for the youth,)
"I'm but the viceroy of the King on high;
And his commands are *righteouſneſs* and *truth*."

W.

SONNET.

HOW fair the ſcene, that ſtruck the ſight
Of him, the father of our race;
When firſt the ſun diſplay'd his light,
And ſhew'd the charms of nature's face.

But, oh! what terror pain'd his heart,
When evening's ſhade obſcur'd the day,
Bade ev'ry blooming ſcene depart,
And ſnatch'd the glorious orb away.

So I, when genial friendſhip ſhone,
Beheld her ſmile, with gay delight;
But now, alas, no joy is known,
Since ſhe has fled to cheerleſs night.

The deep'ning gloom I view with mournful pain,
And dare not hope the light will riſe again.

ALCANDER.

Selected.

INSCRIPTION

OVER A CALM AND CLEAR SPRING.

From the late Collection of Poems by T. WARTON, B. D.

HERE quench your thirſt, and mark in ME
An emblem of true Charity;
Who, while my bounty I beſtow,
Am neither heard nor ſeen to flow;
Yet bounteouſly repaid by Heav'n
For every drop of water given.

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A BRIEF Retroſpect of the Eighteenth Century, part firſt, in two vols. containing a ſketch of the revolutions and improvements in ſcience, arts, and literature, during that period, by SAMUEL MILLAR, A. M. *one of the Miniſters of the United Preſbyterian Churches in the city of New-York.*—T. & J. SWORDS.—*New-York.*

WHEN Dodſley firſt publiſhed the "Annual Regiſter" in Great Britain, the critical reviewers made only this laconic remark; "*A fricaſſe of newſpapers.*". By the ſkill and labour, however, of the literary cooks, who prepared the entertainment, a rich repaſt was provided, and we now ſet down to it, aſſured of enjoying a feaſt of reaſon, compoſed of the fruits of knowledge. There have been other collections of eſſays, or compilations, of which many have deſervedly ſunk into neglect, while a few ſtill remain, which ſuit the taſte of individuals, and are much admired. A retroſpect of the learned labours of authors, the inventions, improvements, and ſchemes of ſpeculative men, will be a work like a compilation, although the title be novel, and the view combined with many critical obſervations of the writer. Mr. Millar, in the preface to his "*Retroſpect of the Eighteenth Century*," claims more than the character of a compiler, and, in our opinion, with much propriety. He has offered his own reflections and reaſoning, and given an hiſtorical ſketch, which none but a man of genius could do ſo well, and which more experience, ſtudy and care, we doubt not, will make ſtill better, in the future editions of his uſeful work. We here ſee the effuſions of a candid and comprehenſive mind, which, though untrained to a regular ſtudy of the ſciences, has acquired very conſiderable knowledge from habits of reading, in the intervals of profeſſional employment; and ſtill more, from converſation and intercourſe with the world. He comes forward a young author, but a voluminous one, in this part of the world, where we ſeldom find a book of ample materials, written by an American, and receiving the public patronage; notwithſtanding pamphlets full of zeal in politics and religion, grammars of all

kinds, eſſays of ſmaller ſize and note, are ſcattered over the country with an unſparing hand.

But we may well ſuppoſe, that a book, which treats on ſuch a variety of ſubjects, and which contains the centurial account of every ſcience, will be in many reſpects ſuperficial; and, that one author is not equal to the attempt. Mr. Millar ſeems fully ſenſible of this, and diſcovers a ſolicitude, which ſhows, that modeſt worth may be united with fine abilities. We honour his frankneſs, when, in his apology for the book, he ſays:

"It is probable, that one of the firſt reflections made by moſt readers of the following pages, will be, that the plan is too extenſive to be executed by any individual; and that it was peculiarly preſumptuous in one of comparatively ſmall reading, and who could not obtain acceſs to ample libraries, to undertake ſuch a work. The author feels the juſtneſs and weight of this reflection; and is ſenſible, that to preſent a full and ſatisfactory view of any one of the departments embraced by this Retroſpect, would be a taſk beyond his powers; would afford abundant employment for a mind much more mature, active and enlightened than his."

A queſtion naturally occurs, why then ſhould a man undertake it? Ought we not to feel conſcious of our ability to perform a thing, before we attempt it?

The author gives an anſwer to this interrogation, which, if not quite ſatisfactory, nevertheleſs intereſts us in his behalf. They who read the whole will not have their expectations fruſtrated, if they have not raiſed them beyond what he promiſes; and we think he has done as much, as we can expect from any individual in the ſame number of pages; or, in other words, that there is as complete a maſs of information collected, without making a diſcrimination between what he has taken from others, and what is peculiarly his own.

We have no heſitation in ſaying, that whoever attentively reads this work may be well acquainted with the improvements in ſcience and literature, which have been made during the laſt century.

In theſe two volumes, which are only One Part of the Four, which the author deſigned, there is a view of *Science*, *Arts*, and

Lettres. In this part he divides the chapters into ſections. Under the head of mechanical philoſophy, which is the ſubject of the firſt chapter, he treats of Electricity, Magnetiſm and Galvaniſm, &c. It is neceſſary to connect the additional note,* with the letter, as we ſhall find a more particular account of the late improvements in this faſhionable ſcience. The next is Chemical Philoſophy, which diſplays not only a judicious arrangement, but a luminous view of the ſubject. The third is Natural Hiſtory; and the fourth Medicine. This is one of the very beſt chapters in the book. A conſiderable extract may be acceptable to our readers, in which we ſhall ſee a graceful eaſe in compoſition, and which muſt be acknowledged as one of our author's excellencies, and has hitherto rendered him conſpicuous among the beſt writers of his profeſſion.

"*Peſtilential diſeaſes* are ſuppoſed to have greatly abated in frequency and malignity in the courſe of the eighteenth century. This obſervation, however, muſt be underſtood to be chiefly reſtricted to thoſe parts of the world, which, during that period, have been making rapid progreſs in civilization, intelligence and refinement. In many parts of Aſia and Africa, and in European Turkey, it is probable, that little abatement of the ravages of ſuch diſeaſes has actually taken place. The degraded ſtate of man in moſt of the Mahometan countries; the poverty, filth and wretchedneſs, which oppreſs the lower claſſes of people in their crowded cities, and the inattention to cleanlineſs and ventilation, even in the houſes of the moſt opulent, aided by the influence of their doctrine of fataliſm, ſeem to leave them little proſpect of emerging from their preſent condition into one more reſpectable, and exempt from malignant diſeaſes. The contraſt of health and diſeaſe, in the Chriſtian and Mahometan world, while it affords to the pious mind a ſatisfactory confirmation of his faith, furniſhes alſo, to the philoſopher and phyſician, an inſtructive leſſon, in regard to the comparative influence of the reſpective principles and inſtitutions of Chriſtianity and Mahometaniſm.

"The comparative mildneſs and infrequency of peſtilential diſeaſes in Chriſtian Europe, during the late century, are probably owing to a combination of many cauſes. Much may be fafely aſcribed to improvements in the cleanlineſs and ventilation of houſes, in diet, in apparel, in habits, cuſtoms, and all the modes of life. Cities, which are uſually the great nurſeries of peſtilence, are now leſs crowded than in former ages. The comforts, decencies, and elegancies of life, from a variety of cauſes, are now enjoyed by a greater portion of the community, and in a much higher degree, than in preceding times. To the ſame cauſes, alſo, may be aſcribed the almoſt entire baniſhment of that loathſome diſeaſe, the *Leproſy*, from the civilized

* See page 446.

world, which has been in a great measure effected in the course of the last age.

"The frequent and mortal prevalence of the pestilential disease, called *Yellow Fever*, in the cities, and in some parts of the country, in the United States, for the last ten years, forms a memorable event in the medical history of this country, during the century which is the subject of this Retrospect. The malignity and ravages of this epidemic impressed the public mind with the deepest apprehensions, and undoubtedly gave a new impulse and vigour to medical investigation. The origin of this disease has been warmly contested in the United States, in the West-Indies, and in Europe. While many maintain that it is produced by the exhalations of putrefaction, whether such putrefaction be found in the filth of cities, of marshy grounds, or of vessels on the water; others, on the contrary, assert, that it is always produced by contagion emitted from the sick labouring under the disease, and successively propagated from one person to another. The latter opinion seems to be fast losing ground among the better informed part of the medical profession, and of the public; while the evidence in support of the former is accumulated, and rendered more luminous and irresistible, by the occurrences of every epidemic season.

(To be continued.) Dr Eliot

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF

New Publications in the United States, for March, 1804.

NEW WORKS.

Discourses to Young Persons, by the late Rev. JOHN CLARKE, D. D. minister of the First Church in Boston, 1 vol. 12mo.—HALL and HILLER—*Boston*.

These Sermons, which are now first published, were in the course of his ministry, delivered by their author to his congregation. They are directed to a variety of practical and very important subjects; and in point of composition, they are no way derogatory to the acknowledged learning and talents of that worthy preacher.

The Constitutionalist; addressed to men of all parties in the United States; by an AMERICAN. Pamph. 8vo.—H. MAXWELL—*Philadelphia*.

Abridgment of the Laws of Pennsylvania, being a complete Digest of all such Acts of Assembly as concern the Commonwealth at large, by *COLLISON READ*, Esq. *Volume II.*—H. MAXWELL.—*Philadelphia*.

The public are respectfully informed, that in addition to the general laws of the state, the present volume contains a complete digest of all the acts now in force for the relief of insolvent debtors.

NEW EDITIONS.

A Commercial Dictionary, containing the present state of Mercantile Law, Practice and Custom; by JOSHUA MONTEFIORE, *Author of "Commercial Precedents," &c. The first American edition, with very considerable additions relative to the Laws, Usages and Practice of the United States.* 3 *vols.* 8*vo.* J. HUMPHREYS.—*Philadelphia.*

In the preface, we are presented with the following account, and just observations on this valuable work.

"The author has selected his materials from the enactments of the legislature, and the reporters and commercial writers of the most acknowledged authority. He has freely availed himself of the voluminous library of the lawyer, and the assistance of mercantile men; together with that great mass of information, which the increased commerce of this country has produced *during the last twenty years of the eighteenth century*, and which has never yet been presented to the public in such a systematic form, as reduces the general result of this combined intelligence into moderate compass, and adapting it to the use of the *counting-house*, as well as to the *library* of the *Statesman* and *Scholar*.

"His arrangement he conceives to be the best calculated for perspicuous communication and practice; the form of a Dictionary suggested itself as calculated to the end proposed; this mode has also the additional advantage of enabling him to treat more copiously on subjects of greater comparative interest. Hence it may perhaps be found, that the important heads of Bankruptcy, Bills of Exchange, Customs, Excise, Exports, Imports, Insurance, Law of Nations, Navigation, Plantations, and Shipping, are an incorporation of complete systems; for the length of which the compiler knows he needs no apology to his *professional*, and he trusts his *commercial* readers will not require any."

We may add, that these volumes will not only prove, in the highest degree, useful to the merchant and trader, but will be found a very interesting *cyclopedia* of economical and important information to every gentleman.

Letters on the Elementary Principles of Education, by ELIZABETH HAMILTON, *author of "Memoirs of Modern Philosophers," &c.* 2 *vols.* 12*mo.* B. JOHNSON.—*Philadelphia.*

Village Sermons, or plain and short Discourses on the principal doctrines of the Gospel, intended for the use of families, Sunday schools, or companies assembled for religious instruction in Country Villages; by GEORGE BURDER. 2 vols. 12mo. W. W. WOODWARD.—*Philadelphia.*

Philosophical and Critical Enquiries concerning Christianity, translated from the French of C. BONNET. 1 vol. 12mo. W. W. WOODWARD.—*Philadelphia.*

Universal History, ancient and modern, from the earliest records of time to the general peace of 1801, by WILLIAM MAVOR, Vicar of Hurley and Chaplain to the Earl of Dumphries. 25 vols. 12mo.—S. F. BRADFORD—*Philadelphia.*

☞ *We learn, that only the six first volumes of this work are at present ready for sale.*

The American Gazetteer, exhibiting a full account of the Civil Divisions, Rivers, Harbours, Indian Tribes, &c. of the American Continent, also of the West India, and other appendant Islands; and a particular description of Louisiana, compiled from the best authorities, by J. MORSE, D.D. A.A.S. S.H.S. author of the "American Universal Geography;"—illustrated with maps, —*Second Edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged;* 1 vol. 8vo. THOMAS & ANDREWS—*Boston.*

Poems; viz. the Spleen, the Grotto, &c. by MATTHEW GREEN.—1 vol. 12mo. H. SPRAGUE and others—*Boſton.*

The Temple of Nature; or the Origin of Society; a Poem, with Philoſophical Notes; by ERASMUS DARWIN, M. D. 1 vol. 8vo.—T. & J. SWORDS.—*New-York.*

This is the ſecond American impreſſion of that pleaſing and popular work, which, but a little more than three months ago, firſt arrived to this country.

The Review; or, the Waggs of Windſor; a Drama by G. COLMAN.—D. LONGWORTH.—*New-York.*

The Domeſtic Encyclopedia; or, a Dictionary of Facts and Uſeful Knowledge; comprehending a conciſe view of the lateſt Diſcoveries, Inventions, and Improvements, chiefly applicable to Rural and Domeſtic Economy; together with deſcriptions of the moſt intereſting objects of Nature and Art, the hiſtory of Men and Animals, in a ſtate of Health or Diſeaſe; and practical hints reſpecting the Arts and Manufactures, both familiar and commercial.—Illuſtrated with numerous Engravings and Cuts.—By A. F. M. WILLICH, M. D. *Author of the Lectures on Diet and Regimen, &c. &c.*—Firſt American edition. With additions, applicable to the preſent ſituation of the United States; by JAMES MEASE, M. D.—T. & J. SWORDS—*New-York.*

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE lively zeal, which prevails among the Bookſellers of Philadelphia, for rivaling thoſe of London in their beauty and excellence of printing, deſerves our grateful attention and praiſe. They have lately produced ſeveral ſpecimens of workmanſhip, which ſtrongly evince their ability for accompliſhing their worthy deſign. It is to be earneſtly hoped, that their example may become widely influential, and tend to enliven a ſimilar emulation in the profeſſors of other arts.

H. MAXWELL and T. S. MANNING will publiſh, in the courſe of the preſent month, the firſt volume of the works of Shakeſpeare. This edition they attempt under the patronage of ſubſcribers; and they propoſe it, as the moſt complete and elegant, that has ever yet been undertaken in America. It will be copied from

the laſt London edition, of 1803, compriſing the corrections and illuſtrations of various commentators, together with the notes of Dr. Johnſon and G. Stevens, reviſed and augmented by I. Reid with a Gloſſarial Index.—The following is a ſummary of their

TERMS:

This edition of Shakeſpeare will be contained in ſixteen crown-octavo vols.

It will be printed in a ſtyle, eminently beautiful, on a fine cream-coloured woven paper, with a type entirely new, and caſt for the purpoſe.

The proprietors pledge themſelves, that it ſhall ſurpaſs the London edition in neatneſs of mechanical execution, and rival it in fidelity and correctneſs.

It will be printed under the immediate direction and ſuperintendance of an Editor, aſſiſted by ſeveral men of letters.

The price to ſubſcribers will be 1 dollar 50 cents per volume in boards; to non-ſubſcribers 1 dollar 75 cents.

To ſuit the economy or the taſte of different purchasers, an edition will be printed in a compressed, cheap and portable form, without the notes, in 8 vols. 12mo. price 1 dollar per vol. in boards.

It is contemplated to print one volume every month, from the time of commencement until the work be completed.

The proprietors ſanguinely hope, that the liberality of the public will be conſpicuous in the ſupport of a work of a ſingular magnitude, to which intenſe labour and great expenſe are neceſſarily incident.

IT may be pleaſing to the amateurs of literary Hiſtory, who have not previouſly obtained this intelligence, to mention, that in November laſt the long expected elaborate work of GODWIN on the *Life* and *Times* of GEOFRY CHAUCER, was actually publiſhed. It comprehends views of the progreſs of ſociety, manners and the Fine Arts, from the dawn of literature in modern Europe to the cloſe of the fourteenth century, with characters of the principal perſonages in the courts of Edward, the third, and Richard, the ſecond.

Meſſrs. W. PELHAM, MANNING & LORING, and E. LINCOLN, of this town, purpoſe to publiſh a third volume of the Life and Poſthumous Writings of WILLIAM COWPER, which has been recently publiſhed in London, under the editorial direction of Mr. HAYLEY. This publication, conſiſting entirely of poems and letters heretofore unpubliſhed, is probably the laſt that will be offered to the public, and it will be printed in a uniform manner with their preceding volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

CONCLUSION

OF A SKETCH OF THE FORMER AND PRESENT STATE OF THE *COLUMBIAN MUSEUM.*

(From page 192.)

Beſide thoſe beautiful paintings which were laſt mentioned, our notice is attracted to theſe elegant Prints—Providence, Happineſs, Wiſdom, Innocence, and Conjugal Affection, &c.

Elegant STATUARY lately received from Paris and Italy;—Pope Gangenelli, Dr. Franklin, (elegant Marble buſts); Gen. Bonaparte, Gen. Moreau, (bronzed); Cato, Cicero, Demoſthenes, Homer, Laocoon and Sons, Apollo, Diana, Veſtal Virgin, Venus, &c.—well worthy the attention of the connoiſſeur, and ladies and gentlemen of taſte.

The Buſt of Gangenelli is thought to be the fineſt piece of Sculpture ever ſeen in this country, and is ſaid to have originally coſt (in Rome) 1000 guineas.

Elegant WAX-FIGURES—large as life, viz.—Roman Charity, repreſented by a beautiful Young Woman, nouriſhing her (venerable) Father in Priſon; Peace and War, repreſented by a Figure of a young lady of Boſton, holding an Olive Branch extending towards a large and elegant Painting of the late Gen. Waſhington, and an excellent Figure of Mars; Romeo and Juliet, from one of Shakeſpeare's celebrated tragedies, repreſented by four Figures, and Juliet ſeen riſing from a tomb; King Alfred, repreſented in a group of ſeven Figures, dividing a Loaf between his Queen, four Children, and a poor Pilgrim; the finding of Moſes by king Pharoah's daughter, repreſented by a group of five figures; Bonaparte is ſtrikingly repreſented fixing his ſtandard on the Bridge of Arcole, at the battle of Lodi; the Iriſh Giant and Dwarf are very intereſting Figures; the Giant is handſome and well proportioned, (8 feet 2 inches high); the Dwarf is a handſome *little* fellow, 3 feet high, and well proportioned. An excellent Figure and Likeneſs of the late Rev. Mr. Whitfield, dreſſed in the ſame manner in which he appeared when he preached in this town—&c.

MAMMOTH!—The (carved) Skeleton of the Mammoth is 24 feet in length and 11 feet high!! Which may be juſtly ranked among the *greateſt* Artificial Curioſities: It is an exact model from Mr. Peale's Original Skeleton.

Natural CURIOSITIES.—Among the numerous Collection of Natural Productions, are, Beaſts, Birds, Fiſh, Serpents, (the ſkin of one is upwards of 20 feet long); Reptiles and Inſects, in fine preſervation. Alſo, a large and elegant Collection of Shells, among which are ſome very curious: with a Collection of Live Birds, &c. &c.

Thus, then, (but few months having elapſed ſince the re-eſtabliſhment of the MUSEUM) we ſee the *beginnings* of Mr BOWEN's induſtry and magnanimity *again* diſplayed. *Again*, by the Public's liberality and ſupport, Science and Art will here erect ſupernal temples to Genius and Erudition: Here taſte and refinement will expand their beauty, order, elegance and utility.—Something to admire, to imitate, to venerate, and to call forth our ſerious and uſeful contemplations, will here be found—Liberality will be amply gratified; approbation will be commanded;—and pleaſure and profit derived to all.

With the Public, at large, it remains, to complete this PRIDE of MASSACHUSETTS; this EMULATOR of *European* EXHIBITIONS;—The honour of State and Country *demands* its ſupport.

If the *worthy* and *meritorious* (who ſpare no exertion or expenſe to pleaſe) are deſerving patronage; and the *unfortunate* entitled to aſſiſtance; the Proprietor of the *New* COLUMBIAN MUSEUM will receive the moſt generous encouragement.

MARIANO.

Boſton, 1804.

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY;

OR

Magazine of Polite Literature.

Vol. I.] APRIL, 1804. [No. VI.

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"E VARIIS LECTI FLORES."

EDITED BY SYLVANUS PERSE.

BOSTON:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY *E. LINCOLN*, WATER-STREET.

1804.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IT has been, more than once, hinted to the Editor, that the currency of this publication is much impeded, eſpecially in Boſton, by its want of the recommendation of amuſing anecdotes *and* wonderful ſtories. *In reply, he would obſerve, that tales, ingeniouſly related, and forcibly inculcating ſome virtuous ſentiment, and anecdotes, amuſing to a refined and correct taſte, will always be objects of his attention. But he heartily diſdains to inſult his patrons, by offering them a gallimaufry of witleſs* jeſts, *filly* puns, *and nonſenſical* bon-mots, *from which the* popularity *of periodical works too often ariſes. The primary and invariable purpoſe of his preſent undertaking is, to open to public notice ſome ſpecimens of the literary ſkill in this country,—to offer ſuch eſſays, as are furniſhed with ſentimental inſtruction and rational amuſement,—to remark on the progreſs of ſcience and the fine arts, and, with various tongues, to plead in behalf of virtuous refinement. If this attempt will not gain extenſive patronage, it is pleaſing to find, that there are even a few, who beſtow their approbation.*

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,
FOR
APRIL, 1804.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THE MAUSOLEUM OF WASHINGTON.

THE ſervices of Gen. WASHINGTON are too recent and important to be already forgotten. His unimpeachable integrity raiſed him above ſuſpicion—almoſt above reproach. Parties moſt inveterate have united in honours to his memory. Congreſs, on receiving the mournful tidings of his death, with a warmth, which was as grateful in them, as correſpondent to the feelings of their conſtituents, decreed thoſe marks of reſpect, which his virtues claimed, and which it became an affectionate people to beſtow. All branches of government concurred in adoping thoſe meaſures, by which the reverence and gratitude of Americans might be expreſſed to one, who had earned them by as great ſervices, as ever a patriot rendered to his country. This was an act of feeling performed in a moment of feeling. Here was a tribute of the heart, which bore on its front the ſtamp and impreſs of the heart. Let him, who has a ſenſe of moral excellence, and is capable of appreciating it; who loves virtue, and rejoices in its reward; who feels gratitude, and burns to expreſs it; let ſuch a perſon judge whether this act of feeling and tribute of the heart were not founded in juſtice and expreſſive of the nobleſt ſentiments. Let him then conſider the nice and cold calculations, which were afterwards made in Congreſs to diſcover the leaſt poſſible ſum, which could be offered with decency to ſhelter the remains of Waſhington. Will he not bluſh and hang his head in acknowledging himſelf an American? Will he not deteſt that ſordid economy, which thus exalts itſelf on the ruins of the beſt feelings of our nature, and grudges an honourable and majeſtic ſtructure to the duſt of the hero and ſaviour of his country?

But "what good," ſaid ſome, "will a Mauſoleum do?" I would have anſwered by aſking, "what good would the cheapeſt and meaneſt monument have done?" The queſtion was an inſult on the underſtanding and feelings of our countrymen.

Did they suppose that mausoleums, or monuments are erected from mercenary views, to increase our revenue, repel invasion, or support the government? Ask the disconsolate husband, or weeping child, what good the marble will do, which he places over the grave of a wife, or a father.—Are the dictates of affection, the consoling expressions of tenderness to be slighted and suppressed, because they neither protect from danger, nor ensure prosperity? Affection is its own reward, and shrinks from the imputation of acting from selfish motives.

If it was to express national gratitude, the expression should have been regulated by the excellence of the man and the ability of the people. Washington was the founder and support of our republic; and in this glorious enterprise, he exhausted the vigour of manhood, and the experience of age. Ours were the nerves of his arm, the affections of his heart, and the mighty powers of his mind. Should not he, who outstript all in the race, have received the noblest prize? Was it just, that such services, as his, should have a crumbling monument, pitiful in design, and disgraceful by a contrast with the man to whom it was erected? Would individual gratitude have thus stinted its expressions to a private benefactor? And was it thus that the labours and services of Washington was to be lowered in estimation by a monument dishonourably "slim," and reluctantly raised? I say reluctantly—who did not discover in the slow and wavering conduct of our national council a struggle between interest and honour, an anxiety to save at once the money of the nation, and to secure it from disgrace? In fact, there was something so indecent and wounding to a delicate mind in most, that was said and done on this subject, that silence and neglect would not have inflicted keener pangs. Had we owed Washington an immense sum of money, our representatives might have debated for years on the easiest mode of payment. But when the subject was a tribute of the heart, of our own offering, to introduce into such a measure all the petty amendments of a revenue law—to throw it backwards and forwards from one house of Congress to another, with as little ceremony as a private petition—to debate upon it for days and weeks, as if it required deep investigation and involved important interests—to pour forth in the debate all the rancour of party mixed with the frigid and frothy hyperbole of panegyric—all this was past sufferance, and agonized as much as it disgraced our country. Before this I

thought action was the natural language of affection. I conſidered our ſentiments of regard and gratitude as too refined to be analyzed—too inſtinctive to need the elucidation of argument—too ſpiritual to be weighed and proportioned in the ſcales of intereſt—too ardent to wait for the cold deductions of economy, and too much abſorbed in its object to be able to ſtudy declamation on its own warmth and diſintereſtedneſs. But men are made of ſterner ſtuff, and all this has vaniſhed before the influence of reaſon and philoſophy.

I before obſerved, that our expreſſions of gratitude ſhould have been regulated by our ability. A nation without wealth or arts might join in rolling a huge and unhewn ſtone on the grave of their favourite hero, and this would have been an honourable expreſſion of national ſentiment. This cheap monument would however diſgrace a rich and poliſhed nation. In reply to this it was ſaid, that it was impoſſible exactly to define the honours Waſhington deſerved, or that we owed. But on this ſubject a warm heart, under the directions of a correct mind, never can decide wrong. Let us ſuppoſe, for inſtance, that the repreſentatives of a great nation ſhould with equal gratitude and prudence determine to erect a Mauſoleum to him, who was "firſt in war, firſt in peace, and firſt in the hearts of his countrymen;" ſuppoſe a few months elapſed, and this great aſſembly coolly inquiring, "What good will a Mauſoleum do? can it ſpeak louder than a cheaper monument? If we cannot by ſuch means extend the fame of the man, why ſhall we not ſave the money of the treaſury?" Have we hearts, and do they not teach us to abhor this mercenary language? Do they not regard ſuch men, as chaffering rather for a mean popularity, founded on economy, than paying honours to the father of their country? Do they not ſuſpect, that ſuch men have leſs inclination to erect his Mauſoleum, than to ſell his bones? Should we not reply to their argument, if addreſſed to us, "Why erect even a monument to the memory of your favourite hero? Can it ſpeak louder than four rough ſtones, thrown on the corners of the grave? It cannot ſpread farther his praiſes, and why then ſquander your money?" Who does not ſee, that the application of this reaſoning to ourſelves will lead us to erect a monument, not to the virtues of Waſhington, but our own infamy and ingratitude? Foreigners, who may viſit our metropolis, after viewing the majeſtic piles of

public convenience, and palaces of private eaſe, will naturally inquire for "the tomb of Waſhington, that illuſtrious man, whom Heaven has given as its beſt bleſſing to a great nation, which has foſtered his virtues, and knows ſo well to form an eternal record of his patriotiſm and glory." Judge of their aſtoniſhment, ſhould we lead them to ſuch a cheap monument of departed greatneſs, as our thrifty ſtateſmen deviſed. They might well exclaim, "Foxes have holes, and birds have neſts, but the man, whom Heaven deſigned the ſaviour of his country, has not where to lay his bones."

As Congreſs undertook to pay a tribute of national gratitude, it was their duty to expreſs the feelings of the nation. Have they done it? Have they diſcovered that ardent gratitude, which glowed with enthuſiaſm in their conſtituents? Did they not talk, where the people would have acted; and calculate, where the people felt? Would to Heaven they had left the people in this caſe to have acted for themſelves. Every patriot, every lover of excellence would have rejoiced to have made a perſonal expreſſion of individual gratitude. Avarice would have rifled his bags, and poverty cheerfully beſtowed her mite, and one Mauſoleum on earth would witneſs the love of the people to their beſt friend. But inſtead of this, cold ſtateſmen made ſpeeches upon gratitude, our financiers tried by problems how it might be expreſſed at the leaſt expenſe, and for years Waſhington ſleeps without a ſtone to tell the pious pilgrim where he lies.

It is unneceſſary to enlarge on a ſubject, on which every man's feeling and reflection will pronounce the ſame judgment. National ingratitude is a thing of daily obſervation; but in the new world it exchanged the neutral garb of neglect for the form of ſarcaſtic reſpect. With us it has adopted the beſt plan for obliterating our national obligation to the father of our country. But this attempt diſgraces us alone. It will not ſnatch away a wreath from the brow of Waſhington. The good of all ages will be the guardians of his fame, while the memory of his virtues, and the fruits of his heroiſm will give him a monument, wide as the world, and durable as time. Our children, we truſt, will burn the journals, which record the diſgrace of their fathers; and, by generous offerings of gratitude, make the earth forget the parſimony of men, who, forgetting the ſervices of the living, deny honours to the dead.

CENSOR.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

SINCERITY.

THE advantages of ſincerity are ſo many and ſo great, that it ſeems ſurpriſing, it is not generally adopted, as a virtue equally uſeful and amiable. In our intercourſe with the world, theſe advantages are not leſs valuable, though perhaps leſs obvious, than in the circle of domeſtic life, or even in communion with ourſelves. Common prejudice, however, I am ſenſible, ſtrongly contradicts this opinion. Policy, intereſt, ſafety itſelf are generally thought to require affectation, if not deception. Bad men are intereſted in ſupporting this opinion; and indeed their ſyſtem of morality, or rather *immorality*, alone requires the adoption of it in practice. Is a man envious and malignant? Then he muſt appear *very* benevolent, *very* kind, *very* charitable. Is he the ſlave of avarice? He muſt exhort to almſgiving, pretend a marvellous affection for the poor, exhibit his name on ſubſcriptions, and diſplay his hand at public collections for their relief. Is he a venal office ſeeker? He muſt proclaim his patriotiſm at the corners of ſtreets, and deſcant in tedious newſpaper eſſays on the incapacity and treachery of rulers and public miniſters.

This indeed deceives the ignorant and ſuperficial for a time; but for the honour of mankind and the conſolation of virtue it may be ſaid, and attentive obſervation will confirm the remark, that the world is ſeldom ultimately deceived by hypocriſy. Sooner or later the veil is removed, and vice appears in native deformity; deformity doubly odious, becauſe unſeen and unſuſpected.

If I were to reaſon with a vicious man, and he for once would lay aſide his diſguiſe, and diſcloſe his thoughts, perhaps he would reaſon ſomewhat in this way: "Attached I muſt own I am to ſeveral vices, which to the world would appear enormous. If I indulge them without diſguiſe, I muſt bid adieu to all confidence, eſteem, or friendſhip. Not only my ſtation in ſociety, but my very exiſtence depends on concealment. My honours and all the fruits of ſtudied circumſpection and hypocriſy during my whole life, would at once be ſnatched from me; and by whom? by miſcreants as vile, but not ſo imprudent, as myſelf. The world would not give me credit for an ingenuous avowal; but, judging from the known deceptive arts of

vice, would aſcribe to me a heart hideouſly deformed in proportion to the ſample diſcloſed." This reaſoning is juſt, as far as it goes. He then ſtates the other alternative. "While I can continue to deceive the world, I ſhall reap the rewards of genuine virtue. I confide in my own unremitting vigilance to protract the deception as long as I live. At worſt, if detected, my puniſhment cannot be greater, than the conſequence of a voluntary avowal would draw upon me." To confute the apparent inference from this dilemma is eaſy; for it preſuppoſes a *continuance* in vice. Thus it is, the votaries of criminal indulgence are accuſtomed to reaſon. With their darling ſins they "cannot, cannot part." Though it may ſhock them to propoſe ſo dear a ſacrifice, yet I cannot refrain from informing them, how they may eſcape the unavoidable evils of an avowal, and the irkſome reſtraint, the mental impriſonment of hypocriſy, and the painful apprehenſion of diſcovery. The ſecret is unfolded in two words-----BE VIRTUOUS.

P.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. PERSE,

AS you have lately publiſhed ſome letters, that were written to my friend STUDIOSUS, I wiſh you to publiſh the encloſed, which he addreſſed to me, at my entrance into life. It was dictated by friendſhip; and, I believe, may afford to others the advantage I received from it. The world is the ſame in all its revolutions; and a few years have not ſwept away thoſe characters, which he has here ſo ſtrongly depicted, as eaſily to be recognized in the round of life. Yours, ALCANDER.

FROM STUDIOSUS TO ALCANDER.

N——, March 30, 18—.

STOP, ſtop, ſtop, my young friend; you are hurrying too faſt from tranquil ſcenes and rational purſuits, into the giddy and buſtling world. Look a moment on the paſt. The pictures of memory are all mild and pleaſing, and bring with them a thouſand hopes. Let them not delude you. In future ſcenes, you will meet with every thing of a different character. Liſten to the word of experience, and cheriſh it as the beſt and ſafeſt counſel of your life.

You have heretofore been a ſtranger to vice and to folly. Your friends have been ſelected from frank and congenial companions. They wore their natural faces; and when you hugged

them to your bosom, and gave them your confidence, you were safe, for they were good. Conduct was the index of the heart, and language was the open witness of feeling. But you are now adventuring on scenes, where all are players. The world is only a corps of actors, and you may be but a jest in the great farce of "Who's the Dupe?"

Do not be alarmed at this; do not suspect it. Quiet for a moment your indignation at what you consider the calumny of a misanthrope. My retirement and gloom are not elected. I entered the scenes, with expectations of the end of adventures, as happy, as the closing narratives of a romance. I finished my part with the catastrophe of a wo-begone hero.

You have just had a warm squeeze and hearty welcome from *****. You have entered him on your list of friends. From his knowledge of the world you have anticipated a thousand advantages. Let me waken you from your delusive visions. ***** has not thought of you since you parted, nor will your image appear before him, till he sees you again. His heart is like a mirror, which only reflects the present object. ***** has learned the lesson you have not been taught, that the world is selfish, and has wisely resolved not to neglect himself, in expectation of the attention of others. With this resolve, he practises the courtesies of life from a regard to his own interest. and every thing he secures by it is clear gain in the calculations of this worldling.

**** is a man of the same cast, with the same views. He has risen from mediocrity by a pleasing address and persevering exertions. In him avarice and ambition share divided rule. He practised on you all the smiles of politeness, and displayed all the warmth of hypocrisy. If you had less modesty, you would have readily found another cause for his proffers of kindness, than the sentiment of friendship. You have some reputation in the world for talents, and more for integrity. Your praise is worth a hundred kind salutations. It will gain credit to his ardent professions of regard to the public interest. Your own vote has its value, and your eulogiums may gain many more. If nature had stinted you in genius, the full growth of your virtues had never gained you his notice. But now you may be useful as well as graceful in his train; and while you are the instrument of his fame and fortune, he can boast of his friendly patronage.

**** **** is a character, whom your ignorance alone secured for a moment. You have heard of his riches, but you will die without being a witness to his prodigality. He has too much art to appear in the character of Hunks, but he has not more generosity. He has grown rich by lucky wind-falls, and, in gathering his harvest, he has left nothing for the gleaner. He has an ostentation of benevolence, and was eager in promises of support. It was only a spring breeze in March, and soon died away in the cold winter of his heart. He hates me, for my frequent introduction of objects of that charity, of which he so piously prates. But it is idle to waste more upon a man, who, I conjecture, will never waste another compliment on you. You can write your friends of his momentary, kind attention, and after the cold neglect of months, he will complain to the first one, that mentions you, of your not being the social confidant, to whom he shall be ever happy to render every assistance. The remembrance of you will end with this stale repetition of his forced civility.

This dejecting sketch of the men around you might drive you again into seclusion, if hope did not find strength in the visions of youth. You expect exceptions, with a confidence founded on your experience, and if you should be deceived by one half of the world, you are ready to look for consolation from the other. Your pulse beats high with youth and health, and you have painted woman, as lovely as Milton's Eve. But remember our favourite bard described our mother, as she was before the fall. She had never been contaminated by high life. She was the disciple of nature. Women now learn their lessons from art, and their proficiency is the best proof of our loss of Paradise.

**** smiled upon you with complacency. She has showed the same face, for these three years, to every new visitant. Stifle your vanity therefore for a moment. A woman of taste and rank is as proud of a splendid levee, as a new-made lord. You are such a kind of being, that your attentions are a compliment to her acquirements, and her praise of you is considered by herself as evidence to the world of her discernment and congeniality. Her flattery to you is therefore only furnishing fresh food to her vanity. She will whistle you off with as much indifference as she whistles to her Canary-bird, and one soft word would be treated as the madness of presumption. Your censures will

then be idle to the world, who will be ſooner informed of your diſappointment.

***** had other views in her friendly deportment. You obſerved young *****, who is as excellent as graceful. You marked his countenance, like an April ſky, with ſucceſſions of gloom and ſmiles. ***** obſerved him too, and has too juſt a ſenſe of his merit to ſuffer him to eſcape from her empire. Their love is mutual, and yet neither has liſtened to the other's vows. The cowardice of a lover is the meaſure of his ſincerity. What ***** cannot obtain from her lover's hopes, ſhe intends to compel by his fears. Her kind glances on you excited jealouſy, which would have hurried him to deſpondence, had not tender accents come to his relief. The dread of a rival will ſmother his fears, and he will be wiſe ſoon, leſt delay be fatal. You may therefore believe me, *****'s kind looks were intended for another, and inſtead of being flattered at the thoughts of her partiality, you may rail a little at being her *ſhoeing-horn*.

One languiſhes, that you may praiſe her ſenſibility; another is pert, that you may rank her as a wit. ****** was eager for a new hearer. She is an orator, and harangues on ſtale topics, in the ſtyle of Johnſon. She has not received ſo much flattery, as in your attention, for a year. The novelty of her character firſt gained her a little reputation, but the ſentiments of our nurſes in the language of philoſophy grew tedious on repetition. She thanked you for allowing her argument, and your complaiſance ſhe conſtrued into victory. But you do not want an orator at your table, nor at a curtain lecture; and perhaps there is little to be hoped from that affection, which is founded on your flattery of a lady's eloquence.

I have thus honeſtly deſcribed to you a few of the charming people, to whom you have been introduced. I know them but little by intercourſe or report. But to one, who has run the race I have, and has been ſo engaged with the crowd, it requires but a moment's obſervation, to diſcover their prominent traits, or immediate views. The art of the world is loſt on him, who has known and ſuffered from its fineſſe. I am only anticipating what you would ſoon learn, and am willing you ſhould con the leſſon, before age will render it uſeleſs. I am willing you ſhould profit by my experience, and that you ſhould have another ſtandard to meaſure mankind, than your honeſt and feeling heart.

You are ready to exclaim at the hollowneſs of the world. You are reſolving to bid adieu to the throng and poliſhed circle, and ſeek a golden age in the fields and woods, among clowns and herds. I cannot but laugh at the hurry and inconſtancy of the young, who are too impatient for thought, and too warm for ſyſtem. But let me check you. Hear the whole. You have ſeen but the dark ſhades of the picture. The pencil of truth may venture on fairer ſcenes. They are rare as the flower in deſerts. But ſtill they are found, and life has much to boaſt of to him, "who can walk in theſe green paſtures, and beſide theſe ſtill waters."

You recollect well *****. You thought him a man of cold indifference, and conſtrued his taciturnity into ignorance. His awkwardneſs was in your eye the baſhfulneſs of dulneſs, and even his dreſs ſtruck you as the ſimplicity of inſignificance. But let me recommend him to you as a friend and confidant. If he does not pretend enthuſiaſm, he has an honeſt and warm heart. He does not talk oſtentatiouſly of intentions, but his profeſſions expreſs his feelings. His tongue is not uſed to give the lie to his heart. It is the ſlave, not the flatterer of his ſoul. If he ſpeaks but rarely, he ſays much. The voluble are generally as hollow as loud. Their converſation is like a child's ſpelling-book, full of words, but no ſentiments. He ſpeaks like a Spartan; ſhort, but pithy. The forward and garrulous he leaves to prate inſignificantly; but with him, "every word is a ſentence, and every ſentence a diſcourſe." As for his addreſs, it is as honeſt as his heart, though as plain as his garments. The mere flouriſh of poliſhed men is the proper drapery of inſignificant and unfeeling hearts. The good man is like a good picture: a connoiſſeur never cares for the frame of either. If his dreſs is plain, it is only congruous to the ſimplicity of his character. He makes no pretence to the regard of the world, but on better grounds than the faſhion of his wardrobe. A criticiſm on tailors' patterns he leaves to thoſe, who have no title but taſte to plead for their reception in the world. He has higher objects to regard, in the intereſt of his country, in philoſophy, and religion. Take this man to your boſom, and he will render any further advice on your choice of friends unneceſſary in me.

In the female world, if you wiſh a confidant, let me recommend *** ******. She is now above thirty. From her age you may argue her prudence. She has a mind, that compre-

hends every thing. She has a heart, that feels for every one. Her correct taste makes her ever elegant. Her lively fancy renders her always engaging. I knew her once, when all her powers had full play; when fancy played truant with enthusiasm, and genius was adorning the fairest theories of youth. Sorrow has checked the lively energy of expression, but left her all her emotion. Learning has erased the bright systems of imagination, but has strengthened her powers of invention. With such an acquaintance you cannot but be charmed. But a life of observation will render her as useful as delightsome. Go to her with the frankness of affection, and expect from her the tenderness of a seraph, with the instruction of a Sybil.

A young man cannot content himself merely with a female friend. Nature has left a void in the heart, that can only be filled by love. You have too much sensibility and sociability to permit you to be quiet without the sympathy of some sister spirit. Shall I dictate here? Do not blush nor sigh when I mention *****. I saw her last summer at her father's, in one of my rambles, and you mentioned meeting her at our friend's. I was at once delighted and interested, by the simplicity of her character, and the ardour of her feelings. She is pure as the vestal; she is kind as the Beguine. Learning has improved without elevating her; for the blush of humility adds a grace to her eloquence, as impressive as expressive. She acts always with independence, and where she errs, it is on the side of virtue. In these times of conformity, I admire her national protestantism. Such a mixture of gentleness and energy is rare as the union of Venus and Minerva. There is in this woman a *je ne sais quoi*, a composition of virtue so finely tempered, and so nicely blended, that when envy wishes her imperfect, she knows not what is wanting. To harmonize intellect and feeling, to repress the wildness of theory, or the extravagance of enthusiasm, she has made religion the directress of life. Think of these things when you think of *****, nor let the soft or magic glance of her eye, which will soon grow dim, nor the animation of that form, which time will totter, alone hurry you to rapture. If virtue can bless, she will be herself, and make others happy. In pursuit of her, fear not the frowns of Mentor. She will stimulate to duty, rather than seduce you to indolence, and will delight more in your improvement than your admiration.

I have ſcribbled this with as much haſte as zeal. Let my opinions be credited for the moment. A month will give irrefragable proof of their juſtice. The world is a great rareeſhow, in which you find a thouſand gilded bawbles for one thing of ſterling value. Be diſcreet, ſlow, and cautious. You will ſoon walk with more alacrity and cheerfulneſs, when you know the pit-falls in your way. A little experience will make you as wiſe as I am, but I hope without my misfortunes. You will then feel how little you are to expect from a world, whoſe indifference may be meaſured by its refinement. You will learn how rare and how eſtimable are ſincere friends, and be convinced that prudence is wiſdom, and virtue our only permanent good.

STUDIOSUS.

For the Monthly Anthology.

INEBRIATION

"Is a vice, which often ſtains the characters of men of eminence, and debaſes genius below the dulneſs of a brute."

AMONG the dangerous evils, which the moraliſt and the ſtateſman have equally to deplore, Inebriation may be conſidered as the moſt alarming. Fatal alike to reputation and to health, diſguſting in its appearances and debaſing in its effects, it has nevertheleſs grown into a cuſtom, that by impending weight may bear down the pillars of our national proſperity.

The frequent preſence of its miſerable victims has rendered the ſight ſo familiar, that we often paſs, without obſervation, the moſt abject and miſerable condition, in which human nature can be placed. It is not, however, our preſent purpoſe to trace the progreſs of this vice through the lower claſſes of ſociety; cauſes natural at leaſt, if not ſatisfactory, may be aſſigned for the prevalence of a practice, which here requires ſome ſtrength of mind and ſome fortitude to withſtand. But when genius and worth, when talents and virtue, when a heart warmed with ſympathy and glowing with benevolence, and a mind rich in every ſentiment, which conſtitutes excellence, falls a miſerable victim of deadly inebriation, where ſhall we look for a cauſe adequate to the effect? To what corrupted principle of nature ſhall be aſcribed this melancholy degradation, this

contravention of Heaven's design, this subjugation of man's noblest powers, this perversion of his morals, destruction of his health, annihilation of his reason?

To answer these questions, we should examine what there is in the nature of genius, talents, and sensibility, that men possessed of their proud prerogatives are found so often yielding to a miserable vice in common with those, who have no more mind than feeling, and no other feeling, than what is produced by the lash.

Genius revolves in a different orbit, it moves in dissimilar directions from the common bodies, that surround it. A man of genius is often characterized by strong passions disdainful of dominion, and by ardent feelings impatient of restraint. He has generally a little world formed in his own imagination, which he is desirous of governing by himself. Commonly attended by an ardent ambition, which disdains mediocrity, and pants for distinction, he is frequently met by the folly of the world with a force, which he is unprepared to withstand; an indifference is exhibited towards him more cruel than the warmest opposition; and while he is preparing to ride on the whirlwinds of contention, he remains neglected, unnoticed and unknown.

Thus too the man of feeling and benevolence; the chords of his heart, that would vibrate sweetest melody if touched with care, produce the harshest discord when jarred by an unskilful hand. Imaginary distress sometimes becomes real, if he offers to assist; his proffered aid is treated with contemptuous indifference. Disappointments sour the mind. Misanthropy like a frost about the heart checks those pulsations, which were once in unison with the pains or pleasures of its friends.

To these characters Inebriation is sometimes a wished for opiate; a drug, which lulls in sweet oblivion the painful feelings of every disappointment. It becomes the last refuge of distress; it drowns recollection; and while the wisest resort to it to deprive conscience of its sting, the man, who faints under the pressure of repeated disappointments, courts its lethargic influence on his past feelings, and its vivifying power in producing new.

Disappointment then is the cause why we have so often to mourn over genius, benevolence and worth thrown into magnificent ruins by the "foul fiend" Inebriation. Yes, some earnest desire defeated, some imaginary or real good destroyed, some scheme of greatness vanished into air, often throws an impenetrable cloud over the future prospects of life. Happiness

is thought to be a visionary shade, which can never be folded in their arms; disappointment raises feelings too keen to be endured, and as if to show to what debasement humanity will bend, the intoxicating draught is taken and again repeated till every faculty of the soul is paralized and deadened.

Is a man anxious for wealth? His enterprises may not succeed, his exertions may fail; instead of gaining from defeat, new motives for industry, we often find him despondent and despairing, and confirming his past misfortunes by a ruinous intemperance. Do the amiable virtues of female excellence warm the heart of sensibility? The affection, which is liberally bestowed, often meets not with any return; oftentimes dissimilarity of fortune, family or connexions prevents an union, various other causes as frequently interfere, till hope languishes into despair, and despair drinks deep and often of intoxication's spring.

Here have we to mourn the most melancholy effects of this perversion of nature. Youth with all his charms, "his blushing honours thick upon him," with all the talents, which had raised the fond expectation of friendship, and promised a future harvest of honour large as desire, by a cruel disappointment, sickens at future prospects; a gloomy despondency hangs upon the mind, he drowns his feelings in spirituous poison, and wears out a miserable existence, encumbered with all the diseases to which intoxication gives rise.

Can we observe the wretched beings without a sigh? Can we behold them without pity, and even while we censure their want of fortitude, we must commiserate their distress.

The melancholy instances of confirmed *inebriation*, which come within our knowledge and are known to proceed from *disappointment*, should teach us to guard our feelings, to restrain those emotions, which concentrate our ideas of happiness to a single point. It should teach us to bear the little ills of life with firmness, and be armed with fortitude for greater evils. It should lead us in difficulty to seek for consolation from that religion, which has a balm for every wound, and treats the sufferer with a delicate tenderness which no art can equal; that speaks in the mild voice of affection, "*Come, ye weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*"

MEMOIRS
OF
WILLIAM COLLINS;
WITH OBSERVATIONS ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS.

(Concluded from page 208.)

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

FROM the ſubject and ſentiments of this ode, it ſeems not improbable, that the author wrote it about the time, when he left the univerſity; when weary with the purſuit of academical ſtudies, he no longer confined himſelf to the ſearch of theoretical knowledge, but commenced the *ſcholar of humanity*, to ſtudy nature in her works, and man in ſociety.

The following farewel to ſcience exhibits a very juſt, as well as ſtriking picture; for however exalted in theory the platonic doctrines may appear, it is certain that *Platoniſm* and *Pyrrhoniſm* are nearly allied:

> "Farewel the porch, whoſe roof is ſeen
> Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green;
> Where Science, prank'd in tiſſued veſt,
> By Reaſon, Pride, and Fancy dreſt,
> Comes like a bride, ſo trim array'd,
> To wed with Doubt in Plato's ſhade!"

When the mind goes in purſuit of viſionary ſyſtems, it is not far from the regions of doubt; and the greater its capacity to think abſtractedly, to reaſon and refine, the more it will be expoſed to and bewildered in uncertainty.—From an enthuſiaſtic warmth of temper, indeed, we may for a while be encouraged to perſiſt in ſome favourite doctrine, or to adhere to ſome adopted ſyſtem; but when that enthuſiaſm, which is founded on the vivacity of the paſſions, gradually cools and dies away with them, the opinions it ſupported drop from us, and we are thrown upon the inhoſpitable ſhore of doubt.—A ſtriking proof of the neceſſity of ſome moral rule of wiſdom and virtue, and ſome ſyſtem of happineſs eſtabliſhed by unerring knowledge and unlimited power.

In the poet's addreſs to Humour in this ode, there is one image of ſingular beauty and propriety. The ornaments in the

hair of *Wit* are of such a nature, and disposed in such a manner, as to be perfectly symbolical and characteristic :

"Me too amidst thy band admit,
There, where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
(Whose jewels in his crisped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy side."

Nothing could be more expressive of wit, which consists in a happy collision of comparative and relative images, than this reciprocal reflection of light from the disposition of the jewels.

"O Humour, thou whose name is known
To Britain's favour'd isle alone !"

The author could only mean to apply this to the time, when he wrote, since other nations had produced works of great humour, as he himself acknowledges afterwards.

"By old Miletus, &c.
By all you taught the Tuscan maids, &c."

The Milesian and Tuscan romances were by no means distinguished for humour, but as they were the models of that species of writing, in which humour was afterwards employed, they are, probably for that reason only, mentioned here.

THE PASSIONS ;

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

IF the music, which was composed for this ode, had equal merit with the ode itself, it must have been the most excellent performance of the kind, in which poetry and music have; in modern times, united. Other pieces of the same nature have derived their greatest reputation from the perfection of the music that accompanied them, having in themselves little more merit, than that of an ordinary ballad : but in this we have the whole soul and power of poetry—Expression that, even without the aid of music, strikes to the heart ; and imagery of power enough to transport the attention without the forceful alliance of corresponding sounds ! what, then, must have been the effect of these united !

It is very observable, that though the measure is the same, in which the musical efforts of fear, anger and despair are describ-

ed, yet by the variation of the cadence, the character and operation of each is ſtrongly expreſſed: thus particularly of Deſpair:

With woful meaſures wan Deſpair——
Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd,
A ſolemn, ſtrange and mingled air,
'Twas ſad by fits; by ſtarts 'twas wild.

He muſt be a very unſkilful compoſer, who could not catch the power of imitative harmony from theſe lines!

The picture of Hope, that follows this, is beautiful beyond imitation. By the united powers of imagery and harmony, that delightful being is exhibited with all the charms and graces, that pleaſure and fancy have appropriated to her:

"Relegat, qui ſemel perecurrit;
Qui nunquam legit, legat."

"But thou, O Hope, whoſe eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure?
Still it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bade the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on echo ſtill thro' all the ſong;
And where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every cloſe,
And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair."

In what an exalted light does the above ſtanza place this great maſter of poetical imagery and harmony! what varied ſweetneſs of numbers! what delicacy of judgment and expreſſion! how characteriſtically does Hope prolong her ſtrain, repeat her ſoothing cloſes, call upon her aſſociate Echo for the ſame purpoſes, and diſplay every pleaſing grace peculiar to her.

"And hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair."

"Legat, qui nunquam legit;
Qui ſemel percurrit, relegat."

The deſcriptions of joy, jealouſy and revenge are excellent, though not equally ſo; thoſe of melancholy and cheerfulneſs are ſuperior to every thing of the kind; and upon the whole, there may be very little hazard in aſſerting, that this is the fineſt ode in the Engliſh language.

AN EPISTLE

TO SIR THOMAS HANMER, ON HIS EDITION OF SHAKESPEAR'S WORKS.

THIS poem was written by our author at the univerſity, about the time when Sir Thomas Hanmer's pompous edition of Shakeſpear was printed at Oxford. If it has not ſo much merit as the reſt of his poems, it has ſtill more than the ſubject deſerves. The verſification is eaſy and genteel, and the alluſions, always poetical. The character of the poet Fletcher in particular is very juſtly drawn in this epiſtle.

DIRGE

IN CYMBELINE.

* * * * * *

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

MR. COLLINS had *ſkill to complain.* Of that mournful melody and thoſe tender images, which are the diſtinguiſhing excellencies of ſuch pieces as bewail departed friendſhip, or beauty, he was an almoſt unequalled maſter. He knew perfectly to exhibit ſuch circumſtances, peculiar to the objects, as awaken the influences of pity, and while, from his own great ſenſibility, he felt what he wrote, he naturally addreſſed himſelf to the feelings of others.

To read ſuch lines as the following, all beautiful and tender as they are, without correſponding emotions of pity, is ſurely impoſſible.

"The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell,
Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's ſelf be dead."

The ode on the death of Thomſon ſeems to have been written in an excurſion to Richmond by water. The rural ſcenery has a proper effect in an ode to the memory of a poet, much of whoſe merit lay in deſcriptions of the ſame kind; and the appellations of "Druid" and "meek nature's child" are happily characteriſtic. For the better underſtanding of this ode, it is neceſſary to remember, that Mr. Thomſon lies buried in the church of Richmond.

MEMOIR OF MRS. INCHBALD.

(Continued from page 224.)

OUR adventurer aroſe at her uſual hour; but having no bell, nor any means in the height, where ſhe ſlept, for informing the family, that ſhe was up; and they ſagaciouſly concluding, that ladies, who go to bed at two in the morning, are in no haſte to riſe, ſhe was left to ruminate on her ſituation till noon. She could not refrain from deploring her condition: and yet ſhe was more inclined to perform her firſt intentions, than to return home and ſuffer the reproach of indiſcretion with the ſtill farther mortification of not having gratified that curioſity, which had led her into a ſituation at once ſo extraordinary and diſagreeable.—The hoſteſs, at length, releaſed her fair priſoner, and told her, that the York coach would ſet out again, that evening. This information was delivered with an air of ſeverity, and as if ſhe ſuſpected, that her lodger had no wiſh for becoming a paſſenger. Miſs Simpſon, not having courage to juſtify that ſuſpicion, laid down her whole ſtock of money, to the laſt half crown, for the purpoſe of ſecuring a place in the coach, that ſhe never intended to enter. This, however, ſatisfied the landlady, who deſired her to walk down to breakfaſt; but ſhe excuſed herſelf by pretending, that ſhe was in haſte to call on a relation in another part of the town, and inform *her*, that ſhe had not been able to leave London, on the preceding evening. By this evaſion ſhe ſaved the expenſe of a breakfaſt, and retained the means of ſecuring another night's lodging at an unſuſpected houſe.—On her returning here, ſhe told the hoſteſs, that her relation had requeſted her to remain in town a few days longer; and by this artifice ſecured her wretched apartment; and while ſhe daily took a walk merely to purchaſe what her ſmall finances could afford, this family ſuppoſed her to be feaſting with her relations. She was now in abſolute diſtreſs: indeed, two half-penny rolls, with water from the bottle in her chamber, were all, that ſhe ſubſiſted on, during the laſt ten days of her reſidence at the inn.

In one of her daily rambles, among the many, whom her appearance attracted, was the then admired Mr. R——, of Drury-lane Theatre, who, not to be repulsed by difficulties, employed every art to obtain repeated interviews, to learn the nature of her situation, and to offer such plausible advice, as might render his real views unsuspected. He at length succeeded to her confidence; and the stage was pointed out to her, as the most probable scheme of support. It had also the advantage of being extremely well adapted for the gratification of one, whose sole motive for relinquishing her home was to see the world. But an acquaintance thus formed with a man of intrigue, was not long to continue: our heroine soon discovered Mr. R——'s real views, and, positively rejecting them, was once more left destitute; but not of every prospect she had formed of a livelihood from the stage: for this performer had assured her, that the impediment in her speech was no insurmountable obstacle to her arriving to a certain situation in a theatre, as particular attention, and a frequent repetition of the parts, would enable her to repeat them before an audience, so as to obtain, with the advantage of so charming and amiable a person, a respectable, if not a brilliant department in the *dramatis personæ*. In an aspiring and persevering mind, hope is soon converted into resolution, not to be baffled by petty disappointments, nor to be conquered by the intrusion of apparent impossibilities; and such was the mind of Miss Simpson. Left once more to provide for herself, she had no sooner discarded her libertine admirer, than she determined to profit by his plan, however doubtful she might be of the sincerity of him, who proposed it.—As a total stranger, without recommendation, and with a defect in her speech, that must have struck every one, on first hearing her, as an invincible bar to all public speaking, she immediately applied to Mr. King of Drury-lane Theatre, then manager of the Bristol House during the summer. His surprise, and the replies she made to his interrogations, have furnished so many Green-room anecdotes, that, however whimsical and entertaining each of them may be, we are here obliged to decline them, lest we risk our veracity by adopting those, which are fictitious: suffice it to say, that this was, perhaps, one of the most comic scenes Mr. King was ever engaged in; and notwithstanding all

impediments, after having rehearſed with her a ſhort time, he did not wholly diſcourage her idea of being an actreſs; but declined giving her any engagement.

Diſappointed in this application, ſhe conſulted the playbills; ſhe remembered the name of Mr. Inchbald, who was then of Drury-lane Theatre, having ſeen him perform ſeveral ſeaſons together, at Bury St. Edmund's, the town near the village from whence ſhe came. With this gentleman ſhe had not the leaſt acquaintance, but ſhe felt a confidence in him, which his having been frequently in that neighbourhood had alone inſpired. The moſt remote tie was now a near one, while it had any reference to a place ſhe was at this time brought to reflect upon with the moſt tender regret, having at length ſeen ſomething of the world, and doubtleſs convinced of the happineſs of home. To Mr. Inchbald ſhe reſolved to apply for advice reſpecting an engagement at ſome theatre. Mr. Inchbald, at that time a man of noted gallantry and intrigue, was ſtruck with her beauty, but, juſt then attached to the wife of Col. ——, and engaged in other adventures, he was not tempted to the ſeduction of that innocence, which now ſought his friendſhip; but introduced our heroine to Mr. D——, of Drury-lane Houſe, who had purchaſed a ſhare in a country theatre, to which he was going as acting manager.

At the firſt ſight of Miſs Simpſon, D—— heſitated not a moment, but without any trial, immediately engaged her as his pupil; gave her many parts to ſtudy, in ſpite of the impediments in her ſpeech, which he promiſed to render articulate; and he became her inſtructor.—She was now ſupplied with every convenience, in the proſpect, as ſhe ſuppoſed, of future ſervices as an actreſs, and began to think the world growing kind, when one evening having been reciting a part to her new maſter, a moſt violent quarrel aroſe, which, from a reſerved behaviour on her part, drew him at laſt coolly, but *firmly*, to tell her, that he meant to be repaid for the engagement he had aſſigned her as an actreſs, with other ſervices than thoſe required for the theatre; and, that with ſuch an acquieſcence, he was willing to hold the agreement, but on no other terms. The tea-equipage happened then to be on the table, and our heroine, not ſo happily bleſſed, as moſt women are, with the powers of loquaci-

ty, replied to this speech by proxy: the comedian soon felt the effects of a bason of scalding water on his face and bosom; and before he had time to recover from his surprise and the immediate sensation of pain, his pupil had flown down stairs, and was gone forever.

The momentary revenge imparted a gleam of transport, as she quitted D——'s house; but by the time she had reached her own, her mind was clouded by dismal reflections, and her heart torn with bitter anguish. She found herself deceived, insulted, friendless, and forlorn. In this unhappy state, she flew to Mr. Inchbald; to him she revealed her sorrows, and recounted every circumstance that had happened, not omitting the bason of water. "But why did you so, my dear?" he cried. "Because I could not speak; if I had not stuttered, I would have said such things—but I could not speak, and therefore I was obliged to do something, or perhaps he would not have known I had been angry; but I believe he now thinks I am." Here a flood of tears relieved her, and she repeatedly exclaimed, "What shall I do? what will become of me?" Mr. Inchbald, affected by her sorrow, endeavoured to sooth it, by mentioning other projects of introduction; but she solemnly declined all further thoughts of the stage, and requested he would propose something less humiliating, than attendance on managers. "My dear," said Mr. Inchbald, "I know of nothing—no situation where you can be secure, except in marriage."—"Yes, Sir, but who would marry me?"—"I would," replied he with warmth; "but perhaps you would not have me."—"Yes, Sir, and would forever think myself obliged to you."—"And will you," he asked, "love me?" Here she hesitated; but he, trusting a sentiment of that kind would easily be inspired by tenderness and affection, and becoming, at that time, weary of a dissipated life, urged the question no further, nor suffered any subsequent reflection to frustrate the design he had, that instant, conceived, and in a few days they were married.

Then, in an unexpected moment, and in an unexpected manner, our heroine became both a wife and an actress. Mr. Inchbald introduced her on the stage in Scotland, where they remained four years, and the two succeeding years they passed at York. Respecting Mrs. Inchbald's theatrical career, there is

linle to relate. Her defects, as an actress, were generally forgiven in respect to her personal attraction; and by a most amiable private character she acquired the esteem of some of the first people in those places, where she chanced to have a temporary residence.

That she well merited this esteem is particularly evident from a circumstance, which we are now about to notice. From the day of her marriage, Mr. Inchbald constantly evinced the most perfect and even romantic attachment, love and fidelity; yet was he never able to realize the hope he had fondly indulged of some time converting into an affection, equally ardent with his own, that indifference, which, while single, our heroine repeatedly confessed she entertained for him, and always, when urged, possessed too little deception not to acknowledge. But a heart, like hers, could not remain insensible to the influence of that power, which, sooner or later, it is said, every mortal must obey; and she must have possessed a very high, and therefore a very proper sense of duty, obligation, and gratitude, to resist the attacks of a passion, which for some time had wounded her peace. Feelingly alive to every duty of a wife, unshaken in the principles of virtue and obedience, she opposed all the arts of seduction, though exerted by one peculiarly formed to inspire the passion, which till that period had been a stranger to her bosom; one, who, to high birth and an elegant person, added those accomplishments, which rarely fail to make strong impressions on the female mind. Reason seldom triumphs over the struggles of youthful passion without a sacrifice of health; and this our heroine experienced in a very extensive degree. The situation of her heart she found equally alarming. This was the crisis of her fate: and in this important moment she acted like a heroine indeed! She seized the desperate, though, perhaps, the only laudable expedient left her: Sincerity suggested the idea, and confidence in her husband's most tender love, gave her power to execute it. She confessed to him the violation, which her mind had sustained; begged his pity and forgiveness; and proposed to go with him to whatever place he should prefer, in order to escape a further injury of her principles, for which, she candidly confessed, she could be no longer

anſwerable. Her health, by this time, was ſo much impaired, that the phyſicians in Scotland had adviſed a tour to the ſouth of France, as the only means of recovery. This advice was now adopted. The re-eſtabliſhment of her health may, in ſome meaſure, be attributed to her diſtance from him, by whom her peace had been invaded; but more eſpecially to the tenderneſs of a man, who, ſtruck with the generoſity of her ſentiments, and lamenting the languiſhing and declining ſtate, to which ſhe was reduced, repaid that generoſity, and became, inſtead of a jealous huſband, the faithful confidant, the careful adviſer, the affectionate comforter; who not only pitied her weakneſs, but alleged every thing in her favour that could poſſibly extenuate it, and reconcile her to herſelf. He even urged the diſparity of their years; he aſſured her of his perfect forgiveneſs; and conſoled her with the hope, that abſence would effectually eradicate thoſe fatal impreſſions, which had proved ſo injurious to her health and her peace. Nor was the hope vain: our heroine conquered thoſe impreſſions, and recovered her tranquillity.

After ſtaying abroad about a year, Mr. and Mrs. Inchbald returned to England, from whence they had been abſent near five years. They conſtantly avoided the gentleman who had nearly proved fatal to their happineſs, and continued to live in the moſt perfect harmony near two years, when Mr. Inchbald's death gave our heroine a new occaſion of teſtifying how much ſhe had "ever thought herſelf obliged to him," by an unaffected concern for his memory, and by a firm regard to a ſtrict vow which ſhe had taken, never again to behold the man, who had once deſigned the ruin of her peace, and the injury of her huſband.

Once more left to herſelf, her former wiſhes and her former curioſity returned; and, notwithſtanding all the difficulties ſhe had heretofore encountered, ſhe again reſolved "to ſee a little more of the world," and again turned her attention to London; and though upon her arrival, ſhe immediately obtained a ſituation in one of the theatres, ſhe, for four long years, experienced little more than poverty, aggravated by perſecution. For ſome trifling inattention, or a rejection of ſome peculiar ar-

ticle required by the manager, but repugnant to her feelings, ſhe was one winter expelled the theatre, and obliged to take refuge, under ſome hard terms, in Ireland.

Thus oppreſſed and unhappy, and living in the moſt retired manner, our heroine, probably to divert the mind from a too frequent recollection of theſe circumſtances, directed her attention to dramatic compoſition, in which ſhe has ſo happily ſucceeded, that, whatever cauſe induced her to "woo the muſe," the public have reaſon to rejoice in the effect.

It was in the fourth year of Mrs. Inchbald's engagement at Covent-Garden Theatre, that the *Mogul Tale* was ſent to Mr. Colman. This was the firſt piece which ſhe brought upon the ſtage; though the comedy of *I'll tell you what*, was written near three years before, and had lain all that time unread, in Mr. Colman's poſſeſſion. Appearing in a female hand, and ſent by an anonymous author, that gentleman probably concluded it unworthy of his peruſal. The *Mogul Tale* was ſent in the ſame manner; its brevity ſeems to have been its recommendation for ſpeedy attention; and its ſucceſs induced Mrs. Inchbald to remind the manager of her comedy: his reply was, "I'll go home and read it."—He read; he approved; and in the following ſummer the town was delighted with the popular piece, to which Mr. Colman gave the name of "*I'll tell you what.*"

Succeſs, they ſay, makes people vain; but Mrs. Inchbald's ſucceſs ſeems to have had no other effect, than that of ſtimulating her to new exertions: and ſhe moves in the dramatic hemiſphere with the rapidity and the brilliancy of thoſe faſcinating fires, "that charm, but hurt not." The comedy of *I'll tell you what*, has been ſucceeded by *Appearance is againſt them; The Widow's Vow; Such things are;* the *Midnight Hour*, &c. &c. It is needleſs to deſcant on the merits of compoſitions ſo well known to the public, and from which they will yet derive much profitable pleaſure; for it is the almoſt excluſive property of *all* Mrs. Inchbald's dramatic productions, that their merits rank them in the liſt of what are called "ſtock plays:" plays which are likely to amuſe ſucceeding generations. To theſe works of genius we may alſo add ſeveral novels, the ſuperior excellence of which over moſt of ſuch productions, has added freſh laurels to her fame.

The comedy of *I'll tell you what*, was written at the age of twenty four, and the remainder of the pieces at periods of life so remarkably early, that we are naturally reminded of the praise bestowed by Dr. Johnson, on one of the poets: "When it is remembered," he says, "that this author produced these four plays before he had passed his twenty-fifth year; before other men, even such as are, some time, to shine in eminence, have passed their probation of literature, or presume for any other notice than such as is bestowed on diligence and inquiry; I doubt whether any one can be produced, that more surpassed the common limits of nature than he."—The appropriation to Mrs. Inchbald of this striking sentence, and we think that appropriation but mere justice, redounds more to her honour, than any praise immediately directed to herself. And were we even to divest her writings of all that popularity and fashion, which have so fortunately attended them, still it must be acknowledged, and her works evidently prove, that she has more than accomplished the desire which first led her from home: she has not only "seen the world," but largely contributed to its entertainment and instruction.

We cannot conclude, without observing, that the heroine of these memoirs continues, as far as the business of the theatre will permit, to live much retired; her friends are few, and selected. To strangers, indeed, her deportment is by no means conciliating; and she seems very cautious in adding to the list of her acquaintance. Asperity, or ill-will in others, she never endeavours to sooth by gentleness; ridicule and pointed satire are the weapons, with which she retaliates, and sometimes renders "false friends" implacable enemies. But her attachments being once formed, her friendship is unreserved, sincere and constant; and though her heart and her purse are ever open to the complaints and the wants of the unfortunate, yet amongst the first of her virtues, is that of a refined delicacy to avoid making connexions, which might lay her under a necessity of receiving obligations: laudably preferring to every other mode of acquisition the emoluments arising from the exertions of that genius, which is calculated to delight and to instruct mankind.

For the Monthly Anthology.

THE following Romance is from the *Latin original* of J. Barclay, who, at the beginning of the ſeventeenth century, was accounted one of the moſt eminent poets and miſcellaneous writers in France. The tranſlator, after diligent and repeated inquiries, has not yet learned, that it has ever before appeared in the Engliſh language. He confidently hopes, that they, who can be pleaſed by proſpects of human nature in the luminous ſcenes of fiction, without ſtrictly referring to the manners and ſentiments of the preſent day, will here find much valuable amuſement. That he may eſcape the imputation of arrogance, or vanity, in recommending a work, which has been ſo long neglected, he would direct the reader to the remarks of a late and venerated author. "I lately," ſays Cowper in a letter to one of his learned friends, "finiſhed the peruſal of a book, which in former years I have more than once attacked, but never till now conquered; ſome other book always interfered, before I could finiſh it. The work I mean is Barclay's Argenis, and if ever you allow yourſelf to read for mere amuſement, I can recommend it to you (provided you have not already peruſed it) as the moſt amuſing romance that ever was written. It is the only one indeed of an old date that I ever had the patience to go through with. It is intereſting in a high degree; richer in incident than can be imagined, full of ſurpriſes, which the reader never foreſtalls, and yet free from all entanglement and confuſion."

ARGENIS:

A MORAL AND POLITICAL ROMANCE.

BOOK I.

BEFORE Rome had gained the reverence of the world, ere the Tyber had become ſovereign of the ocean, at the coaſt of Sicily, where the ſeas emboſom the Gela, a foreign ſhip diſembarked a young man of majeſtic form and demeanour. While ſer-

vants, aided by ſailors, were conveying to the ſhore the horſes and military habiliments of their maſter; he, unaccuſtomed to ſailing, had reclined on the beach, and by a deep ſleep ſought to compoſe his head, which ſtill repeated the giddy motions of the water.

He had not remained long in reſt, before his imagination was affrighted by a loud ſhriek, which, preſently advancing, diſſipated his oblivious repoſe with horror. In ſight was a thin, but extenſive foreſt, in which, under the obſcurity of ſhrubs and brambles, numerous hillocks had been raiſed, that ſeemingly diſcovered ſome inſidious deſign. Hence a woman ſuddenly ruſhed into the plain: her viſage was yet eminently beautiful; though her eyes were reddened with weeping, and her long, diſhevelled hair, waving in the wind, gave her a terrific appearance. Her horſe, though prompted both with blows and her ſhrieking, which was ſcarcely more gentle than that of a Theban fury, could not gain ſufficient ſpeed in his flight. The regard, due to her ſex, and the vehemence of her exclamations at once excited in the mind of the young man, ſomething more, than a deſire to favour the diſtreſſed; this incident occurring at his firſt arrival in this iſland, he likewiſe viewed as a ſignificant omen.

When her ſpeech became intelligible, ſhe thus boldly addreſſed him: "If your heart glows with valiant ardour, whoever you be, come forth the defender of Sicily, whoſe braveſt hero is now ſurrounded by lawleſs villains. The inſtant danger does not allow me a long ſupplication; nor can I eaſily ſuffer your denial of aſſiſtance to Poliarchus, whom, not far hence, a fierce troop of banditti have unexpectedly aſſaulted. Amid their tumult I fled, and have firſt found you, opportunely perhaps both for his ſafety and your own glory. Them alſo," ſhe continues, pointing at her attendants, who had juſt come up, "either by command, or perſuaſion, call forth to deeds of conſpicuous fidelity." While ſhe uttered this addreſs with frantic attitudes and interrupting ſighs, he gave a heedful look to his ſword and helmet; and having ordered for preparation, he thus replied: "I, O lady, have lately come as a ſtranger into Sicily. I muſt confeſs, that even the name of Poliarchus has to me been hitherto unknown. But I will attribute the benefit to auſpicious

fortune, if ſhe may have deſigned, that ſo brave a man, as you mention, ſhall be relieved by my arrival." He then ſprang upon his horſe, and requeſted her to conduct him. He had two ſervants only, one of whom armed himſelf and followed; while the other remained at the ſhore to guard the baggage, which could not be ſafely depoſited, previouſly to this haſty expedition.

They had now reached the border of the foreſt; the avenue of which, by ſeparating into various paths, confuſed her remembrance. Her uncertainty of the way, that led to Poliarchus, ſoon cauſed her to deſpair of his ſafety; and ſhe again gave a free utterance to her diſtreſs. The ſtranger, diſmayed by her immoderate grief, deliberated whether to go forward, or to continue in that ſtation. But a tumult in the foreſt with ſhouts, the claſhing of arms and the trampling of horſes, quickly drew his attention to more immediate dangers. Inſtantly three men in armour advanced, who, with drawn ſwords, rode in eager ſwiftneſs, and who by their looks indicated either courage for a fearful adventure, or the dread of an impendent diſaſter. He apprehended ſome enſnaring plot; and, as unforeſeen events are often attended with needleſs alarms, he fancied, that the lady might be guilty of intended deception. He inquired whether theſe were the men, whom ſhe wiſhed him to encounter; at the ſame time, graſping his ſpear, which no one could more ſkilfully wield, and reſolving not to fall unrevenged, he prepared for an onſet. But flight was their only purpoſe; and in various paths they were haſtening to eſcape their conqueror. Poliarchus, for whom the lady had ſuffered ſuch poignant anxiety, alone purſued theſe fugitives, and overtaking the hindmoſt, divided him through the length of his body by a ſingle blow of his ſword. With more ſpirit he then aimed at the others; but his horſe, in ſtumbling on a hillock, threw him ſwiftly to the ground.

The lady, for ſhe had recognized him, flew to his aſſiſtance. But he, neither hurt by the fall, nor weakened by the few wounds, which he had received, aroſe without delay and ſeized his ſword. When Timoclea, for this was the name of the lady, had informed him, that ſhe had by chance found a ſtranger,

who had willingly followed her to aid him, he immediately turns to expreſs his gratitude for ſuch a benevolent intention. But the ſtranger had previouſly diſmounted, and firſt ſpoke to Poliarchus. "If the gods, moſt valiant man," ſaid he, "had permitted me before now to have witneſſed your bravery, I ſhould have blamed the tears of this lady, who has brought me to a ſituation, wherein I ought to aſk your pardon for my wiſhing to aid ſo great a hero. I was amazed on firſt ſeeing you drive with ſuch impetuoſity three men in armour; but my wonder ſoon abated, when that ſtrength, with which you ſacrificed one of them to your revenge, explained to me the reaſonableneſs of that terror, which accelerated their flight." Poliarchus, nevertheleſs, very politely thanked him for his intended aſſiſtance, and told him, that their retreating muſt not be attributed to his valour, but to the cowardice of the robbers.

At length they heartily embraced; and when their mutual ſalutations were finiſhed, each ſilently conſidered not only what he ſhould ſay, but to whom he might ſpeak. The form of the one now met the eyes of the other; they both ſtood fixed in contemplation, and each gazed, in his turn, with wonder and delight. Each, indeed, had the ſame appearance with the other in age, in form, in dreſs, in the vivid light of his eyes, and in the majeſty of his whole countenance. To this elegance of mien and gentility of deportment, fortitude muſt have been an extraordinary gift. Timoclea fervently bleſſed the accident, which had brought to a friendly interview two ſuch accompliſhed heroes. She likewiſe made a vow to place in the temple of Erycina, if they might be willing, a picture wherein each of their faces ſhould be delineated by a painter of the utmoſt ſkill and fidelity. Various misfortunes, however, delayed the performance; but, at laſt, the picture appeared, at the bottom of which theſe lines were inſcribed:

Thou, who here, in rapture gazing,
View'ſt the work of every grace,
In the light of beauty blazing,
Fairly pictur'd on each face;

Thou, who, in like charms excelling,
Now behold'ſt their powers array'd;
Think, how weak is their compelling,
In this idle ſtate diſplay'd!

Ne'er is Phœbus more endearing,—
Ne'er his glories brightly ſhine,
Till on rapid chariot ſteering
He diſpays his power divine.

Lovlieſt, while the ſtorm diſpelling,
Fair Œbalia's gods appear;
Sailors, then on ſurges ſwelling,
Fervently their might revere.—

See, how beauty's power delighting,
Here inactive, quickly dies;—
Valour, every charm bedighting,
All its life and force ſupplies.

(To be continued.) R. Adams.

THE COLLECTANEA:

OR MAGAZINE IN MINIATURE.—*No. II.*

[*Selected.*]

ANODYNE FOR THE SPLEEN.

AN old writer, remarkable both by the wiſdom of his thoughts and the oddity of their expreſſion, obſerves, that the way to prevent this diſtemper, and to cure it when it lies in the mind, is *not to be over-expecting*. If we take it amiſs, that our acquaintances are not always ready to ſolicit our buſineſs, to ſtudy our inclinations, and to compliment our humour, we are likely to have work enough. To look for ſo obliging a world, as this comes to, is to miſcalculate extremely. When all is done, moſt people will love themſelves beſt. Therefore, we ſhould not be ſurpriſed, when we ſee them prefer their own intereſt, break a jeſt at our coſt, or raiſe themſelves by our depreſſion. It is poſſible they may only make repriſals, and return our own uſage upon us.

However, it is good not to build too much upon the fairneſs of others. More eſpecially ;—thoſe, who would be eaſy, muſt not be nice in trivial matters, nor inſiſt on punctualities in behaviour, nor be afflicted at the omiſſion of a little ceremony. All people do not love to be tied down to forms, nor to walk in trammels. If a man values regard, he needs not aſk the company ; he may give it himſelf, if he pleaſes. Theſe diſputes commonly diſorder none but weak and fantaſtic minds, who have taken a ſurfeit of proſperity ; and ſince God has ſent them no croſſes, they are reſolved to make ſome out of their own indiſcretion. He, that would live at eaſe, ſhould always put the beſt conſtruction on buſineſs and converſation. He ſhould not always ſuppoſe, that there was malice, or contempt, meant him in every action he does not underſtand. To interpret up to this rigour will make him always upon the fret, which is the way to be neither juſt to ourſelves, nor kind to others.

DESPAIR.

DESPAIR, as it reſpects the buſineſs and events of life, is an uneaſy and impolitic paſſion. It antedates a misfortune, and *torments* a man *before his time*. It ſpreads a gloomineſs upon the ſoul, and makes her live in a dungeon beyond the notion of preexiſtence. It preys upon the vitals, like the vulture of Prometheus, and eats out the heart of all other ſatisfactions. It cramps the powers of nature, cuts the ſinews of enterpriſe, and gives being to many croſs accidents, which otherwiſe would never happen. To believe a buſineſs impoſſible is the way to make it ſo. How many feaſible projects have miſcarried by deſpondency, and been ſtrangled in the birth by a cowardly imagination ! Beſide, deſpair makes a deſpicable figure, and deſcends from a mean original. It is the offspring of fear, of lazineſs and impatience. It argues a defect of ſpirits and reſolution ; and often-times of honeſty too.—" Such an expectation," ſays a timid adventurer, " will never come to paſs ; therefore I will give it up and go and fret myſelf."—How do you know that ?—Can you ſee the utmoſt limits of nature, and are you acquainted with all the powers in being ? Is it ſo eaſy to pronounce on all the alterations of time and accident, and to foretel how ſtrangely the balance of force and inclination may be

turned ?—While the object of my endeavour is fair and defensible, I would not quit my hold, as long as it is within the reach of Omnipotence. I would not despair, unless I knew the irrevocable decree was past; unless I saw my misfortune recorded in the book of fate, and signed and sealed by necessity.

HOPE.

WHILE there is life, there may be hope; and if so, it is prudence not to desert it. Hope is a vigorous principle. It is furnished with light and heat to advise and execute. It sets the head and the heart on work, and animates a man to do his utmost. Thus by perpetual pushing and assurance it puts a difficulty out of countenance, and makes a seeming impossibility give way. At the worst, if the success happens to fail, it is clear gain, as long as it lasts. It keeps the mind easy and expecting; and fences off anxiety and spleen. It is sometimes so sprightly and rewarding a quality, that the pleasure of expectation exceeds that of fruition. It refines the richness, and paints beyond the *life*. When the reality is thus outshined by the imagination, success is a kind of disappointment; and TO HOPE IS BETTER THAN TO HAVE. Beside, hope has a creditable complexion: it throws a generous contempt on ill usage, and looks like a handsome defiance of a misfortune;—as if one were to say—"You are somewhat troublesome now; but I shall conquer you afterwards."—Thus a man makes an honourable *exit*, if he does nothing farther. His heart beats against the enemy, when he is just expiring, and discharges the last *pulse* in the face of death.

CONVERSATION WITH FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP is not only serviceable in heightening our pleasures and composing our passions; but it is likewise of sovereign use to the understanding. The benefit of conversation, if there was nothing else in it, would be no inconsiderable improvement. Discourse, without enthusiasm, creates a light within us, and dispels the gloom and confusion of the mind. A man, by tumbling his thoughts and forming them into expressions, gives them a new kind of fermentation; which works them into a finer body, and makes them much clearer, than they were before. A man is willing to strain a little for entertainment, and to *burnish* for *sight* and approbation. The very presence of a friend

ſeems to inſpire with new vigour. It raiſes fancy and reinforces reaſon; and gives the productions of the mind greater force and proportion. Converſation is like the diſcipline of *drawing out*, and muſtering; it acquaints a man with his *forces*, and makes them fitter for ſervice. Beſide, there are many awakening hints and rencounters in diſcourſe; which, like the colliſion of hard bodies, makes the ſoul ſtrike fire, and the imagination ſparkle: effects not to be expected from a ſolitary endeavour. In ſhort, the advantage of converſation is ſuch, that for want of company a man had better talk to a poſt, than let his thoughts lie ſmoking and ſmothering in his head.

AS a fit epilogue to this ſeries of deſultory ſubjects, this epiſtle is introduced. It is from a perſon* more eminent however at the bench of juſtice, than favoured in the court of the muſes.

TO A LADY THAT LOVED DANCING.

MAY I preſume in humble lays,
My *dancing* fair, thy ſteps to praiſe?
While this grand maxim I advance,
That all the world is but a *dance*;
That human kind, both man and woman,
Do *dance*, is evident and common;
David himſelf, that godlike king,
We know, could *dance*, as well as ſing:
Folks, who at court would keep their ground,
Muſt *dance*, the year, attendance round:
Whole nations *dance*; gay friſking France
Has led the nation many a *dance*;
And ſome believe both France and Spain
Reſolve to take us out again.
All nature is *one ball* we find;
The water *dances* to the wind;
The ſea itſelf, at night and noon,
Riſes and *capers* to the moon;
The moon around the earth does tread
A Cheſhire round, in buxom red.
The earth and planets round the ſun
Dance; nor will their *dance* be done,
'Till nature in one maſs is blended;
Then we may ſay, the *ball is ended*.

* Judge Burnet. Vid. Ann. Reg. 1777.

For the Monthly Anthology.

Remarks on the erroneous Opinion of Students, respecting Genius and Application.

Mr. Perse,

I AM happy to find two or three of your correspondents exposing the very erroneous notions, which often prevail in juvenile minds, on the subject of genius. To represent it, as incompatible with diligent application, but especially to commend it, as a laudable faculty, even when associated with habitual sloth, is in effect to encourage indolence, and to discountenance literary industry.

A son of Yale-College, who lately attended an exhibition at Cambridge, was surprised to hear the trite, yet indiscriminate praises of genius, and satires upon dulness, uttered by the most considerable performers. They appeared to him rather like the efforts of real dulness to cover its own defects, than the sober effusions of a well improved mind.

President Dwight, he remarked, on commencing his office at the university of New-Haven, found the same propensity in his pupils; but he immediately restrained it, as both erroneous in itself, and as injurious in its effects on the industry of the students.

The same absurd notions are ingeniously exposed by the Rev. Dr. Smith, President of Princeton College in New-Jersey, in a discourse on industry, delivered to the students of that seminary. By an appeal to the lives of those, who have made the greatest literary improvements, both in ancient and modern times, he shows, that they have been indebted for all, that is great and eminent, to laborious and habitual application.

From this fact he takes occasion to warn the students against those popular, yet ridiculous opinions, which represent close study, as incompatible with genius, and which consider dissipation, as a sure token of eminent powers.

On this subject his remarks are truly eloquent, as well as just. Proceeding from one of such acknowledged eminence in the literary world, from one, whom all allow to possess an exalted genius, they may well claim the attention of every youthful mind.*

* This discourse may be found in his volume of excellent sermons, published a few years since.

It is to be ſincerely hoped, that the time is not far diſtant, when Cambridge will gain equally correct notions on this ſubject with her ſiſter univerſities; and that we may ſoon hear orations and poems, which are indebted for none of their applauſe among the ſtudents to high ſounding rant on genius, or low witticiſms on it defects.

CANTABRIGIENSIS.

Extract from the diſcourſe aforementioned.

"A MISTAKEN ſentiment often prevails among young perſons, which you will do well to correct, that great induſtry is the mark of inferior talents, and that idleneſs and diſſipation are characteriſtics of native genius. There is, indeed, one kind of genius, I mean that, which conſiſts chiefly in the livelineſs of the imagination, that has not unfrequently been connected with diſſipated manners. However genius of this kind may ſometimes ſerve to enliven ſociety, or to amuſe our hours of leiſure, it is little fitted for buſineſs or affairs, and is utterly incompetent to philoſophic inveſtigation. But that genius, that conſiſts in profound and penetrating judgment, that is capable to invent, and improve ſcience, and is really uſeful to the world, is almoſt always united with activity in buſineſs, and perſevering application to ſtudy. By theſe qualities have the greateſt men in every age been diſtinguiſhed. Not to mention the Boyles, the Newtons, and the Lockes of modern times, nor the Platos and Antonines of antiquity, let me recal to your mind only Marcus Tullius Cicero, a name, that ſtands for genius itſelf, the greateſt orator, the greateſt ſtateſman, and the greateſt philoſopher, that Rome ever produced. A celebrated and accurate writer of his life ſays; 'his induſtry was incredible beyond the example, or even conception of our days. This was the ſecret by which he performed ſuch wonders, and reconciled perpetual ſtudy with perpetual affairs. He ſuffered no part of his leiſure to be idle, or the leaſt interval of it to be unimproved; but what other people gave to the public ſhows, to pleaſures, to feaſts, nay, even to ſleep and the ordinary refreſhments of nature, he generally gave to his books, and the enlargement of his knowledge.'

"Here is an example, on which you ſhould be proud to form yourſelves, an example that refutes the dull maxims of idleneſs and profligacy, and points out the real road to greatneſs and honour."

THE ANTHOLOGY.

Original Poetry.

ALTHOUGH this is not the land of Eremites and Friars, I have taken a Hermit for the moving character of this piece; becauſe I knew of no other denomination of one, who, while he inhabits or haunts ſuch ſcenery, or imagery, as paſſed in my mind, during the compoſition, is apt to indulge in ſimilar meditations; and, at the ſame time, can be ſuppoſed to have deſerted the world prematurely, and with that diſguſt of it, which often ſeizes the youthful heart, when the evils of this life firſt diſcover to it their dark side. The reader, it is hoped, will therefore peruſe it without criticising, at leaſt, upon that particular.

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

THE ſun, as dawn's grey miſts had fled,
'Chas'd the blue ſky with gold and red;
The reſtleſs green tree's topmoſt boughs,
Crown'd with the ſpangle's changing glows,
Awoke to ſong and feats of love,
The new-pair'd minſtrels of the grove.
The cheer, ſuch ſcenes inſpire, to feel
A thoughtful hermit left his cell;
And, ſtruggling through the dripping glade,
Now ſtopp'd to admire, now penſive ſtray'd.
A linnet perch'd on lofty tree
Soon chirp'd him from his reverie;
The ſtockdove's coos did, anſwering, 'plain;
And, ſhrilling out his ſtartling ſtrain,
Quickening accords the blackbird rung
To Progne's oily length of ſong.

The ſage exclaim'd ; can nature chooſe
O'er wilds ſuch concert to diffuſe,
While man muſt often find his joys,
In what his neighbour moſt annoys ?
Theſe ſongful birds, though ſingly bleſt,
As each his own notes loves the beſt,
And, when he'll ſolitary ſing,
Seems happier, than the flatter'd king ;
Yet ſtill derive increaſe of glee,
Each from the general ſymphony.
Did I then haſtily complain,–
We ſeek the good and juſt in vain,
And bliſs conſumes with human reſt,
While paſſions burn the yielding breaſt ?
I deem'd all vain, that men purſu'd ;
And choſe this life of ſolitude,
That I, from their concerns abſolv'd,
Might in their woes be uninvolv'd.
But reaſon owns, ſome happy few
Kindle with mild contentment's glow :
Reflected round their walks, the gleam
Of ſatisfaction *ſpreads* from them.
I'll therefore viſit men once more,
For ſome congenial ſoul explore ;
And hours, to ſocial gayneſs lent,
For bliſs exchange my lone content.
Back to his cell behold him ſtep,
And there decline his ſtaff and ſcrip,
Unſtrap his caſſock ; in their room,
Dreſs of his ſtripling life reſume.
Theſe, as memorials, grac'd the wall,
Of former waſted care and toil ;
For memory makes paſt grief advance,
Pleaſing, as perils in romance.
Quitting the wood he firſt deſcries
From neighbouring thicket ſmoke ariſe ;
Advanc'd, the voice of children heard,
And when the pleaſant cot appear'd,
Deck'd in what hopeful fancy lent,
It ſeem'd the temple of content.

Its inmate quick approach'd the door,
With ruddy offspring, half a ſcore,
Whom he in haſty words beſought,
Romantic as his ſtyle of thought:
"Fair dame, does here the goddeſs dwell,
Secluded in this rural dell?
Retir'd ſhe lives, like you, no doubt;—
Or thouſands erſt had trac'd her out."—
She anſwer'd with regretful mien;
"We once enjoy'd her ſmile ſerene:
But, when yon dazzling dome aſpir'd,
Expell'd by envy, ſhe retir'd."
Hence he the great man's manſion ſought,—
Found him of gentle temper wrought,
Seeming to prove, though ſtrange, ſometimes,
True joy up ſlippery grandeur climbs.
Yet now and then ſome ſign of wo
'Lit darkling on his furrow'd brow,
Whoſe growing gloom may bar, one day,
Each thought, that beams a livelier ray.
Fortune had match'd his every prayer,
Were not his name denied an heir,
Who might to future times proclaim,
His ſire through merit roſe to fame,
And, bleſt with *wealth*, was, when he died,
'Tomb'd with all pomp of funeral pride.
And now the Conſort interven'd;
Though ſtricken in years, ſhe marks retain'd,
How envied once her beauty reign'd.
Though prudent too, her heart had glow'd
With bliſs, that 'bounds from bliſs beſtow'd.
A ſingle weakneſs ſhe poſſeſs'd:
If in her mirror, when ſhe dreſs'd,
Her luckleſs grey locks chanc'd to ſhine,
Contraſted with her florid ſkin,
She heav'd a ſigh, and back recoiling,
Fancied, 'twas death with Cupid foiling.
To parties led, ſhe'd inly pine,
If doom'd on ſofa to recline

With elder dames, and there ſit prating,
How were all things degenerating!
Judging, who's bleſt with competence,
With learning fraught, and poliſh'd ſenſe,
Might ills, that to our nature join,
To mental grace by thought refine.
In peace, that peace-makers abide,
Next, to the parſonage he hied.
Knocking, the noiſe of weaving ceas'd,
And welcom'd in, he views, well pleas'd,
Simplicity, thy trim abode.
Supplying want of chairs, there ſtood
The ſocial ſettle, feſtoon'd neat
With apples, dried for winter treat.
Freſh ſpare-ribs too the dreſſer lin'd,
And ſpoke the pariſh not unkind.
A ſiſter kept the houſe, a maid
In times much better born and bred;
Of wondrous ſkill in forming ſchemes,
Contriving matches, ſolving dreams,
Whoſe praiſe the neighbours join to tell
For medicines, that never fail.
But ſhould ſome parent's only love
Quit this vain world for bliſs above,
She'd feelingly outweep their grief,
And, furniſhing her beſt relief,
Tell them, that did their child ſurvive,
He might perhaps their torment live,
And would, "did thankleſs he behave,
Bring their grey hairs in ſorrow to the grave."
With ſo much worth ſtill ſorrow mix'd;—
The youth, who firſt her fondneſs fix'd,
For whom, her doubts had quell'd deſire,
Now wedded ſtruts the village ſquire.
The while his hoſt our pilgrim waits,
His heart with flattering hope dilates.
But what amazement ſhrunk his breaſt,
When in his face the entering prieſt
Reveal'd ſuch marks of ſore diſtreſs,
Not Chriſtian meekneſs could repreſs.

This morning call'd him to attend
The ordination of a friend.
An upſtart there, as he demurr'd,
The hand of fellowſhip conferr'd;
A junior too, to his rejection,
Was chos'n to preach at May election.
"What, can't content," the pilgrim cried,
"In rural ſcenes with worth reſide?
And muſt I ſeek th' infected town,
Where vice and folly rear their throne;
And, as to diſſipate the fog
Its alleys damp the ſmoke muſt clog,
By turns invade man's blackening heart,
Vicious when dulneſs' clouds depart?
Where pleaſure forms the general bent,
Faſhion explodes too rude content.
Towns ſeek not bliſs to realize,
Suffic'd to appear in happy guiſe.
Howe'er, before the evening ſtar
Lock'd up the day, and ſhone afar
Juſt like the key-hole of the ſky,
Where ſtill the ſun would ſeem to ſpy,
He near approaches, and admires
Half-circling glories gild its ſpires,
Whence on the abject ground diſpread
There gloom'd behind enormous ſhade.
So the few joys, in life that glow,
Long ſhades of grief behind them throw.

(To be continued.) J. Knapp.

IT has been ſaid by ſome critics, that amidſt a profuſion of images, the poet's ingenuity is to be chiefly exerciſed in ſelection and arrangement. If in the enſuing poem, neither the exerciſe nor exiſtence of ingenuity appear, it is preſumed, that the good-natured reader will receive ſome gratification in finding, that in the ſavage ſcenes of the Diſtrict of Main, there lives ſomething, like poetic ſenſibility, and a willingneſs to conceive and to deſcribe ſuch objects, as are here brought to view.

MUSING ON THE SCENES OF

SPRING.

NO more rude winter's angry blaſt
Howls o'er the hill, or ſweeps the plain;
His frowning terrors now are paſt,
And ſpring reſumes her genial reign.

The heav'ns, ſo lately hung with gloom,
Now beam with warm effulgence bright;
The earth again puts forth its bloom,
The grove reſounds with new delight.

The ſtreams, from icy fetters freed,
In pebbled paths now cheerly glide
Along the vale, and through the mead,
Or murmur down the mountain's ſide.

Again the merry flocks repair,
Exulting, to the bloſſom'd green,
To feaſt upon the banquet there,
And frolic on the ſmiling ſcene.

Charm'd by the ſmile of lovely ſpring,
With life and joy all nature glows;
Sweet fragrance floats on zephyr's wing;
The deſert bloſſoms, like the roſe.

At morn each bright'ning charm invites
To ſpend abroad the roſy hours,
While health in ev'ry breeze delights,
And muſic ſongs of rapture pours.

At eve, when day's effulgence fled,
The ſky with ſoften'd tints appears,
'Tis ſweet o'er twilight ſcenes to tread,
And gaze, till beauty ſleeps in tears;

Or when night's queen with penſive ray
Looks down upon the ſlumb'ring earth,
Congenial ſouls delight to ſtray,
And give each tender paſſion birth.

Lives there beneath yon radiant ſky,
Whom nature's charms cannot endear?
"With him, ſweet ſpring, may fancy die,
And joy deſert the blooming year."

Now is the time, the ſeaſon fair,
"To wake the ſoul and mend the heart;"
The ſweeteſt joys of life to ſhare,
The joys, which taſte and love impart.

With temples, furrow'd o'er with time,
With hoary locks, and thoughtful gaze,
E'en wiſdom views with joy ſublime
The youthful charms, that ſpring diſplays.

Thee, faireſt daughter of the year,
With ſacred vows the muſes court;
Stern winter's ruffian frowns they fear,
And love with thee alone to ſport.

The winding vale, the tow'ring hill
The woodland, tun'd to native joy,
Their ſwelling breaſts with rapture fill,
And all their glowing thoughts employ.

Chief, lovely ſpring, in thee we trace
The ſmiles of all creating love;
The charms, that brighten on thy face,
Our heavenly Father's goodneſs prove.

Then, while o'er vernal ſcenes we ſtray,
And taſte the bleſſings they beſtow,
Our hearts ſhould breathe a grateful lay
To him, who bade each beauty glow.

THE MINSTREL.

Diſtrict of Main, May, 1804.

Wm. Freeman of Portland

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF

Publications in the United States, for April, 1804.

DURING the preſent month, no original work of importance has come to our obſervation; and republications have been un-

uſually few, among which however we notice with pleaſure the following intereſting and valuable

NEW EDITIONS.

Eccentric Biography, 1 vol. 12mo.—B. & J. HOMANS—*Boſton.*

The 1ſt volume of the *Britiſh Poets*—(the Edition, which was announced in the Anthology for February.)—B. J. and R. JOHNSON—*Philadelphia.*

The 1ſt volume of *Pinkerton's Modern Geography.*—J. CONRAD & Co.—*Philadelphia.*

The publiſhers have uſed their endeavours to make the work deſerving of the very liberal encouragement afforded to it by the public, and equal in all reſpects to the Engliſh quarto edition, which ſells for nearly three times the price. The geography of this country is reviſed and conſiderably augmented by Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton; the American maps are drafted by Mr. Samuel Lewis, principally from actual ſurveys, and engraved by Harriſon, Lawſon and Tanner. Careful attention has been paid to correcting the preſs, to binding, and to every thing that would enſure to the publishers the approbation of the ſubſcribers. Subſcriptions will be received at twelve dollars per copy until the work is completed, when it will be raiſed to fifteen dollars.

The Hiſtory of the Wars which aroſe out of the French Revolution; to which is prefixed, a review of the cauſes of that event. By ALEXANDER STEPHENS, of the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple, Eſq.—J. BIOREN and T. L. PLOWMAN—*Philad.*

The Seaſons, with the *Caſtle of Indolence;* poems, by JAMES THOMSON: to which are prefixed the Life of the Author, by Patrick Murdock, D.D. F.R.S. And an Eſſay on the Plan and Character of the Seaſons, by J. Aikin, M. D.—THOMAS DOBSON—*Philadelphia.*

Poems and Eſſays on various ſubjects; in two parts, by MARIA DE FLEURY.—T. H. BURNTON—*New-York.*

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

IN Paris, the moſt ſkilful engravers are employed upon a large collection of coloured drawings, ſent from China to the national library by the French Miſſionaries. The reſemblance, which theſe Chineſe vaſes bear to thoſe of ancient Greece, will, it is expected, give new light on the origin of the arts.

IN Falcion, a village about two leagues from Nice, a curious cavern has been lately diſcovered. Its entrance is formed by a

ſmall aperture. The interior, of which the extent is not yet fully explored, exhibits a variety of vaſt compartments, that reſemble temples decorated with columns, formed by the cryſtallization of waters. One ſingle hall, or ſaloon, will contain four hundred perſons. The reflection is ſo ſtrong, that it requires but very little light for illumining the interior in a very ſplendid ſtyle. Only a ſmall number of adventurers have, as yet, entered it; among whom are a poet and a Roman deſigner, who ſpeak of it with rapture and aſtoniſhment. A certain general, whoſe name is not mentioned, intends ſpeedily to make a deſcent into it, and to draw up a circumſtantial report of whatever intereſting particulars he may diſcover.

MR. Peter Riffelgen, a native of Copenhagen, has juſt invented a new muſical inſtrument, which he names THE MELODICA. The ſound is produced in a manner hitherto unknown; viz. by the friction of metal forks againſt a moveable metal cylinder, which is effected by ſlackening, and ſtraining the fork by means of keys, like thoſe of an organ. As this invention is proved by judges to be entirely new, and ſuperior to any one of a ſimilar conſtruction, under the name of HARMONICA; his Daniſh Majeſty has granted him his *royal letters patent*, in which the formation and peculiar excellence of this MELODICA is detailed at full length.

IN the national library at Paris, there are a great number of Chineſe works, and a valuable collection of coloured drawings, executed in China, and ſent to Europe by the French miſſionaries. Theſe drawings repreſent the ancient vaſes of that country in a variety of forms, porcelain vaſes, culinary utenſils, furnaces, flower-pots, &c.; a variety of claſps, buckles, rings, ear-pendants, hair-pins, and other ornaments worn by the Chineſe ladies; birds, minerals, flowers, plants, landſcapes, tents of the emperor and mandarins, cabinets, Chineſe obſervatories, towers, pyramids, bridges, temples, tombs, triumphal arches, and other new and intereſting objects; the whole in a ſuperb ſtyle, both with reſpect to the drawing and colouring. Moſt of theſe pictures are accompanied with Chineſe characters, explanatory of their names and uſes. Dr. Hagar has begun to tranſlate ſome of theſe characters, and Meſſrs. Piraneſi intend to publiſh ſuch as ſhall be deemed moſt intereſting, as a ſequel to their "Un-

edited Vaſes of Herculaneum," as there is a ſtriking reſemblance between many of the antique vaſes of the Chineſe, and thoſe of the Greeks and Hetruſcans. This may be adduced as an additional proof of the communication which muſt anciently have ſubſiſted between our occidental countries and China.

PROFESSOR Palmer, of Brunſwick, has invented a powder for extinguiſhing fire; from the uſe of which great advantage is expected to ariſe, eſpecially in winter, when the water is frozen. This powder is compoſed of equal parts of ſulphur and ochre, mixed with ſix times their weight of vitriol. Theſe ingredients are mixed, and the maſs afterwards pulveriſed. The powder is to be ſcattered over the places on fire; two ounces are ſufficient for a ſurface a foot ſquare. When it is not poſſible to approach the flames, cartridges may be made of it, and ſhot with a croſs-bow againſt ſuch parts of the building where the fire rages with the greateſt violence. In order to preſerve timber from fire, the Profeſſor directs, to rub it over with common carpenter's glue, and then ſprinkle the powder over it; repeating the operation three or four times, as the preceding layer becomes dry. If you wiſh to preſerve cloth, paper, ropes, cables, &c. againſt fire, uſe water inſtead of glue in applying the powder.

THE Brunonian ſyſtem of medicine ſeems to be rapidly gaining ground in Spain, where a number of works have lately appeared, elucidating and defending the doctrines of Brown, and his diſciples of the German ſchool. The Spaniſh literati continue to ſpread illumination among their countrymen by publiſhing tranſlations of the beſt French and German works that have lately appeared upon agriculture, natural-hiſtory, medicine, and other arts and ſciences.

A GERMAN tract has lately been diſcovered in the Britiſh Muſeum, printed in 1713, on the ſubject of the Cow-pox. It was written by a ſtudent of the name of SALGER, and is entitled *De lue Vaccarum.*

GARNERIN, the aëronaut, in his ſecond aſcenſion from St. Peterſburg, roſe to the height of 1270 French toiſes, and thence brought down at the requeſt of Profeſſor Parrot, of Dorpat, ſome bottles filled with air, with which that learned philoſopher has been making ſome intereſting experiments.

B. P. L. Bindery
JUL 7